NICK ROCHE • JOSH BURCHAM

TRANSFORMERS

SINS OF THE WRECKERS

#1

IDW®

NICK RO OSH BURCHAM

TRANS RMERS

SINS OF RS

#1

NICK ROCHE • JOSH BURCHAM

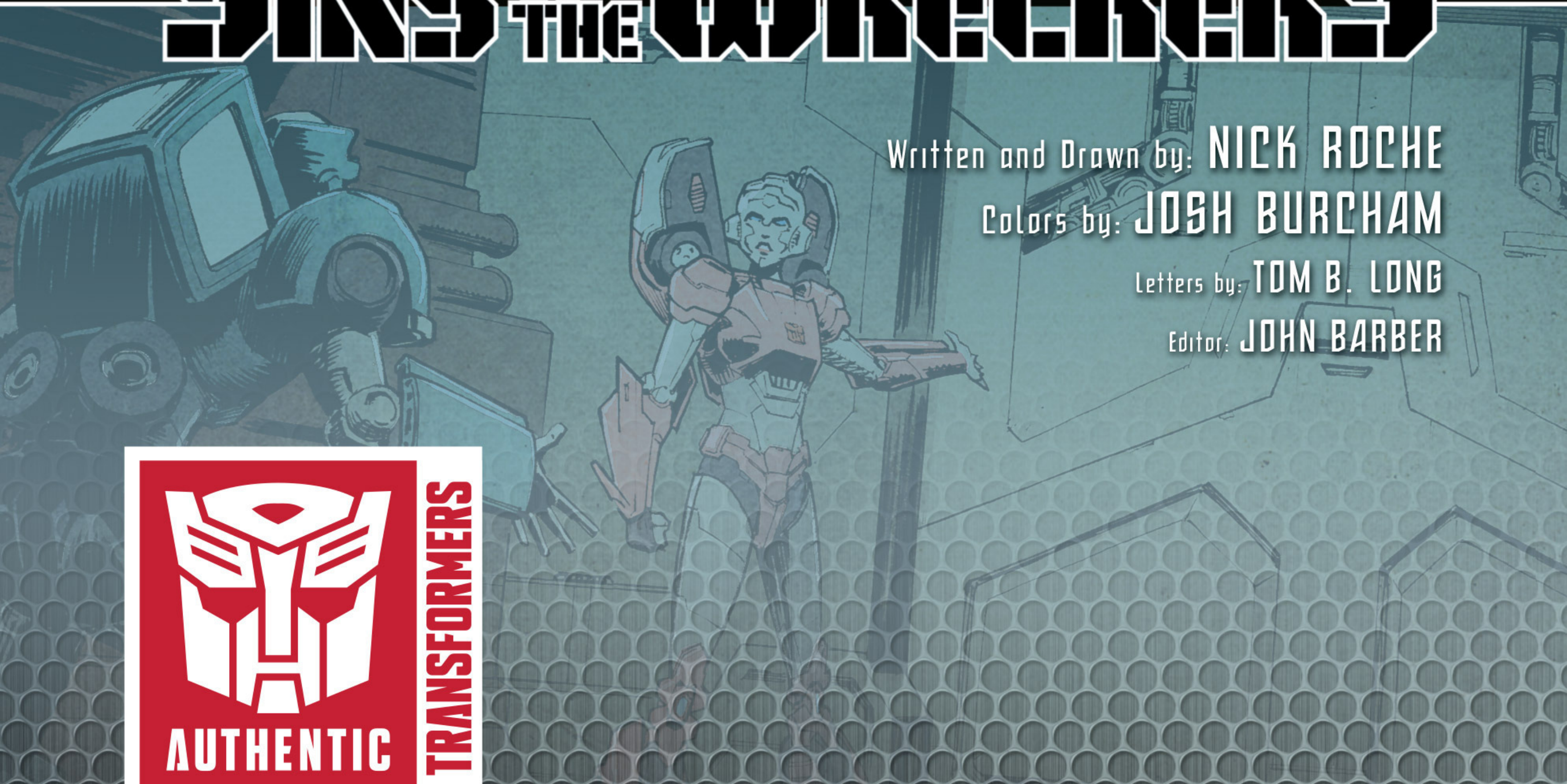
TRANSFORMERS

SINS OF THE WRECKERS

#1
DECLAN 2015
IDW
SUB CVR

TRANSFORMERS

SINS OF THE WRECKERS



Written and Drawn by: **NICK ROCHE**
Colors by: **JOSH BURCHAM**
Letters by: **TOM B. LONG**
Editor: **JOHN BARBER**

AUTHENTIC TRANSFORMERS

Special thanks to Hasbro's Clint Chapman, Heather Hopkins, Jerry Jivoin, Joshua Lamb, Ed Lane, Mark Weber, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

For international rights, please contact **licensing@idwpublishing.com**

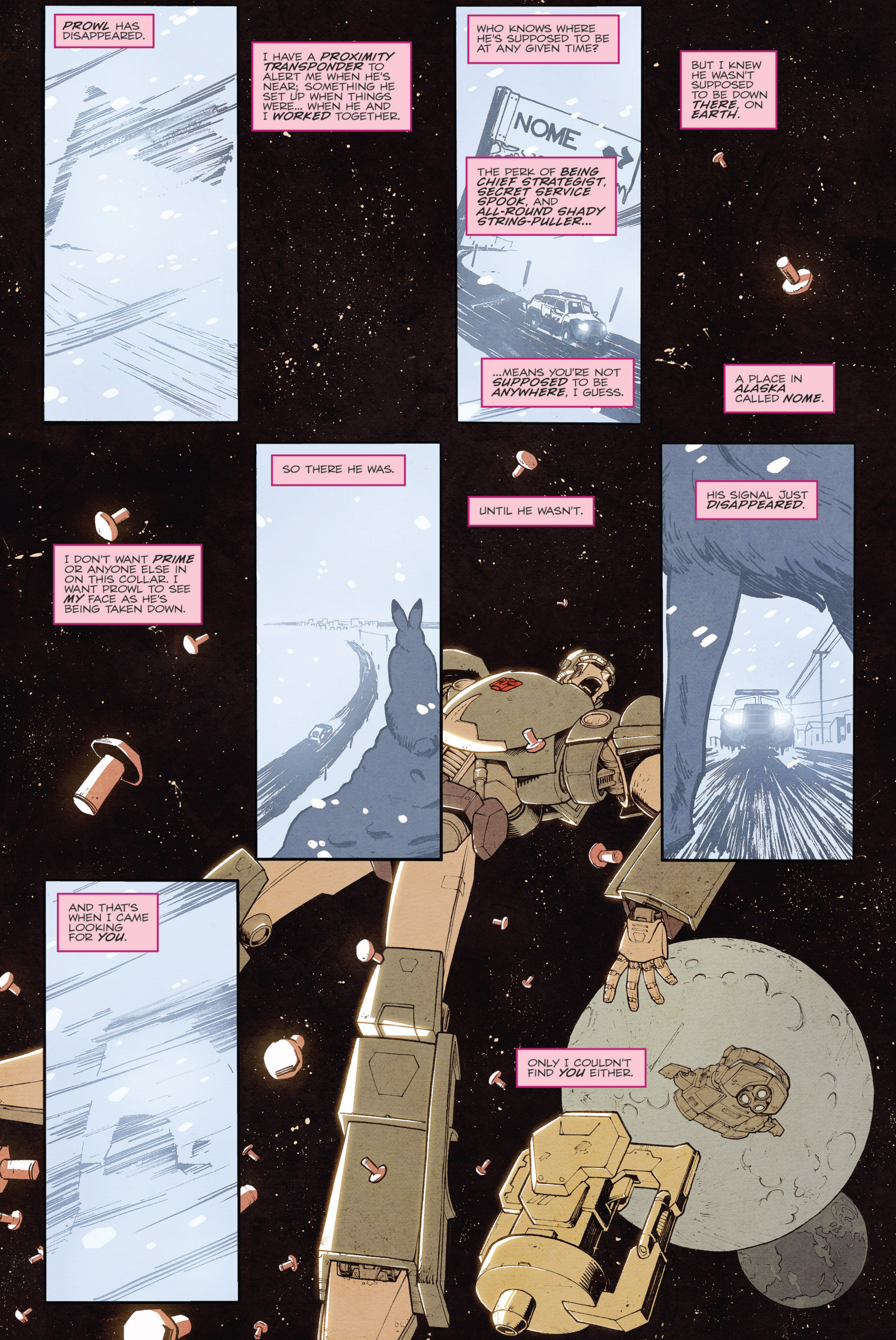
IDW
Licensed By: Hasbro
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

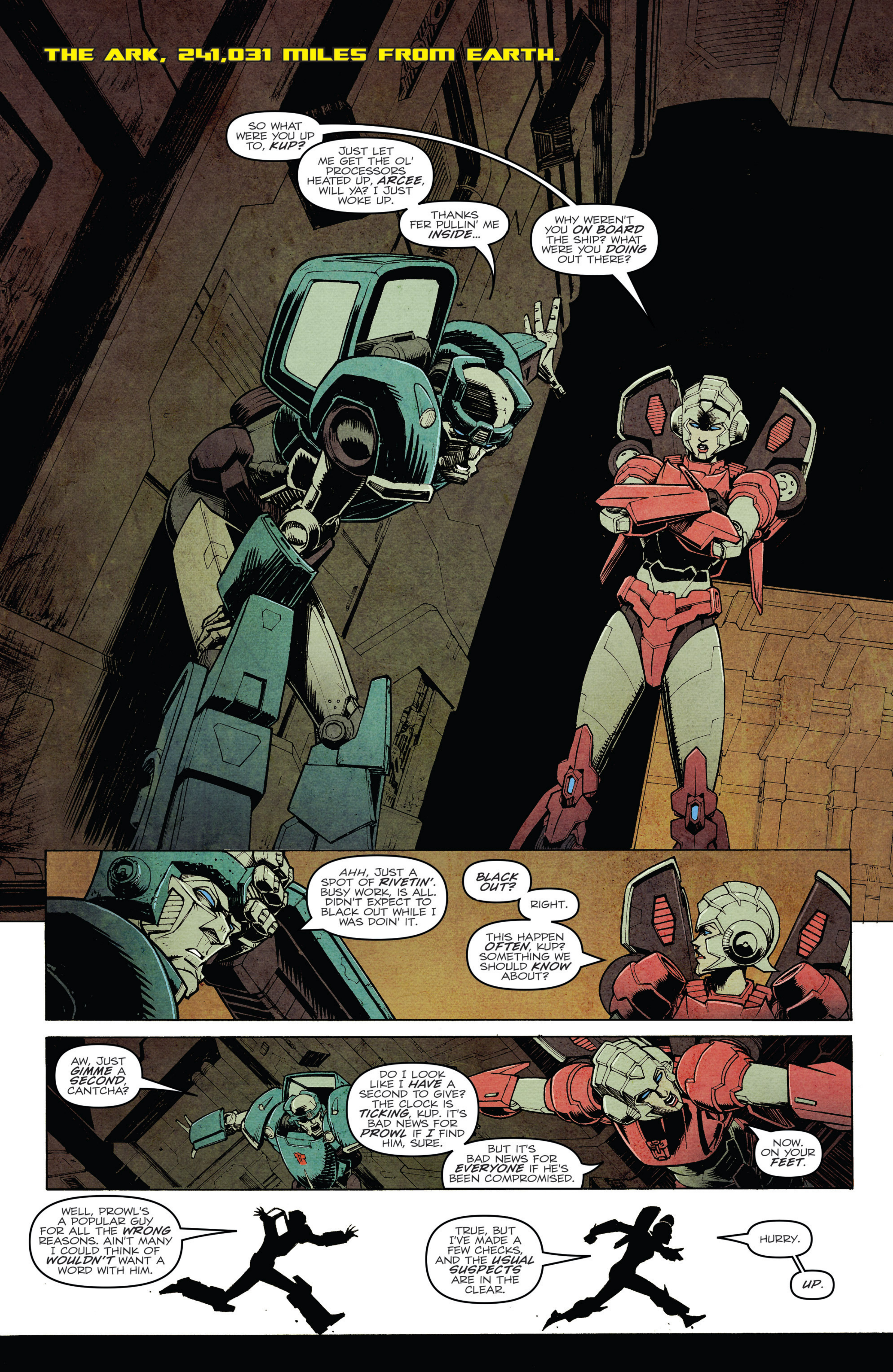
Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Alan Payne, VP of Sales
Dirk Wood, VP of Marketing
Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services
Jeff Webber, VP of Licensing, Digital and Subsidiary Rights

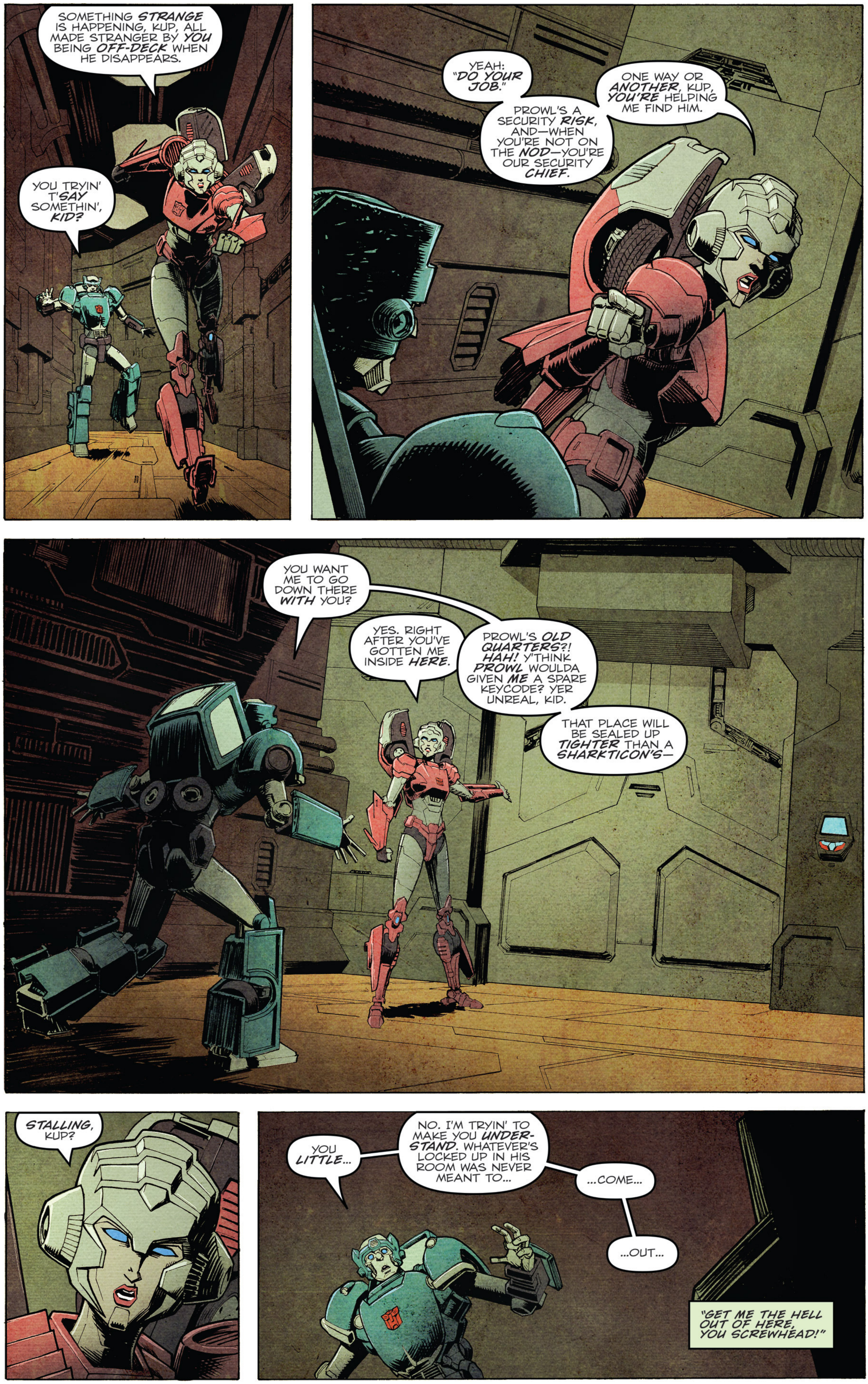
Facebook: **facebook.com/idwpublishing**
Twitter: **@idwpublishing**
YouTube: **youtube.com/idwpublishing**
Tumblr: **tumblr.idwpublishing.com**
Instagram: **instagram.com/idwpublishing**

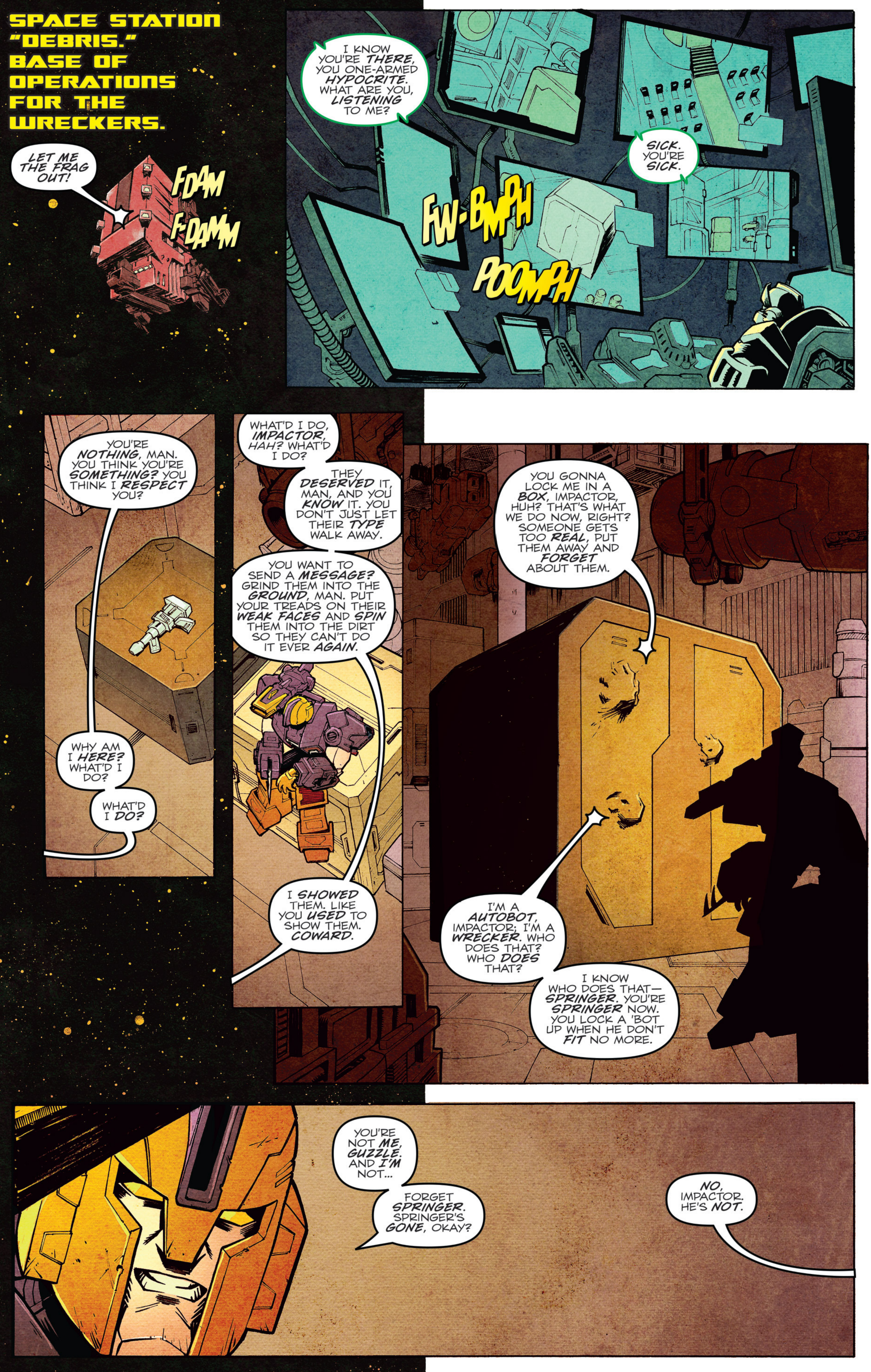
THE TRANSFORMERS: SINS OF THE WRECKERS #1. NOVEMBER 2015. FIRST PRINTING. HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2015 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea.

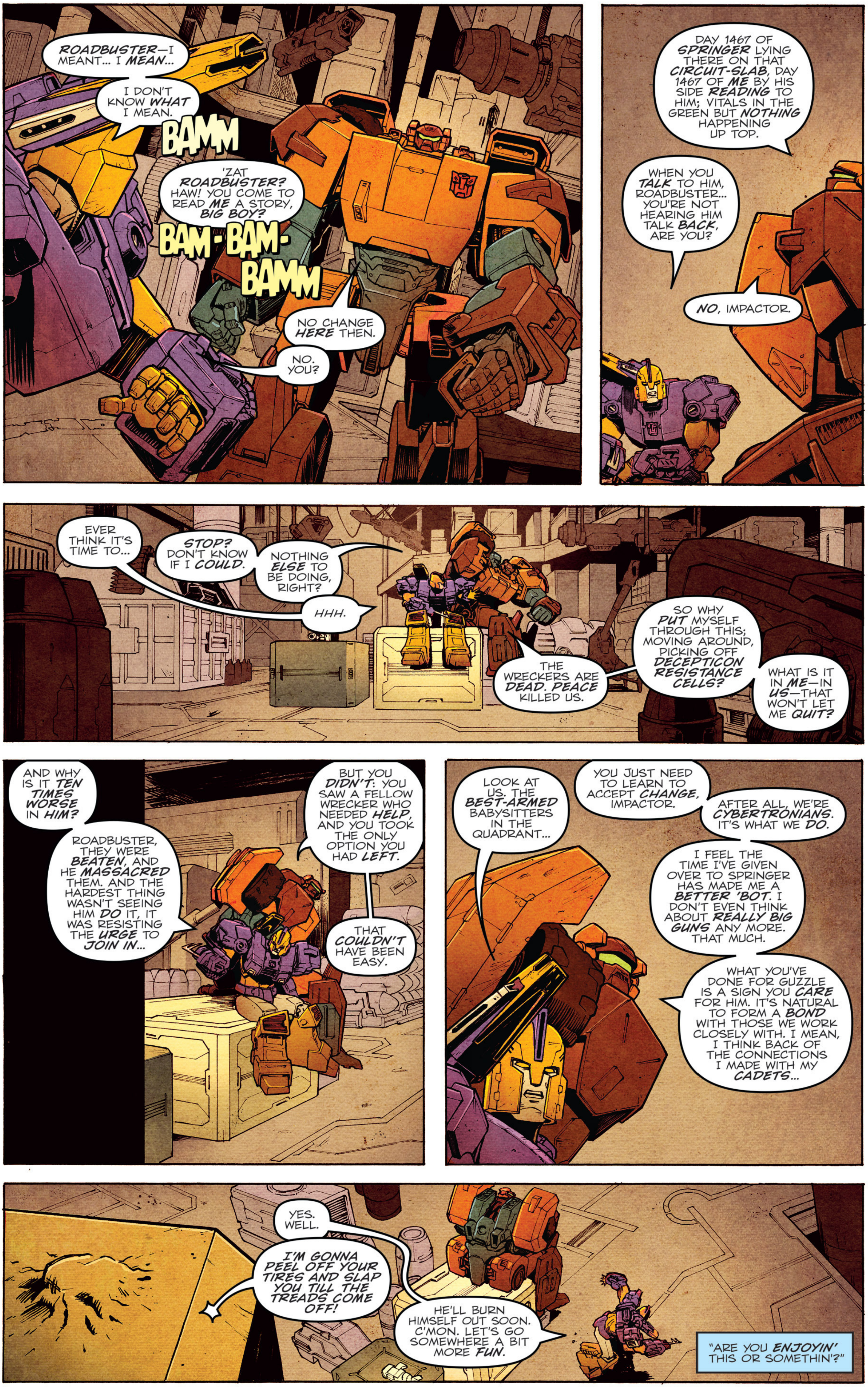
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

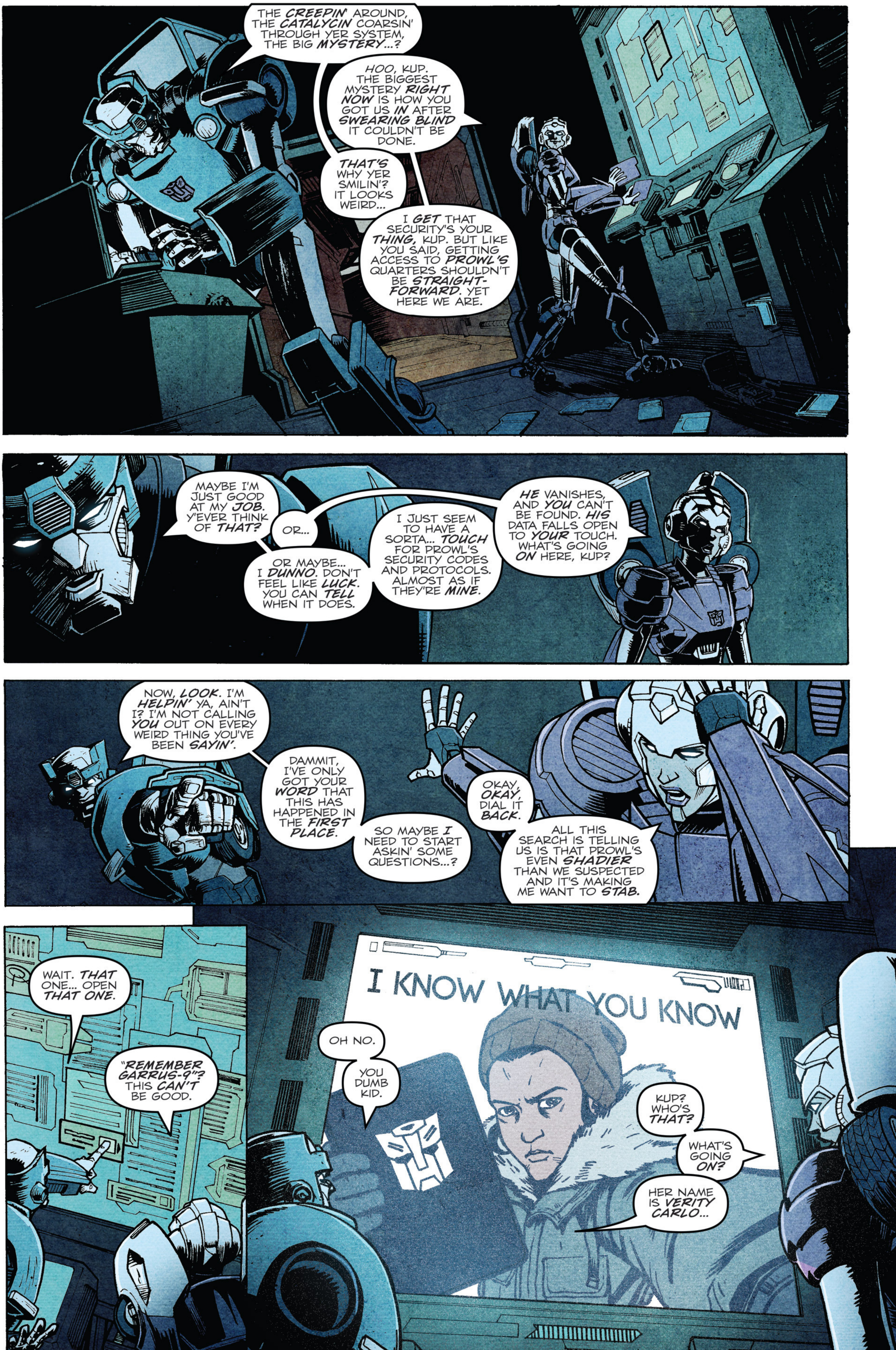

PROWL HAS DISAPPEARED.
I HAVE A PROXIMITY TRANSPONDER TO ALERT ME WHEN HE'S NEAR; SOMETHING HE SET UP WHEN THINGS WERE... WHEN HE AND I WORKED TOGETHER.
WHO KNOWS WHERE HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE AT ANY GIVEN TIME?
NOME
THE PERK OF BEING CHIEF STRATEGIST, SECRET SERVICE SPOOK, AND ALL-ROUND SHADY STRING-PULLER...
...MEANS YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE ANYWHERE, I GUESS.
BUT I KNEW HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE DOWN THERE, ON EARTH.
A PLACE IN ALASKA CALLED NOME.
I DON'T WANT PRIME OR ANYONE ELSE IN ON THIS COLLAR. I WANT PROWL TO SEE MY FACE AS HE'S BEING TAKEN DOWN.
SO THERE HE WAS.
UNTIL HE WASN'T.
HIS SIGNAL JUST DISAPPEARED.
AND THAT'S WHEN I CAME LOOKING FOR YOU.
ONLY I COULDN'T FIND YOU EITHER.

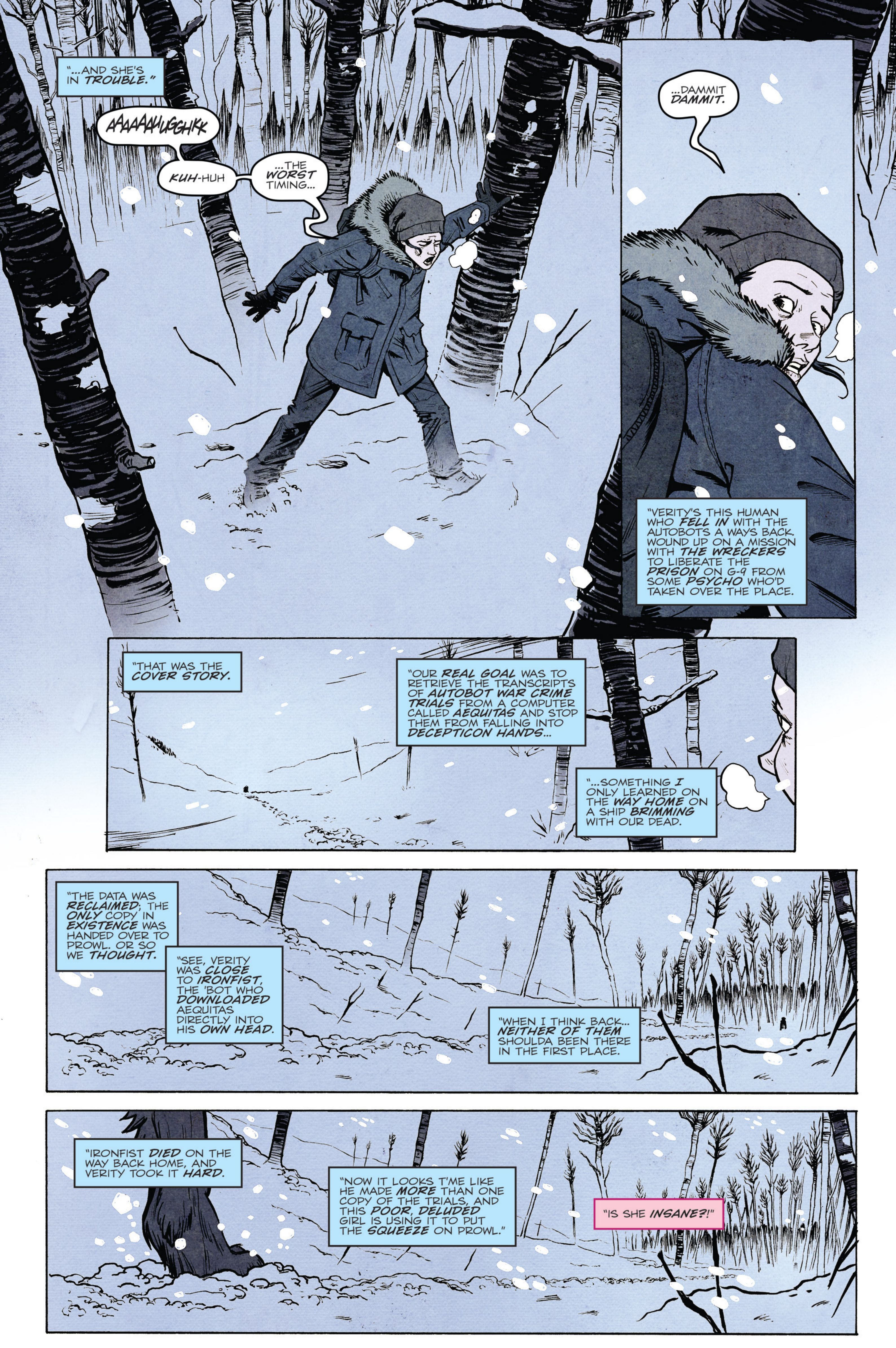

THE ARK, 241,031 MILES FROM EARTH.
SO WHAT WERE YOU UP TO, *KUP?*
JUST LET ME GET THE OL' PROCESSORS HEATED UP, *ARCEE*, WILL YA? I JUST WOKE UP.
THANKS FER PULLIN' ME *INSIDE*...
WHY WEREN'T YOU *ON BOARD* THE SHIP? WHAT WERE YOU *DOING* OUT THERE?
AHH, JUST A SPOT OF *RIVETIN'*. BUSY WORK, IS ALL. DIDN'T EXPECT TO BLACK OUT WHILE I WAS DOIN' IT.
BLACK OUT?
RIGHT.
THIS HAPPEN *OFTEN*, KUP? SOMETHING WE SHOULD *KNOW* ABOUT?
AW, JUST *GIMME* A *SECOND*, CANTCHA?
DO I LOOK LIKE I *HAVE* A SECOND TO GIVE? THE CLOCK IS *TICKING*, KUP. IT'S BAD NEWS FOR *PROWL* IF *I* FIND HIM, SURE.
BUT IT'S BAD NEWS FOR *EVERYONE* IF HE'S BEEN COMPROMISED.
NOW. ON YOUR *FEET*.
WELL, PROWL'S A POPULAR GUY FOR ALL THE *WRONG* REASONS. AIN'T MANY I COULD THINK OF *WOULDN'T* WANT A WORD WITH HIM.
TRUE, BUT I'VE MADE A FEW CHECKS, AND THE *USUAL SUSPECTS* ARE IN THE CLEAR.
HURRY.
UP.

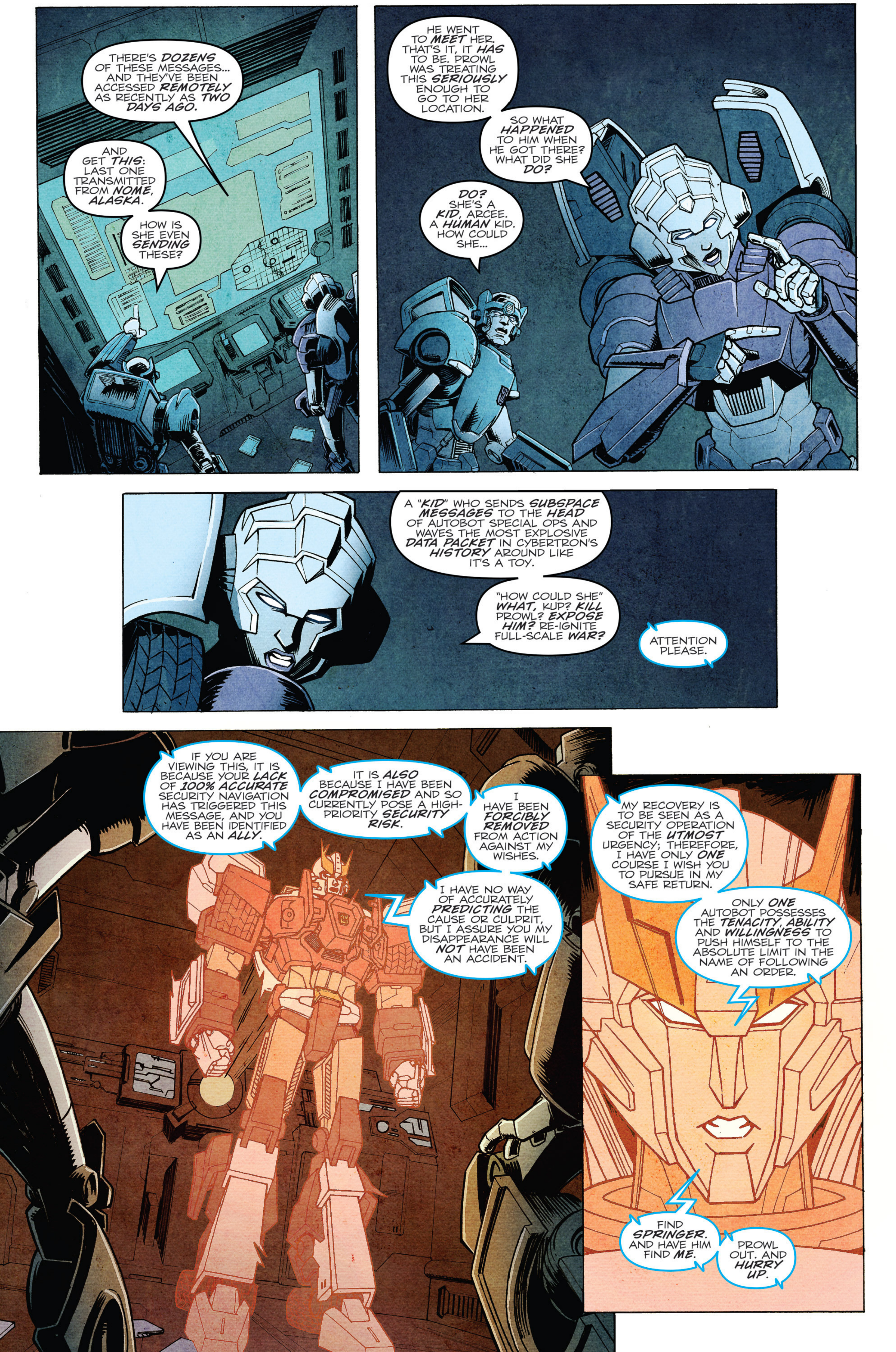

SOMETHING *STRANGE* IS HAPPENING, KUP, ALL MADE STRANGER BY *YOU* BEING *OFF-DECK* WHEN HE DISAPPEARS.
YOU TRYIN' T'*SAY* SOMETHIN', *KID?*
YEAH: "*DO YOUR JOB.*"
PROWL'S A SECURITY *RISK*, AND—WHEN YOU'RE NOT ON THE *NOD*—YOU'RE OUR SECURITY *CHIEF*.
ONE WAY OR *ANOTHER*, KUP, *YOU'RE* HELPING ME FIND HIM.
YOU WANT ME TO GO DOWN THERE *WITH* YOU?
PROWL'S *OLD QUARTERS*?! *HAH!* Y'THINK *PROWL* WOULDA GIVEN *ME* A SPARE KEYCODE? YER UNREAL, KID.
YES. RIGHT AFTER YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INSIDE *HERE*.
THAT PLACE WILL BE SEALED UP *TIGHTER* THAN A *SHARKTICON'S*—
STALLING, KUP?
YOU LITTLE...
NO. I'M TRYIN' TO MAKE YOU *UNDER-STAND*. WHATEVER'S LOCKED UP IN HIS ROOM WAS NEVER MEANT TO...
...COME...
...OUT...
"GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE, YOU SCREWHEAD!"

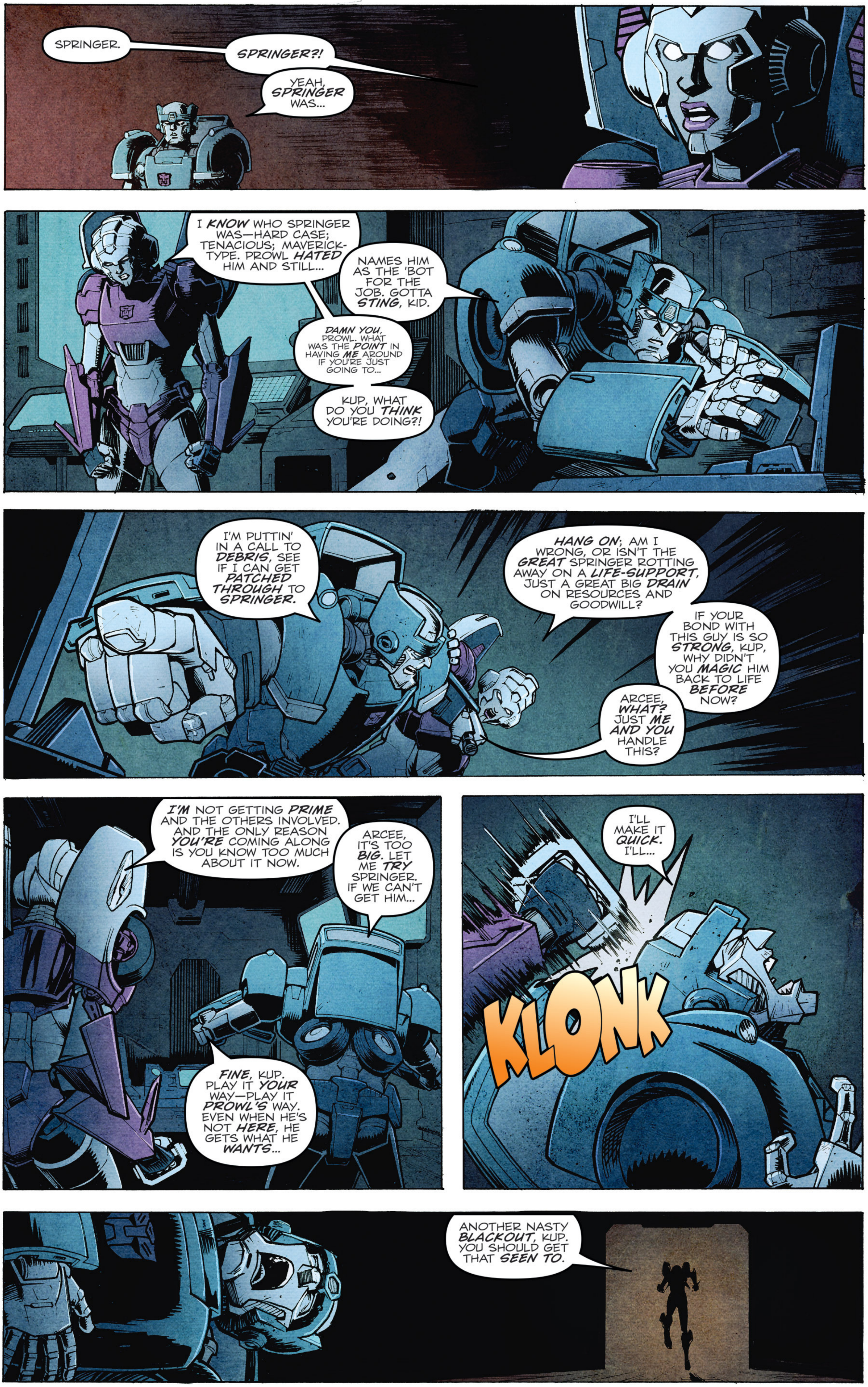

SPACE STATION "DEBRIS." BASE OF OPERATIONS FOR THE WRECKERS.
LET ME THE FRAG OUT!
FDAM
F-DAMM
I KNOW YOU'RE THERE, YOU ONE-ARMED HYPOCRITE. WHAT ARE YOU, LISTENING TO ME?
SICK. YOU'RE SICK.
FW-BMPH
POOMPH
YOU'RE NOTHING, MAN. YOU THINK YOU'RE SOMETHING? YOU THINK I RESPECT YOU?
WHY AM I HERE? WHAT'D I DO?
WHAT'D I DO?
WHAT'D I DO, IMPACTOR, HAH? WHAT'D I DO?
THEY DESERVED IT, MAN, AND YOU KNOW IT. YOU DON'T JUST LET THEIR TYPE WALK AWAY.
YOU WANT TO SEND A MESSAGE? GRIND THEM INTO THE GROUND, MAN. PUT YOUR TREADS ON THEIR WEAK FACES AND SPIN THEM INTO THE DIRT SO THEY CAN'T DO IT EVER AGAIN.
I SHOWED THEM. LIKE YOU USED TO SHOW THEM. COWARD.
YOU GONNA LOCK ME IN A BOX, IMPACTOR, HUH? THAT'S WHAT WE DO NOW, RIGHT? SOMEONE GETS TOO REAL, PUT THEM AWAY AND FORGET ABOUT THEM.
I'M A AUTOBOT, IMPACTOR; I'M A WRECKER. WHO DOES THAT? WHO DOES THAT?
I KNOW WHO DOES THAT— SPRINGER. YOU'RE SPRINGER NOW. YOU LOCK A 'BOT UP WHEN HE DON'T FIT NO MORE.
YOU'RE NOT ME, GUZZLE. AND I'M NOT...
FORGET SPRINGER. SPRINGER'S GONE, OKAY?
NO, IMPACTOR. HE'S NOT.

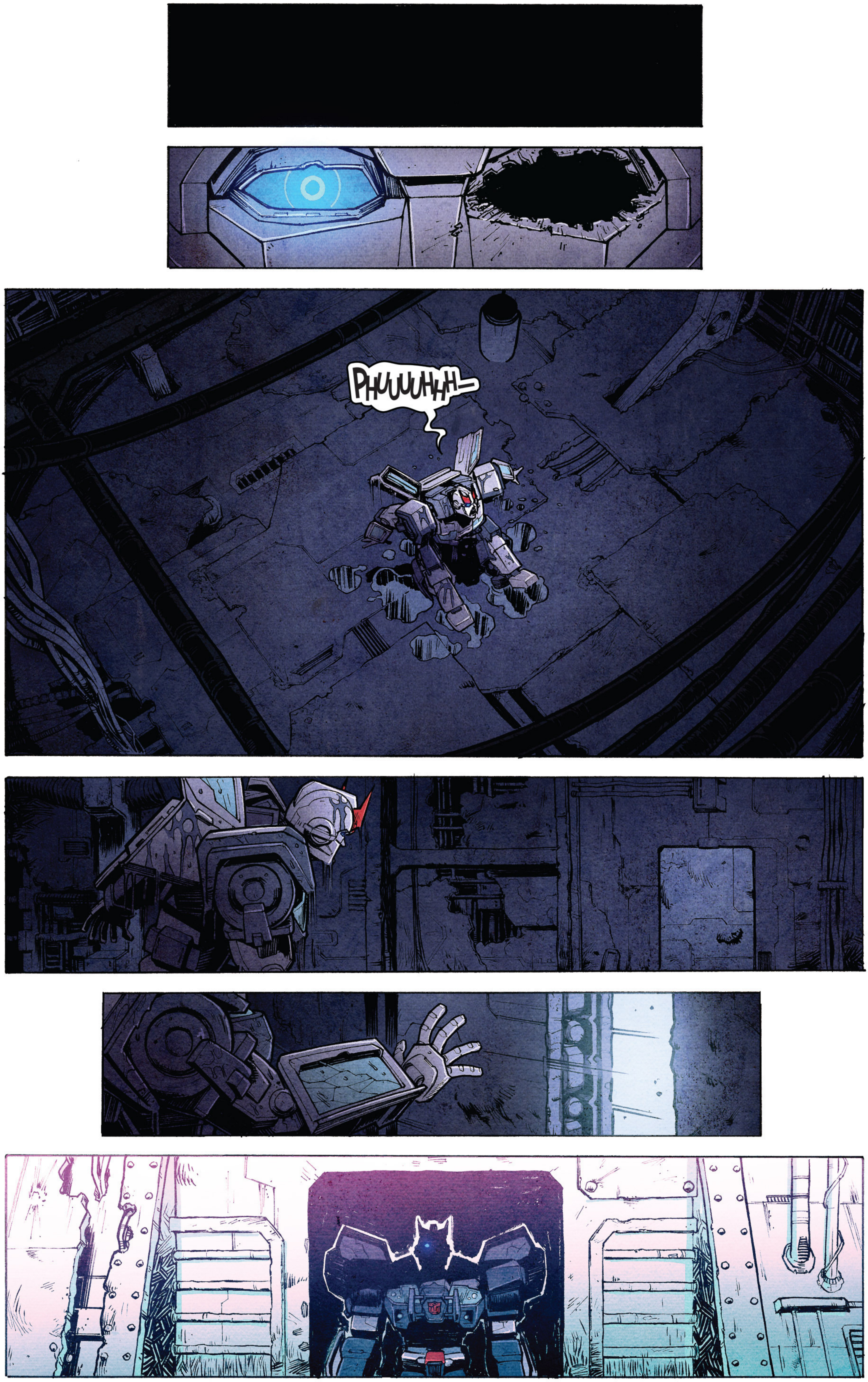

ROADBUSTER—I MEANT... I MEAN...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
BAMM
'ZAT ROADBUSTER? HAW! YOU COME TO READ ME A STORY, BIG BOY?
BAM-BAM-BAMM
NO CHANGE HERE THEN.
NO. YOU?
DAY 1467 OF SPRINGER LYING THERE ON THAT CIRCUIT-SLAB, DAY 1467 OF ME BY HIS SIDE READING TO HIM; VITALS IN THE GREEN BUT NOTHING HAPPENING UP TOP.
WHEN YOU TALK TO HIM, ROADBUSTER... YOU'RE NOT HEARING HIM TALK BACK, ARE YOU?
NO, IMPACTOR.
EVER THINK IT'S TIME TO...
STOP? DON'T KNOW IF I COULD.
NOTHING ELSE TO BE DOING, RIGHT?
HHH.
THE WRECKERS ARE DEAD. PEACE KILLED US.
SO WHY PUT MYSELF THROUGH THIS; MOVING AROUND, PICKING OFF DECEPTICON RESISTANCE CELLS?
WHAT IS IT IN ME—IN US—THAT WON'T LET ME QUIT?
AND WHY IS IT TEN TIMES WORSE IN HIM?
ROADBUSTER, THEY WERE BEATEN, AND HE MASSACRED THEM. AND THE HARDEST THING WASN'T SEEING HIM DO IT, IT WAS RESISTING THE URGE TO JOIN IN...
BUT YOU DIDN'T: YOU SAW A FELLOW WRECKER WHO NEEDED HELP, AND YOU TOOK THE ONLY OPTION YOU HAD LEFT.
THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN EASY.
LOOK AT US. THE BEST-ARMED BABYSITTERS IN THE QUADRANT...
YOU JUST NEED TO LEARN TO ACCEPT CHANGE, IMPACTOR.
AFTER ALL, WE'RE CYBERTRONIANS. IT'S WHAT WE DO.
I FEEL THE TIME I'VE GIVEN OVER TO SPRINGER HAS MADE ME A BETTER 'BOT. I DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT REALLY BIG GUNS ANY MORE. THAT MUCH.
WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR GUZZLE IS A SIGN YOU CARE FOR HIM. IT'S NATURAL TO FORM A BOND WITH THOSE WE WORK CLOSELY WITH. I MEAN, I THINK BACK OF THE CONNECTIONS I MADE WITH MY CADETS...
YES. WELL.
I'M GONNA PEEL OFF YOUR TIRES AND SLAP YOU TILL THE TREADS COME OFF!
HE'LL BURN HIMSELF OUT SOON. C'MON. LET'S GO SOMEWHERE A BIT MORE FUN.
"ARE YOU ENJOYIN' THIS OR SOMETHIN'?"

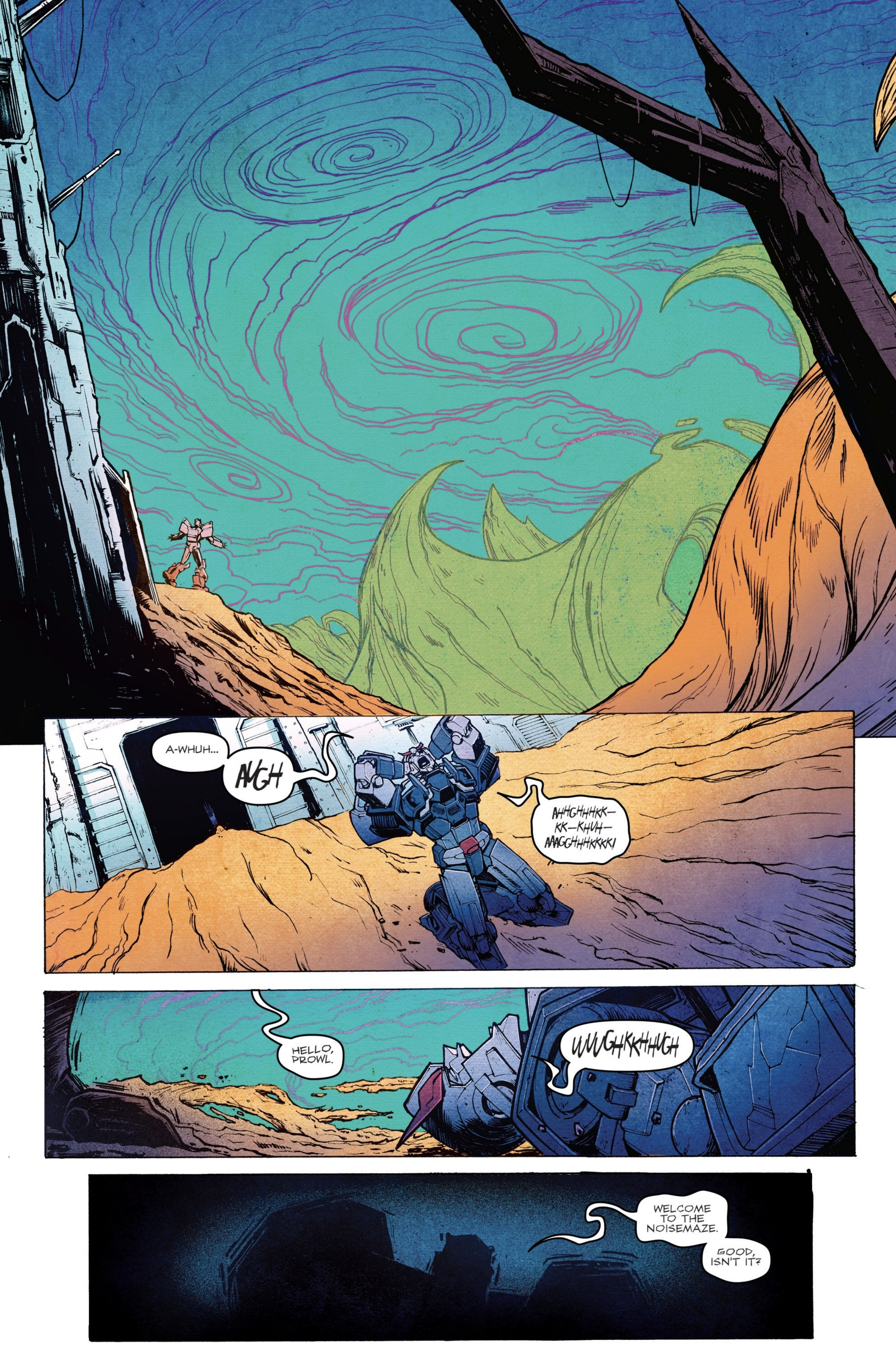

THE *CREEPIN'* AROUND, THE *CATALYCIN* COARSIN' THROUGH YER SYSTEM, THE BIG *MYSTERY*...?
HOO, KUP. THE BIGGEST MYSTERY *RIGHT NOW* IS HOW YOU GOT US *IN* AFTER *SWEARING BLIND* IT COULDN'T BE DONE.
THAT'S WHY YER SMILIN'? IT LOOKS WEIRD...
I *GET* THAT SECURITY'S YOUR *THING,* KUP. BUT LIKE YOU SAID, GETTING ACCESS TO *PROWL'S* QUARTERS SHOULDN'T BE *STRAIGHT-FORWARD.* YET HERE WE ARE.
MAYBE I'M JUST GOOD AT MY *JOB.* Y'EVER THINK OF *THAT?*
OR...
OR MAYBE... I *DUNNO.* DON'T FEEL LIKE *LUCK.* YOU CAN *TELL* WHEN IT DOES.
I JUST SEEM TO HAVE A SORTA... *TOUCH* FOR PROWL'S SECURITY CODES AND PROTOCOLS. ALMOST AS IF THEY'RE *MINE.*
HE VANISHES, AND *YOU* CAN'T BE FOUND. *HIS* DATA FALLS OPEN TO *YOUR* TOUCH. WHAT'S GOING *ON* HERE, KUP?
NOW, *LOOK.* I'M *HELPIN'* YA, AIN'T I? I'M NOT CALLING *YOU* OUT ON EVERY WEIRD THING YOU'VE BEEN *SAYIN'.*
DAMMIT, I'VE ONLY GOT YOUR *WORD* THAT THIS HAS HAPPENED IN THE *FIRST PLACE.*
SO MAYBE *I* NEED TO START ASKIN' SOME QUESTIONS...?
OKAY, *OKAY,* DIAL IT *BACK.*
ALL THIS SEARCH IS TELLING US IS THAT PROWL'S EVEN *SHADIER* THAN WE SUSPECTED AND IT'S MAKING ME WANT TO *STAB.*
WAIT. *THAT* ONE... OPEN *THAT ONE.*
"*REMEMBER GARRUS-9*"? THIS *CAN'T* BE GOOD.
I KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW
OH NO.
YOU DUMB KID.
KUP? WHO'S *THAT?*
WHAT'S GOING *ON?*
HER NAME IS *VERITY CARLO*...

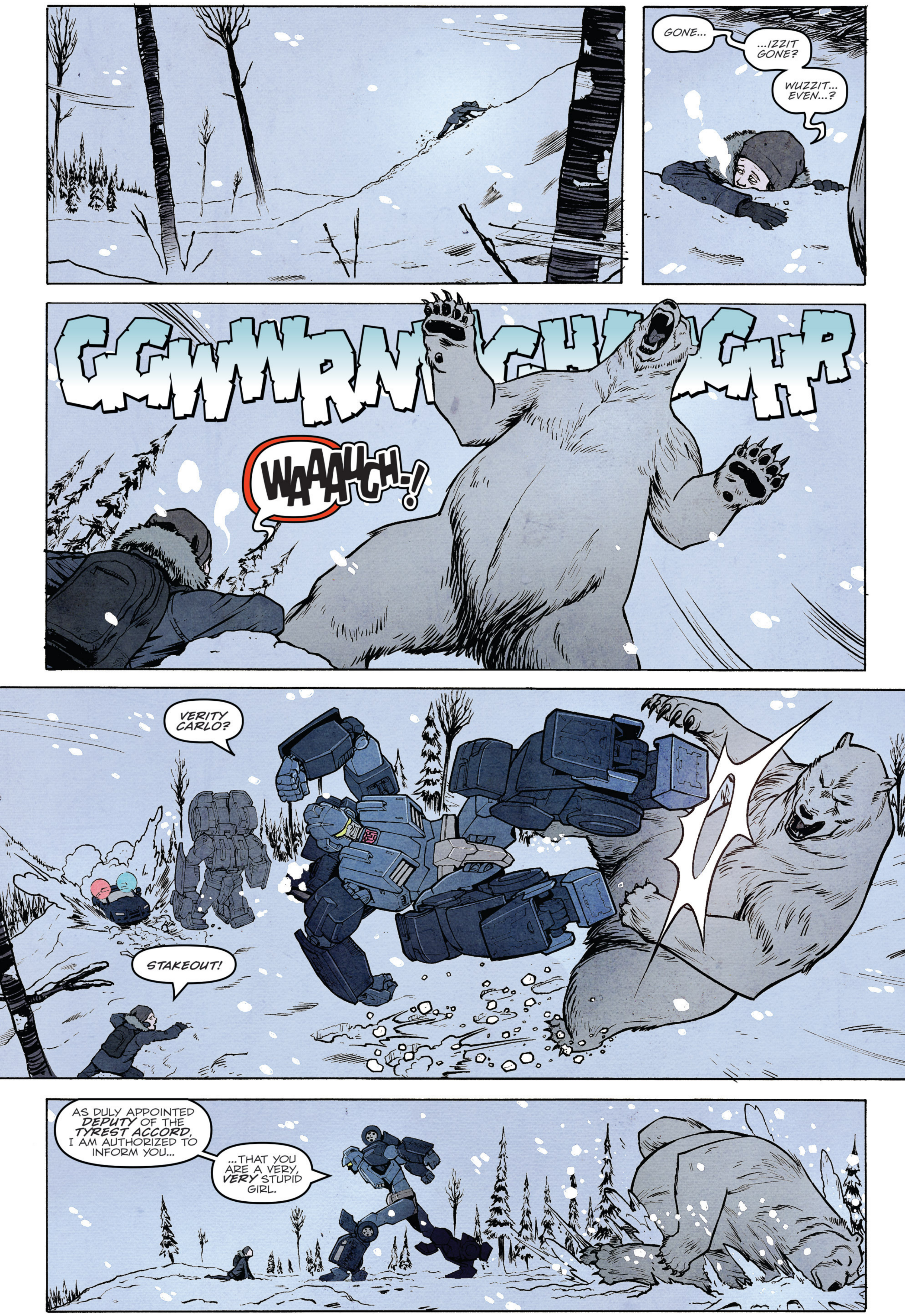

"...AND SHE'S IN *TROUBLE*."
AAAAAAUGGHKK
KUH-HUH
...THE *WORST* TIMING...
...DAMMIT *DAMMIT*.
"VERITY'S THIS HUMAN WHO *FELL IN* WITH THE AUTOBOTS A WAYS BACK. WOUND UP ON A MISSION WITH *THE WRECKERS* TO LIBERATE THE *PRISON* ON G-9 FROM SOME *PSYCHO* WHO'D TAKEN OVER THE PLACE.
"THAT WAS THE *COVER STORY*.
"OUR *REAL GOAL* WAS TO RETRIEVE THE TRANSCRIPTS OF *AUTOBOT WAR CRIME TRIALS* FROM A COMPUTER CALLED *AEQUITAS* AND STOP THEM FROM FALLING INTO *DECEPTICON HANDS*...
"...SOMETHING *I* ONLY LEARNED ON THE *WAY HOME* ON A SHIP *BRIMMING* WITH OUR DEAD.
"THE DATA WAS *RECLAIMED*; THE *ONLY* COPY IN *EXISTENCE* WAS HANDED OVER TO PROWL. OR SO WE *THOUGHT*.
"SEE, VERITY WAS *CLOSE* TO *IRONFIST*, THE 'BOT WHO *DOWNLOADED* AEQUITAS DIRECTLY INTO HIS *OWN HEAD*.
"WHEN I THINK BACK... *NEITHER OF THEM* SHOULDA BEEN THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
"IRONFIST *DIED* ON THE WAY BACK HOME, AND VERITY TOOK IT *HARD*.
"NOW IT LOOKS T'ME LIKE HE MADE *MORE* THAN ONE COPY OF THE TRIALS, AND THIS *POOR, DELUDED* GIRL IS USING IT TO PUT THE *SQUEEZE* ON PROWL."
"IS SHE *INSANE?!*"

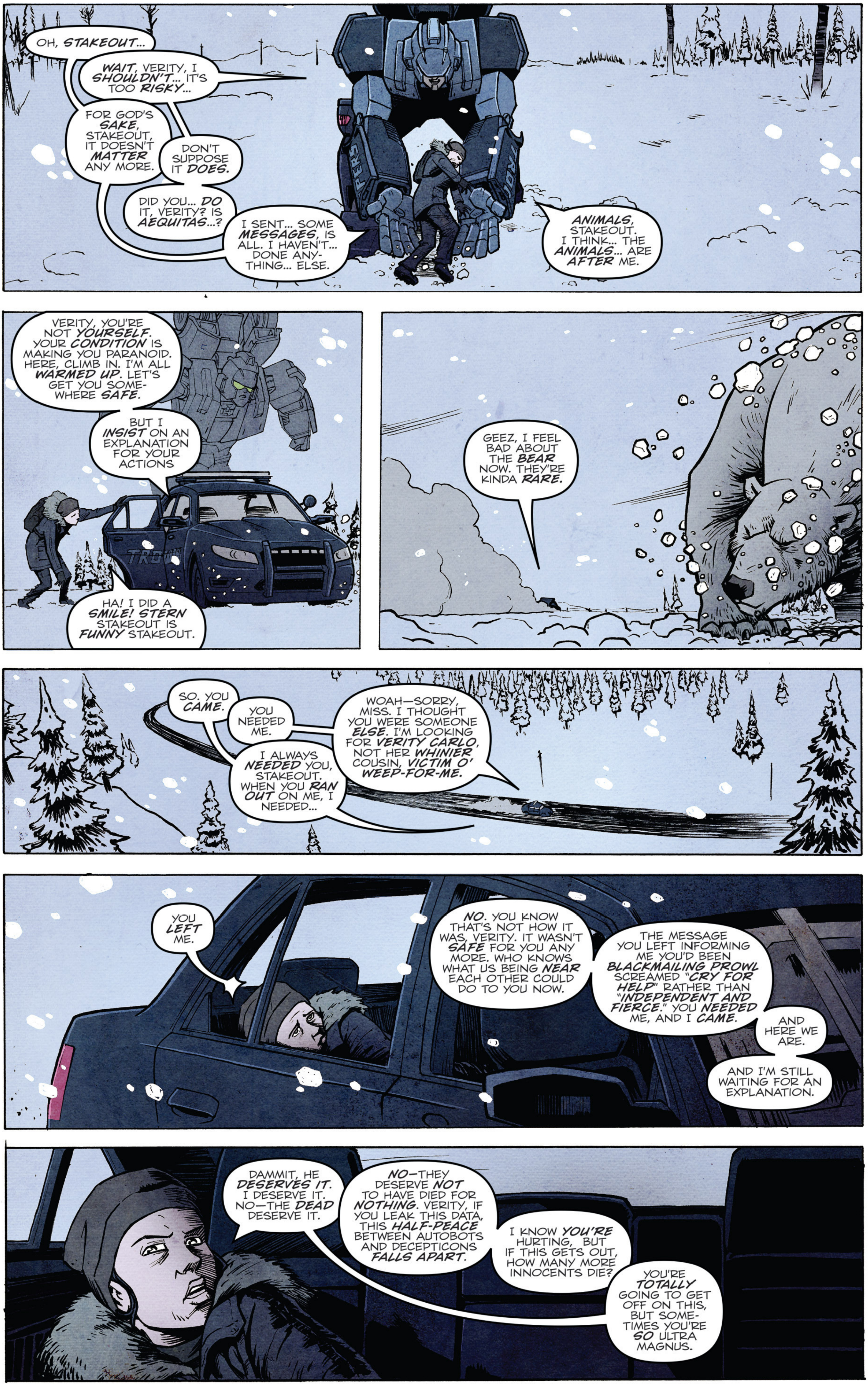

THERE'S DOZENS OF THESE MESSAGES... AND THEY'VE BEEN ACCESSED REMOTELY AS RECENTLY AS TWO DAYS AGO.
AND GET THIS: LAST ONE TRANSMITTED FROM NOME, ALASKA.
HOW IS SHE EVEN SENDING THESE?
HE WENT TO MEET HER. THAT'S IT, IT HAS TO BE. PROWL WAS TREATING THIS SERIOUSLY ENOUGH TO GO TO HER LOCATION.
SO WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM WHEN HE GOT THERE? WHAT DID SHE DO?
DO? SHE'S A KID, ARCEE. A HUMAN KID. HOW COULD SHE...
A "KID" WHO SENDS SUBSPACE MESSAGES TO THE HEAD OF AUTOBOT SPECIAL OPS AND WAVES THE MOST EXPLOSIVE DATA PACKET IN CYBERTRON'S HISTORY AROUND LIKE IT'S A TOY.
"HOW COULD SHE" WHAT, KUP? KILL PROWL? EXPOSE HIM? RE-IGNITE FULL-SCALE WAR?
ATTENTION PLEASE.
IF YOU ARE VIEWING THIS, IT IS BECAUSE YOUR LACK OF 100% ACCURATE SECURITY NAVIGATION HAS TRIGGERED THIS MESSAGE, AND YOU HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED AS AN ALLY.
IT IS ALSO BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN COMPROMISED AND SO CURRENTLY POSE A HIGH-PRIORITY SECURITY RISK.
I HAVE BEEN FORCIBLY REMOVED FROM ACTION AGAINST MY WISHES.
I HAVE NO WAY OF ACCURATELY PREDICTING THE CAUSE OR CULPRIT, BUT I ASSURE YOU MY DISAPPEARANCE WILL NOT HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT.
MY RECOVERY IS TO BE SEEN AS A SECURITY OPERATION OF THE UTMOST URGENCY; THEREFORE, I HAVE ONLY ONE COURSE I WISH YOU TO PURSUE IN MY SAFE RETURN.
ONLY ONE AUTOBOT POSSESSES THE TENACITY, ABILITY AND WILLINGNESS TO PUSH HIMSELF TO THE ABSOLUTE LIMIT IN THE NAME OF FOLLOWING AN ORDER.
FIND SPRINGER. AND HAVE HIM FIND ME.
PROWL OUT. AND HURRY UP.

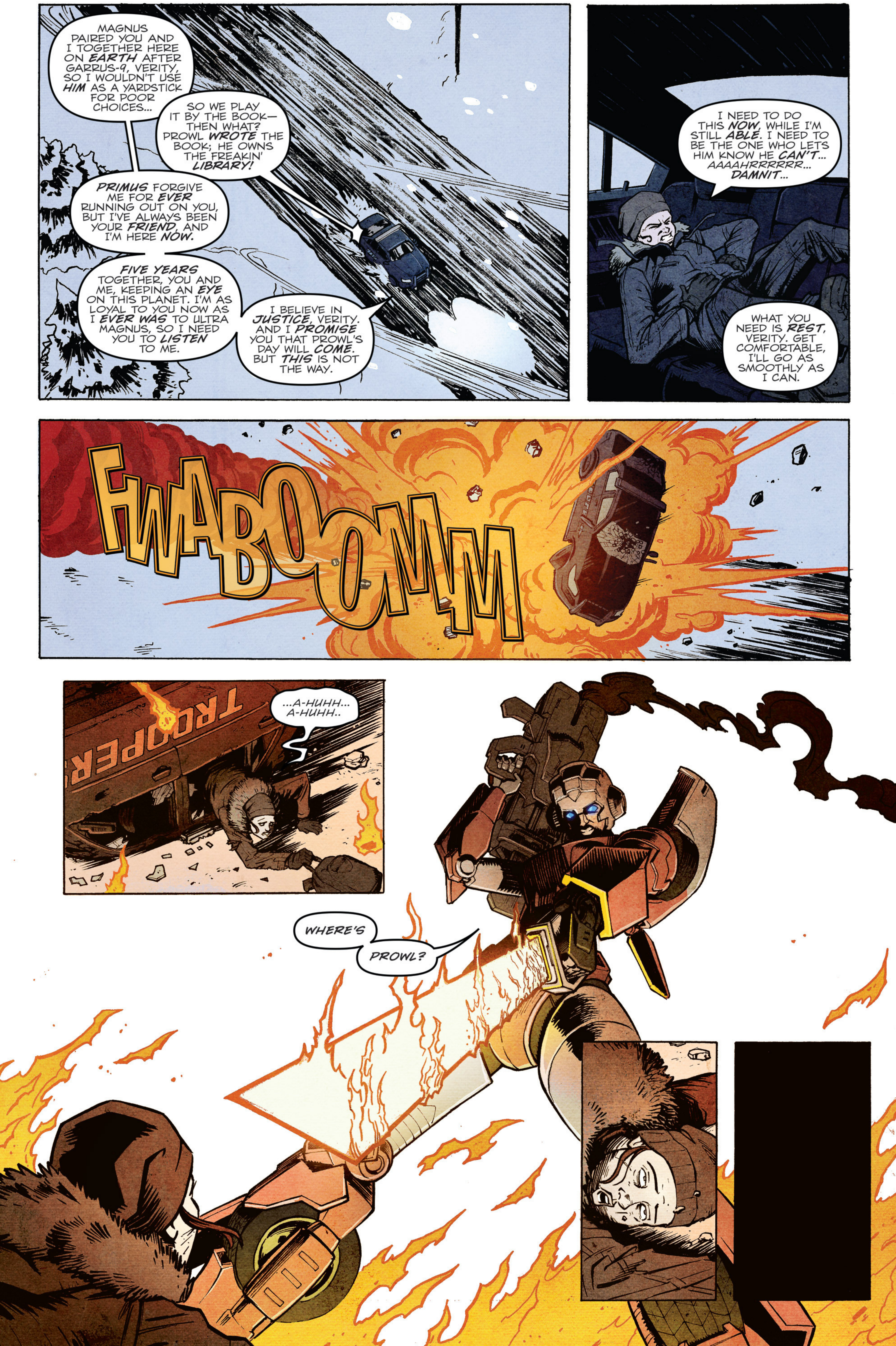

SPRINGER.
SPRINGER?!
YEAH, SPRINGER WAS...
I KNOW WHO SPRINGER WAS—HARD CASE; TENACIOUS; MAVERICK-TYPE. PROWL HATED HIM AND STILL...
NAMES HIM AS THE 'BOT FOR THE JOB. GOTTA STING, KID.
DAMN YOU, PROWL. WHAT WAS THE POINT IN HAVING ME AROUND IF YOU'RE JUST GOING TO...
KUP, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
I'M PUTTIN' IN A CALL TO DEBRIS, SEE IF I CAN GET PATCHED THROUGH TO SPRINGER.
HANG ON; AM I WRONG, OR ISN'T THE GREAT SPRINGER ROTTING AWAY ON A LIFE-SUPPORT, JUST A GREAT BIG DRAIN ON RESOURCES AND GOODWILL?
IF YOUR BOND WITH THIS GUY IS SO STRONG, KUP, WHY DIDN'T YOU MAGIC HIM BACK TO LIFE BEFORE NOW?
ARCEE, WHAT? JUST ME AND YOU HANDLE THIS?
I'M NOT GETTING PRIME AND THE OTHERS INVOLVED. AND THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE COMING ALONG IS YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT IT NOW.
ARCEE, IT'S TOO BIG. LET ME TRY SPRINGER. IF WE CAN'T GET HIM...
FINE, KUP. PLAY IT YOUR WAY—PLAY IT PROWL'S WAY. EVEN WHEN HE'S NOT HERE, HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS...
I'LL MAKE IT QUICK. I'LL...
KLONK
ANOTHER NASTY BLACKOUT, KUP. YOU SHOULD GET THAT SEEN TO.

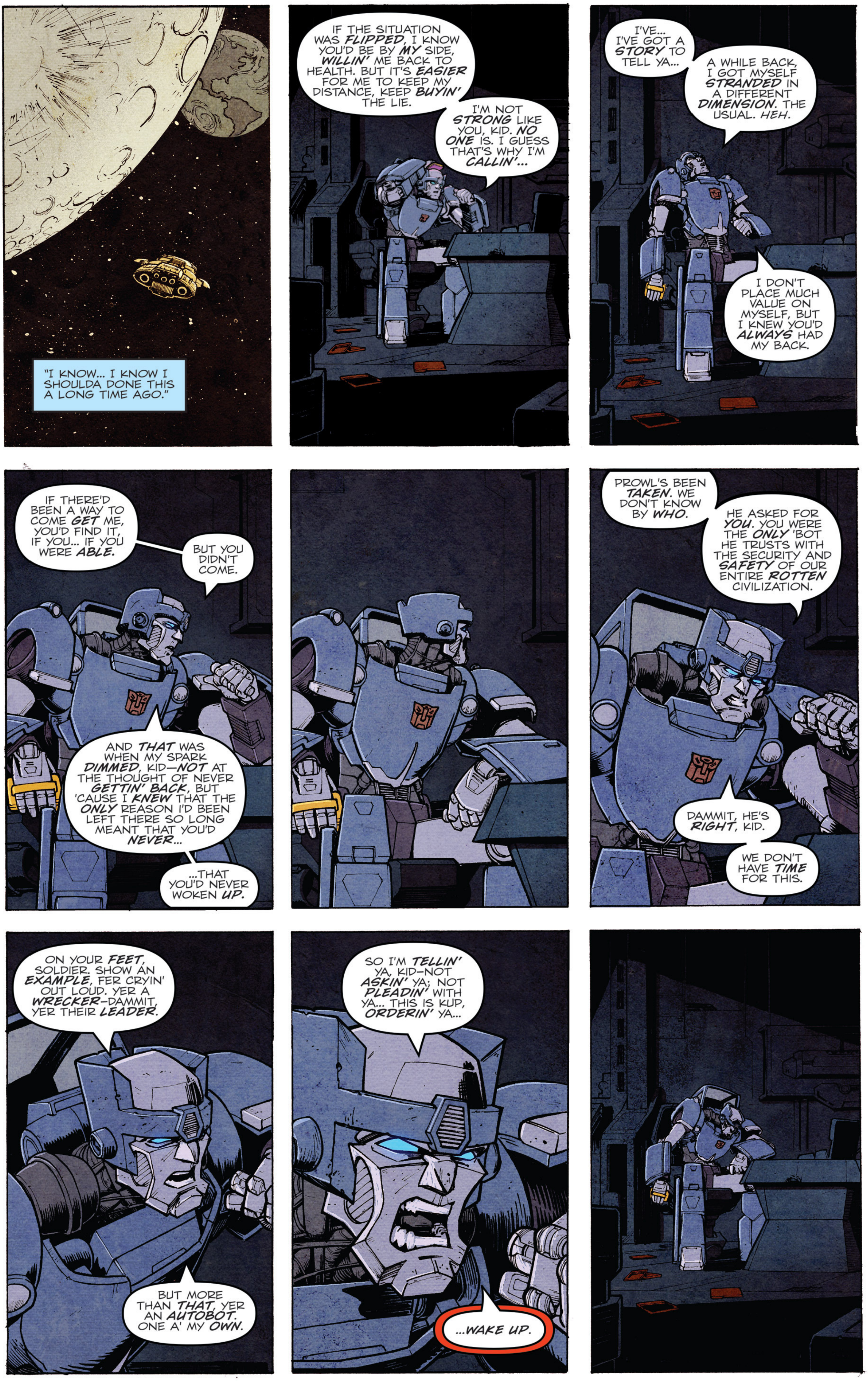

PHUUUUHHH—

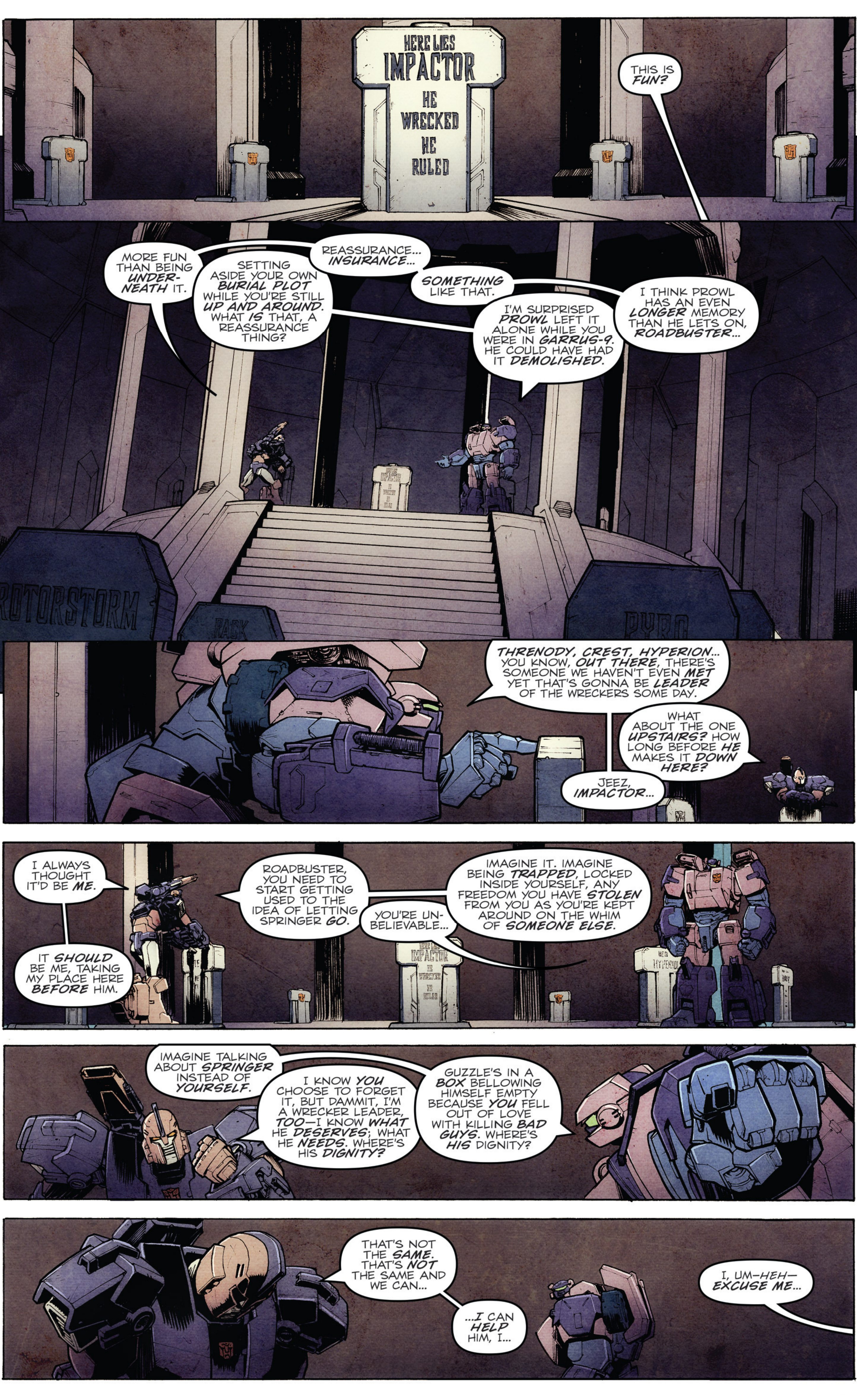

A-WHUH...
AUGH
AHHGHHHKK-
KK-KHUH-
AAAGGHHHKKKK!
HELLO,
PROWL.
UUUGHKKHHUGH
WELCOME
TO THE
NOISEMAZE.
GOOD,
ISN'T IT?

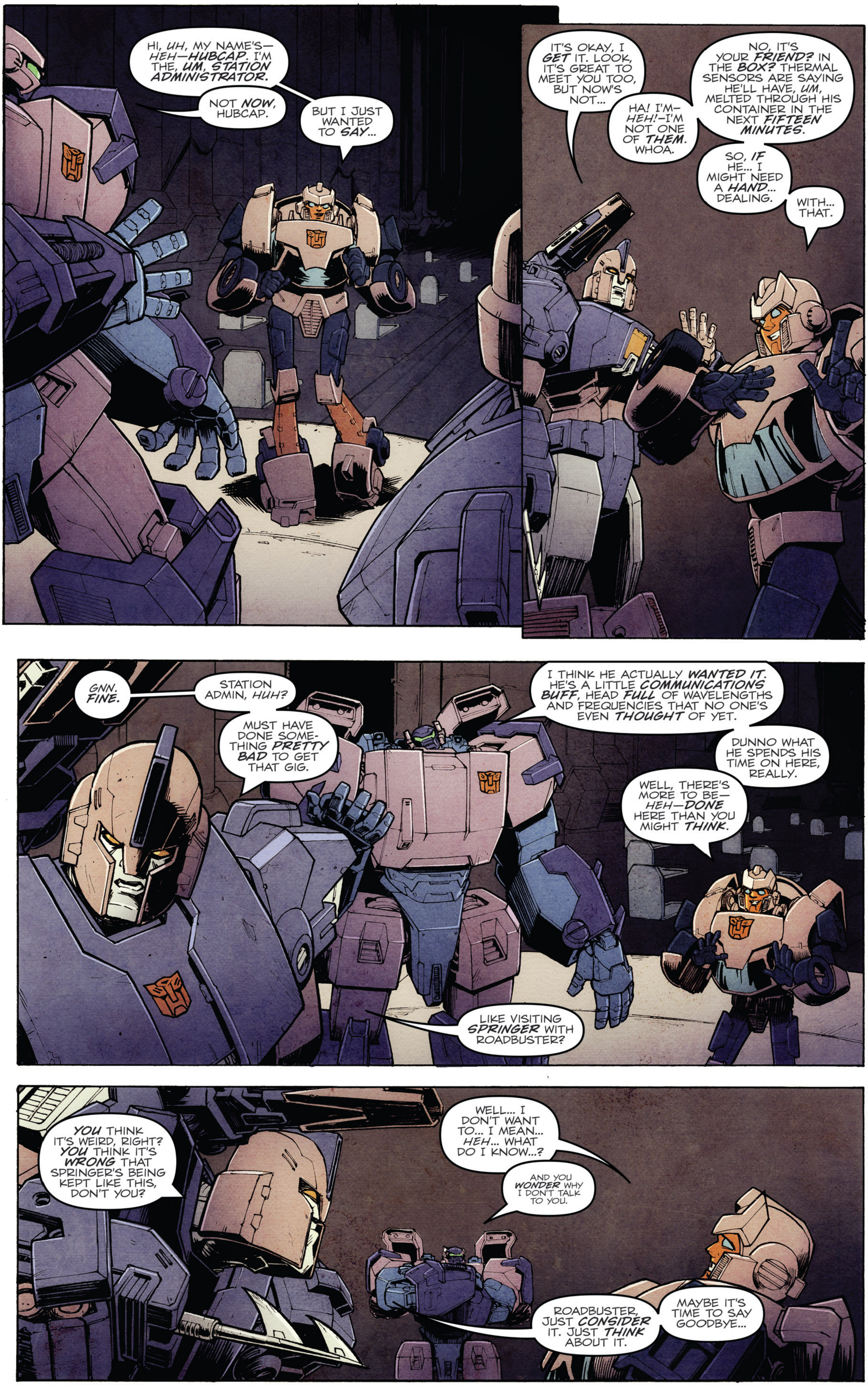

GONE...
...IZZIT GONE?
WUZZIT... EVEN...?
GGWWRN GH GHR
WAAAUCH-!
VERITY CARLO?
STAKEOUT!
AS DULY APPOINTED *DEPUTY* OF THE *TYREST ACCORD*, I AM AUTHORIZED TO INFORM YOU...
...THAT YOU ARE A VERY, *VERY* STUPID GIRL.

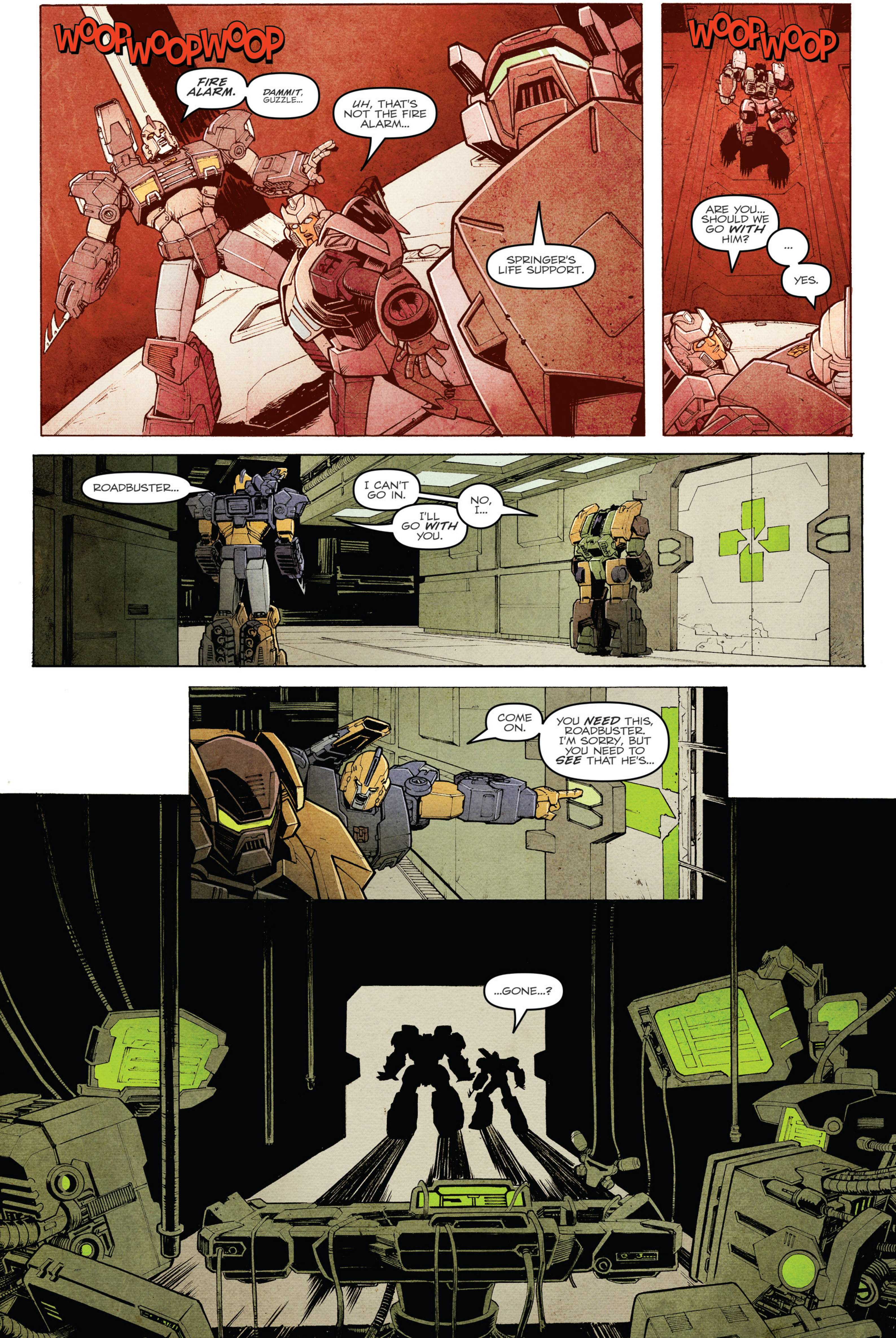

OH, STAKEOUT...
WAIT, VERITY, I SHOULDN'T... IT'S TOO RISKY...
FOR GOD'S SAKE, STAKEOUT, IT DOESN'T MATTER ANY MORE.
DON'T SUPPOSE IT DOES.
DID YOU... DO IT, VERITY? IS AEQUITAS...?
I SENT... SOME MESSAGES, IS ALL. I HAVEN'T... DONE ANYTHING... ELSE.
ANIMALS, STAKEOUT. I THINK... THE ANIMALS... ARE AFTER ME.
VERITY, YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF. YOUR CONDITION IS MAKING YOU PARANOID. HERE, CLIMB IN. I'M ALL WARMED UP. LET'S GET YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE.
BUT I INSIST ON AN EXPLANATION FOR YOUR ACTIONS
HA! I DID A SMILE! STERN STAKEOUT IS FUNNY STAKEOUT.
GEEZ, I FEEL BAD ABOUT THE BEAR NOW. THEY'RE KINDA RARE.
SO. YOU CAME.
YOU NEEDED ME.
WOAH—SORRY, MISS. I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE. I'M LOOKING FOR VERITY CARLO, NOT HER WHINIER COUSIN, VICTIM O' WEEP-FOR-ME.
I ALWAYS NEEDED YOU, STAKEOUT. WHEN YOU RAN OUT ON ME, I NEEDED...
YOU LEFT ME.
NO. YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT HOW IT WAS, VERITY. IT WASN'T SAFE FOR YOU ANY MORE. WHO KNOWS WHAT US BEING NEAR EACH OTHER COULD DO TO YOU NOW.
THE MESSAGE YOU LEFT INFORMING ME YOU'D BEEN BLACKMAILING PROWL SCREAMED "CRY FOR HELP" RATHER THAN "INDEPENDENT AND FIERCE." YOU NEEDED ME, AND I CAME.
AND HERE WE ARE.
AND I'M STILL WAITING FOR AN EXPLANATION.
DAMMIT, HE DESERVES IT. I DESERVE IT. NO—THE DEAD DESERVE IT.
NO—THEY DESERVE NOT TO HAVE DIED FOR NOTHING. VERITY, IF YOU LEAK THIS DATA, THIS HALF-PEACE BETWEEN AUTOBOTS AND DECEPTICONS FALLS APART.
I KNOW YOU'RE HURTING, BUT IF THIS GETS OUT, HOW MANY MORE INNOCENTS DIE?
YOU'RE TOTALLY GOING TO GET OFF ON THIS, BUT SOMETIMES YOU'RE SO ULTRA MAGNUS.

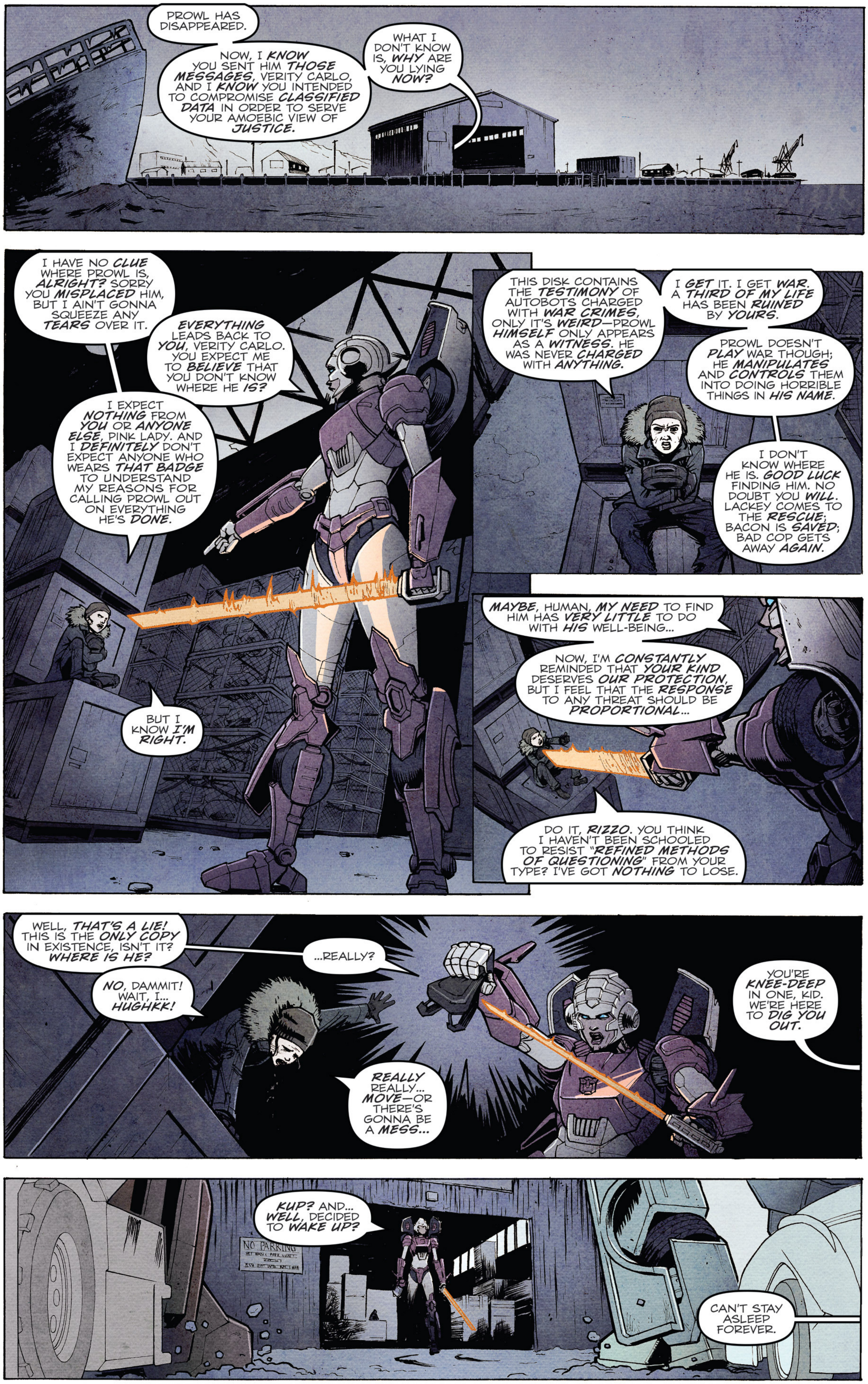

MAGNUS PAIRED YOU AND I TOGETHER HERE ON EARTH AFTER GARRUS-9, VERITY, SO I WOULDN'T USE HIM AS A YARDSTICK FOR POOR CHOICES...
SO WE PLAY IT BY THE BOOK— THEN WHAT? PROWL WROTE THE BOOK; HE OWNS THE FREAKIN' LIBRARY!
PRIMUS FORGIVE ME FOR EVER RUNNING OUT ON YOU, BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN YOUR FRIEND, AND I'M HERE NOW.
FIVE YEARS TOGETHER, YOU AND ME, KEEPING AN EYE ON THIS PLANET. I'M AS LOYAL TO YOU NOW AS I EVER WAS TO ULTRA MAGNUS, SO I NEED YOU TO LISTEN TO ME.
I BELIEVE IN JUSTICE, VERITY. AND I PROMISE YOU THAT PROWL'S DAY WILL COME. BUT THIS IS NOT THE WAY.
I NEED TO DO THIS NOW, WHILE I'M STILL ABLE. I NEED TO BE THE ONE WHO LETS HIM KNOW HE CAN'T... AAAAHRRRRRR... DAMNIT...
WHAT YOU NEED IS REST, VERITY. GET COMFORTABLE, I'LL GO AS SMOOTHLY AS I CAN.
FWABOOMM
TROOPERS
...A-HUHH... A-HUHH..
WHERE'S PROWL?

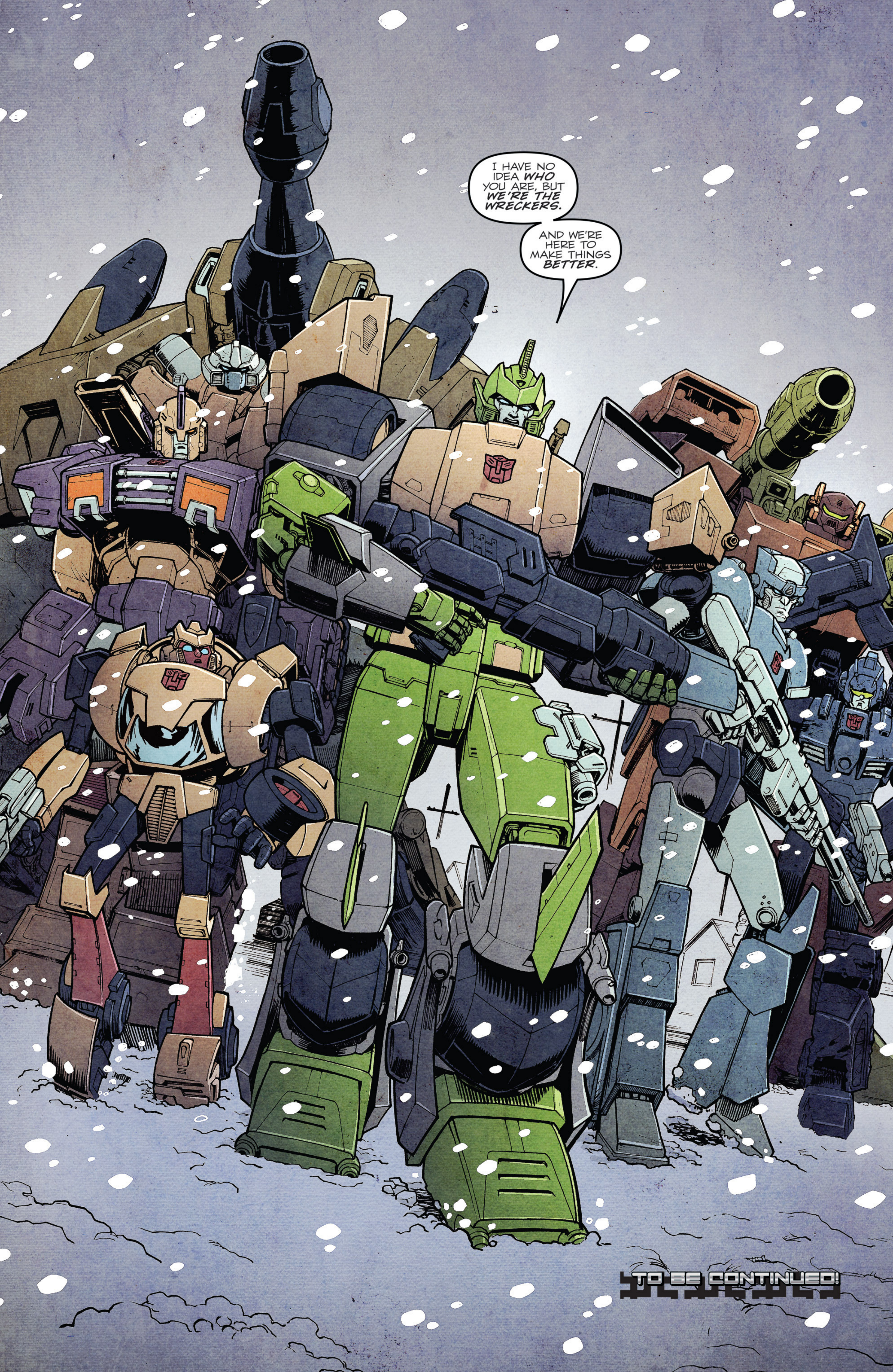

"I KNOW... I KNOW I SHOULDA DONE THIS A LONG TIME AGO."
IF THE SITUATION WAS ***FLIPPED***, I KNOW YOU'D BE BY ***MY*** SIDE, ***WILLIN'*** ME BACK TO HEALTH. BUT IT'S ***EASIER*** FOR ME TO KEEP MY DISTANCE, KEEP ***BUYIN'*** THE LIE.
I'M NOT ***STRONG*** LIKE YOU, KID. ***NO ONE*** IS. I GUESS THAT'S WHY I'M ***CALLIN'***...
I'VE... I'VE GOT A ***STORY*** TO TELL YA...
A WHILE BACK, I GOT MYSELF ***STRANDED*** IN A DIFFERENT ***DIMENSION***. THE USUAL. ***HEH***.
I DON'T PLACE MUCH VALUE ON MYSELF, BUT I KNEW YOU'D ***ALWAYS*** HAD MY BACK.
IF THERE'D BEEN A WAY TO COME ***GET*** ME, YOU'D FIND IT, IF YOU... IF YOU WERE ***ABLE***.
BUT YOU DIDN'T COME.
AND ***THAT*** WAS WHEN MY SPARK ***DIMMED***, KID—***NOT*** AT THE THOUGHT OF NEVER ***GETTIN' BACK***, BUT 'CAUSE I ***KNEW*** THAT THE ***ONLY*** REASON I'D BEEN LEFT THERE SO LONG MEANT THAT YOU'D ***NEVER***...
...THAT YOU'D NEVER WOKEN ***UP***.
PROWL'S BEEN ***TAKEN***. WE DON'T KNOW BY ***WHO***.
HE ASKED FOR ***YOU***. YOU WERE THE ***ONLY*** 'BOT HE TRUSTS WITH THE SECURITY AND ***SAFETY*** OF OUR ENTIRE ***ROTTEN*** CIVILIZATION.
DAMMIT, HE'S ***RIGHT***, KID.
WE DON'T HAVE ***TIME*** FOR THIS.
ON YOUR ***FEET***, SOLDIER. SHOW AN ***EXAMPLE***, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD. YER A ***WRECKER***—DAMMIT, YER THEIR ***LEADER***.
BUT MORE THAN ***THAT***, YER AN ***AUTOBOT***. ONE A' MY ***OWN***.
SO I'M ***TELLIN'*** YA, KID—NOT ***ASKIN'*** YA; NOT ***PLEADIN'*** WITH YA... THIS IS KUP, ***ORDERIN'*** YA...
...WAKE UP.


HERE LIES IMPACTOR HE WRECKED HE RULED
THIS IS *FUN?*
MORE FUN THAN BEING *UNDERNEATH* IT.
SETTING ASIDE YOUR OWN *BURIAL PLOT* WHILE YOU'RE STILL *UP AND AROUND*. WHAT *IS* THAT, A REASSURANCE THING?
REASSURANCE... *INSURANCE...*
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
I'M SURPRISED *PROWL* LEFT IT ALONE WHILE YOU WERE IN *GARRUS-9*. HE COULD HAVE HAD IT *DEMOLISHED*.
I THINK PROWL HAS AN EVEN *LONGER* MEMORY THAN HE LETS ON, *ROADBUSTER...*
ROTORSTORM
RACK
PYRO
THRENODY, CREST, HYPERION... YOU KNOW, *OUT THERE*, THERE'S SOMEONE WE HAVEN'T EVEN *MET* YET THAT'S GONNA BE *LEADER* OF THE WRECKERS SOME DAY.
WHAT ABOUT THE ONE *UPSTAIRS?* HOW LONG BEFORE *HE* MAKES IT *DOWN HERE?*
JEEZ, *IMPACTOR...*
I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT'D BE *ME*.
IT *SHOULD* BE ME, TAKING MY PLACE HERE *BEFORE* HIM.
ROADBUSTER, YOU NEED TO START GETTING USED TO THE IDEA OF LETTING SPRINGER *GO*.
IMAGINE IT. IMAGINE BEING *TRAPPED*, LOCKED INSIDE YOURSELF, ANY FREEDOM YOU HAVE *STOLEN* FROM YOU AS YOU'RE KEPT AROUND ON THE WHIM OF *SOMEONE ELSE*.
YOU'RE UNBELIEVABLE...
HERE LIES IMPACTOR HE WRECKED HE RULED
HYPERION
IMAGINE TALKING ABOUT *SPRINGER* INSTEAD OF *YOURSELF*.
I KNOW *YOU* CHOOSE TO FORGET IT, BUT DAMMIT, I'M A WRECKER LEADER, *TOO*—I KNOW *WHAT* HE *DESERVES*; WHAT HE *NEEDS*. WHERE'S HIS *DIGNITY?*
GUZZLE'S IN A *BOX* BELLOWING HIMSELF EMPTY BECAUSE *YOU* FELL OUT OF LOVE WITH KILLING *BAD GUYS*. WHERE'S *HIS* DIGNITY?
THAT'S NOT THE *SAME*. THAT'S *NOT* THE SAME AND WE CAN...
...I CAN *HELP* HIM, I...
I, UM-HEH— *EXCUSE ME...*


HI, UH, MY NAME'S—HEH—HUBCAP. I'M THE, UM, STATION ADMINISTRATOR.
NOT NOW, HUBCAP.
BUT I JUST WANTED TO SAY...
IT'S OKAY, I GET IT. LOOK, IT'S GREAT TO MEET YOU TOO, BUT NOW'S NOT...
HA! I'M—HEH!—I'M NOT ONE OF THEM. WHOA.
NO, IT'S YOUR FRIEND? IN THE BOX? THERMAL SENSORS ARE SAYING HE'LL HAVE, UM, MELTED THROUGH HIS CONTAINER IN THE NEXT FIFTEEN MINUTES.
SO, IF HE... I MIGHT NEED A HAND... DEALING.
WITH... THAT.
GNN. FINE.
STATION ADMIN, HUH?
MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING PRETTY BAD TO GET THAT GIG.
I THINK HE ACTUALLY WANTED IT. HE'S A LITTLE COMMUNICATIONS BUFF, HEAD FULL OF WAVELENGTHS AND FREQUENCIES THAT NO ONE'S EVEN THOUGHT OF YET.
DUNNO WHAT HE SPENDS HIS TIME ON HERE, REALLY.
WELL, THERE'S MORE TO BE—HEH—DONE HERE THAN YOU MIGHT THINK.
LIKE VISITING SPRINGER WITH ROADBUSTER?
YOU THINK IT'S WEIRD, RIGHT? YOU THINK IT'S WRONG THAT SPRINGER'S BEING KEPT LIKE THIS, DON'T YOU?
WELL... I DON'T WANT TO... I MEAN... HEH... WHAT DO I KNOW...?
AND YOU WONDER WHY I DON'T TALK TO YOU.
ROADBUSTER, JUST CONSIDER IT. JUST THINK ABOUT IT.
MAYBE IT'S TIME TO SAY GOODBYE...


WOOPWOOPWOOP
FIRE ALARM.
DAMMIT, GUZZLE...
UH, THAT'S NOT THE FIRE ALARM...
SPRINGER'S LIFE SUPPORT.
WOOPWOOP
ARE YOU... SHOULD WE GO ***WITH*** HIM?
...
YES.
ROADBUSTER...
I CAN'T GO IN.
NO, I...
I'LL GO ***WITH*** YOU.
COME ON.
YOU ***NEED*** THIS, ROADBUSTER. I'M SORRY, BUT YOU NEED TO ***SEE*** THAT HE'S...
...GONE...?


PROWL HAS DISAPPEARED.
NOW, I KNOW YOU SENT HIM THOSE MESSAGES, VERITY CARLO, AND I KNOW YOU INTENDED TO COMPROMISE CLASSIFIED DATA IN ORDER TO SERVE YOUR AMOEBIC VIEW OF JUSTICE.
WHAT I DON'T KNOW IS, WHY ARE YOU LYING NOW?
I HAVE NO CLUE WHERE PROWL IS, ALRIGHT? SORRY YOU MISPLACED HIM, BUT I AIN'T GONNA SQUEEZE ANY TEARS OVER IT.
EVERYTHING LEADS BACK TO YOU, VERITY CARLO. YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS?
I EXPECT NOTHING FROM YOU OR ANYONE ELSE, PINK LADY. AND I DEFINITELY DON'T EXPECT ANYONE WHO WEARS THAT BADGE TO UNDERSTAND MY REASONS FOR CALLING PROWL OUT ON EVERYTHING HE'S DONE.
BUT I KNOW I'M RIGHT.
THIS DISK CONTAINS THE TESTIMONY OF AUTOBOTS CHARGED WITH WAR CRIMES, ONLY IT'S WEIRD—PROWL HIMSELF ONLY APPEARS AS A WITNESS. HE WAS NEVER CHARGED WITH ANYTHING.
I GET IT. I GET WAR. A THIRD OF MY LIFE HAS BEEN RUINED BY YOURS.
PROWL DOESN'T PLAY WAR THOUGH; HE MANIPULATES AND CONTROLS THEM INTO DOING HORRIBLE THINGS IN HIS NAME.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS. GOOD LUCK FINDING HIM. NO DOUBT YOU WILL. LACKEY COMES TO THE RESCUE; BACON IS SAVED; BAD COP GETS AWAY AGAIN.
MAYBE, HUMAN, MY NEED TO FIND HIM HAS VERY LITTLE TO DO WITH HIS WELL-BEING...
NOW, I'M CONSTANTLY REMINDED THAT YOUR KIND DESERVES OUR PROTECTION, BUT I FEEL THAT THE RESPONSE TO ANY THREAT SHOULD BE PROPORTIONAL...
DO IT, RIZZO. YOU THINK I HAVEN'T BEEN SCHOOLED TO RESIST "REFINED METHODS OF QUESTIONING" FROM YOUR TYPE? I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE.
WELL, THAT'S A LIE! THIS IS THE ONLY COPY IN EXISTENCE, ISN'T IT? WHERE IS HE?
NO, DAMMIT! WAIT, I... HUGHKK!
...REALLY?
REALLY REALLY... MOVE—OR THERE'S GONNA BE A MESS...
YOU'RE KNEE-DEEP IN ONE, KID. WE'RE HERE TO DIG YOU OUT.
KUP? AND... WELL, DECIDED TO WAKE UP?
NO PARKING
CAN'T STAY ASLEEP FOREVER.


I HAVE NO IDEA *WHO* YOU ARE, BUT *WE'RE THE WRECKERS*.
AND WE'RE HERE TO MAKE THINGS *BETTER*.
TO BE CONTINUED!

Pro-Writing Tip: When writing your first comic-book series, try to avoid using the title "Last Stand"...

I'm not sure I ever believed you and I would be here again, talking like this. There'd been enquiries about a return of The Wreckers since *Last Stand of the Wreckers* — the story this comic is continuing — wrapped up over five years ago. But I thought they were noises of politeness, in the same way old, accidentally refound friends insist that, "We must do this again sometime." Sometimes — just sometimes — it's worth calling an old mate's bluff and picking up right where we left off.

The nice thing about the amount of time that's elapsed is that it allowed us — myself, Josh Burcham, and our editors at IDW Publishing, John and Carlos (no James Roberts THIS time, but we aim to recapture that One Perfect Summer again soon) — to be certain that we were getting the band back together for the right reasons. We're living in a world where Transformers comics are scaling new critical heights for their writing and artwork. The time for a quick straight-to-video cash-in series (*Last Stand of the Wreckers: Part II — Stand Laster*) has lapsed, the original tale settling like high-octane silt on the seabed of the fandom. Do we really stand a chance of offering something to readers the other titles don't?

In this issue, a polar bear is dropkicked by a robot that turns into a police car. My argument is we offer something that NO other comic does.

It was the themes and dangling character threads that drew us back ultimately. *Last Stand* ended with the highly explosive Aequitas Files being revealed to be at large with Verity Carlo; the series' hardcover collection contained a story which revealed she was more than willing to act on her impulses. It was only a matter of time before someone whispered in her ear to pull the trigger. I'm relieved and honoured that it gets to be me.

Before I sat down to write this, I browsed through my notes for the series' outline (Pro-Writing Tip: Tattoo your pitch in reverse to the face of your sleeping commissioning editor. You'll be greenlit the second he looks in the mirror next day.) and realised the themes laid out there are as good a hook as any to keep you coming back over the next four issues. So, coming up, we have: "Manipulation and Influence;" "Dark Pasts and Gloomy Futures;" "Love, and The Absence Of."

That last one ought to do it.

So everyone, hold hands, buddy up, and stay strong. We're not all going to make it to the end of this. (The characters, I mean. The book's readership is sure to swell exponentially with each passing issue.) Prowl's missing. The Wreckers are looking for him, and their own terrible pasts are right on their heels.

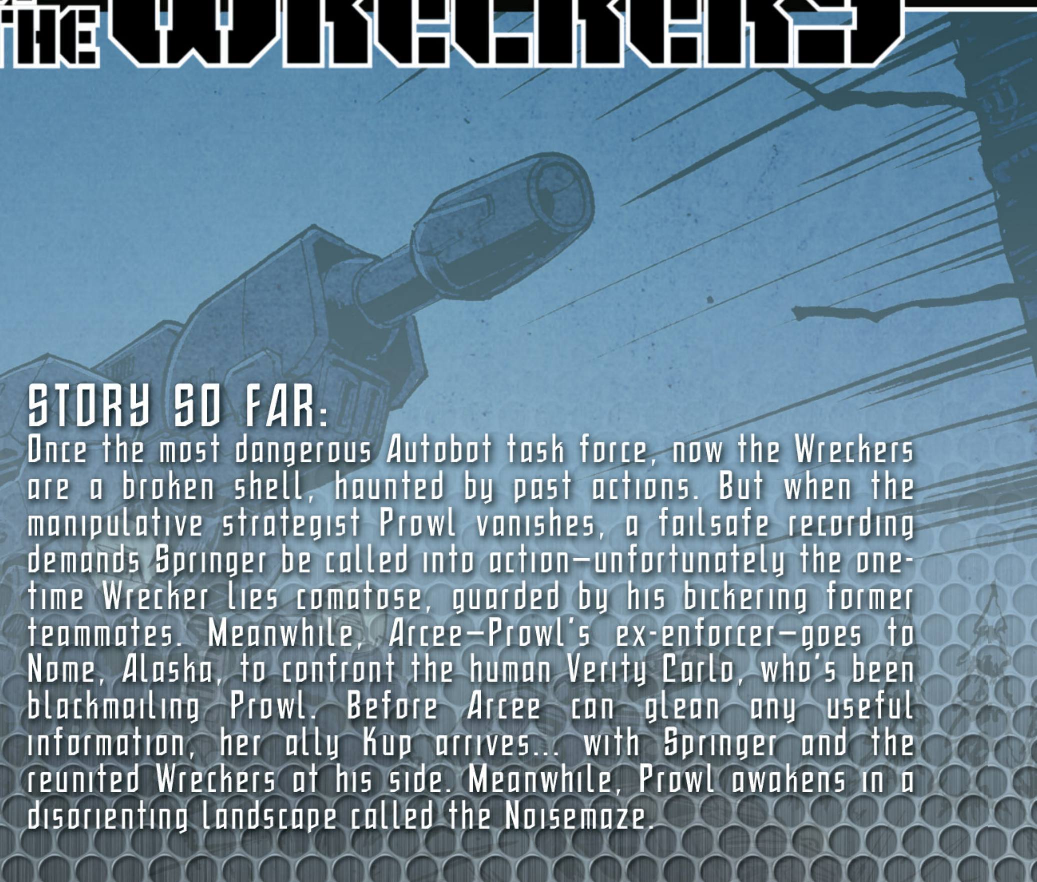
Pro-Writing Tip: Try and leave enough characters alive at the end of your story for a sequel.

Nick Roche
Dublin, October 2015.

NICK ROCHE • JOSH CHAM
TRANSFORMERS
SINS OF THE WRECKERS
IDW
#2
NICK ROCHE 2015

TRANSFORMERS
SINS OF THE WRECKERS

Written and Drawn by:
NICK ROCHE
Colors by:
JOSH BURCHAM
Letters by: **TOM B. LONG**
Editor: **JOHN BARBER**



STORY SO FAR:

Once the most dangerous Autobot task force, now the Wreckers are a broken shell, haunted by past actions. But when the manipulative strategist Prowl vanishes, a failsafe recording demands Springer be called into action—unfortunately the one-time Wrecker lies comatose, guarded by his bickering former teammates. Meanwhile, Arcee—Prowl's ex-enforcer—goes to Nome, Alaska, to confront the human Verity Carlo, who's been blackmailing Prowl. Before Arcee can glean any useful information, her ally Kup arrives... with Springer and the reunited Wreckers at his side. Meanwhile, Prowl awakens in a disorienting landscape called the Noisemaze.

Special thanks to Hasbro's Clint Chapman, Heather Hopkins, Jerry Jivoin, Joshua Lamb, Ed Lane, Mark Weber, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

For international rights, please contact **licensing@idwpublishing.com**

Licensed By:

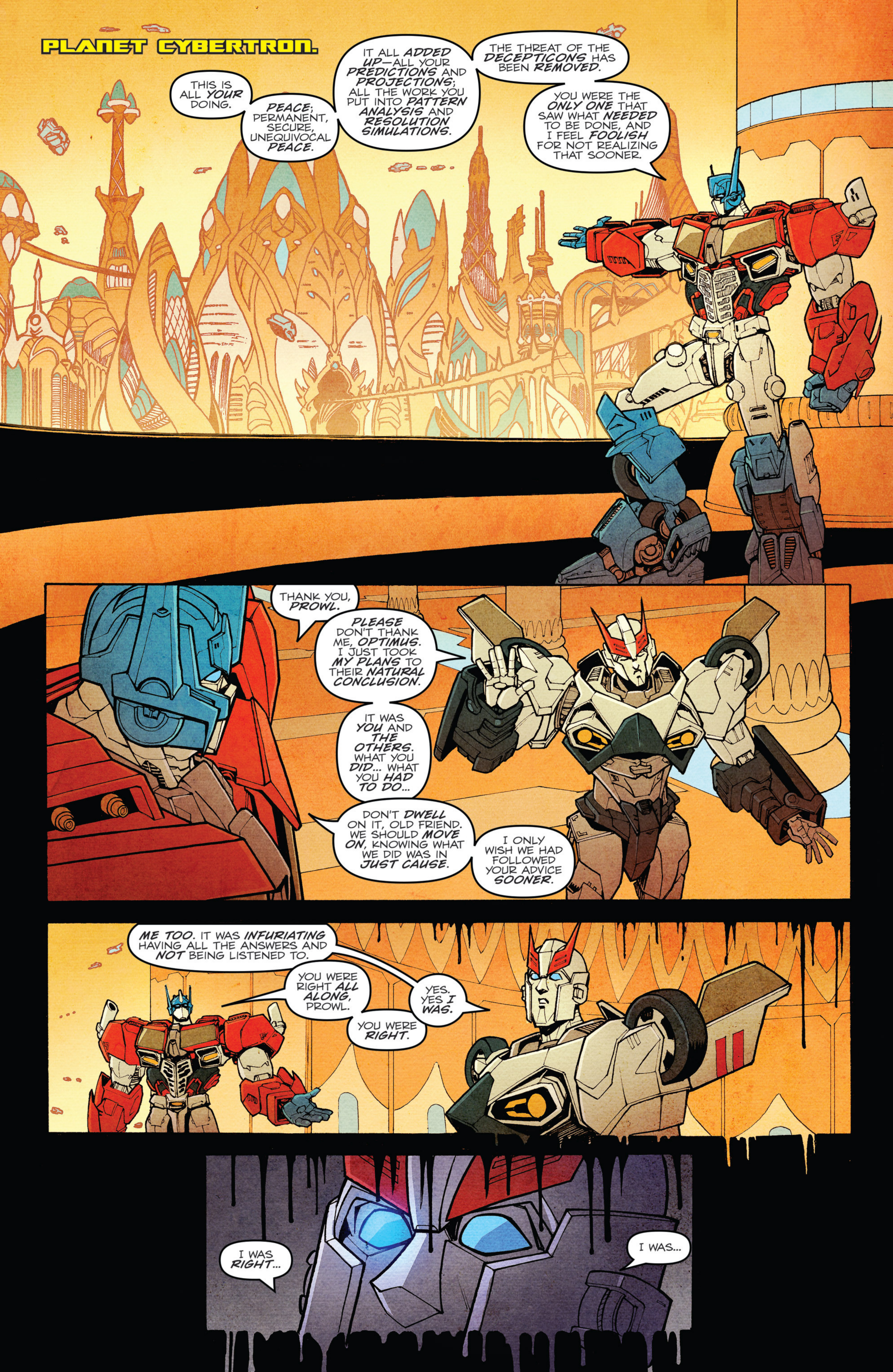
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

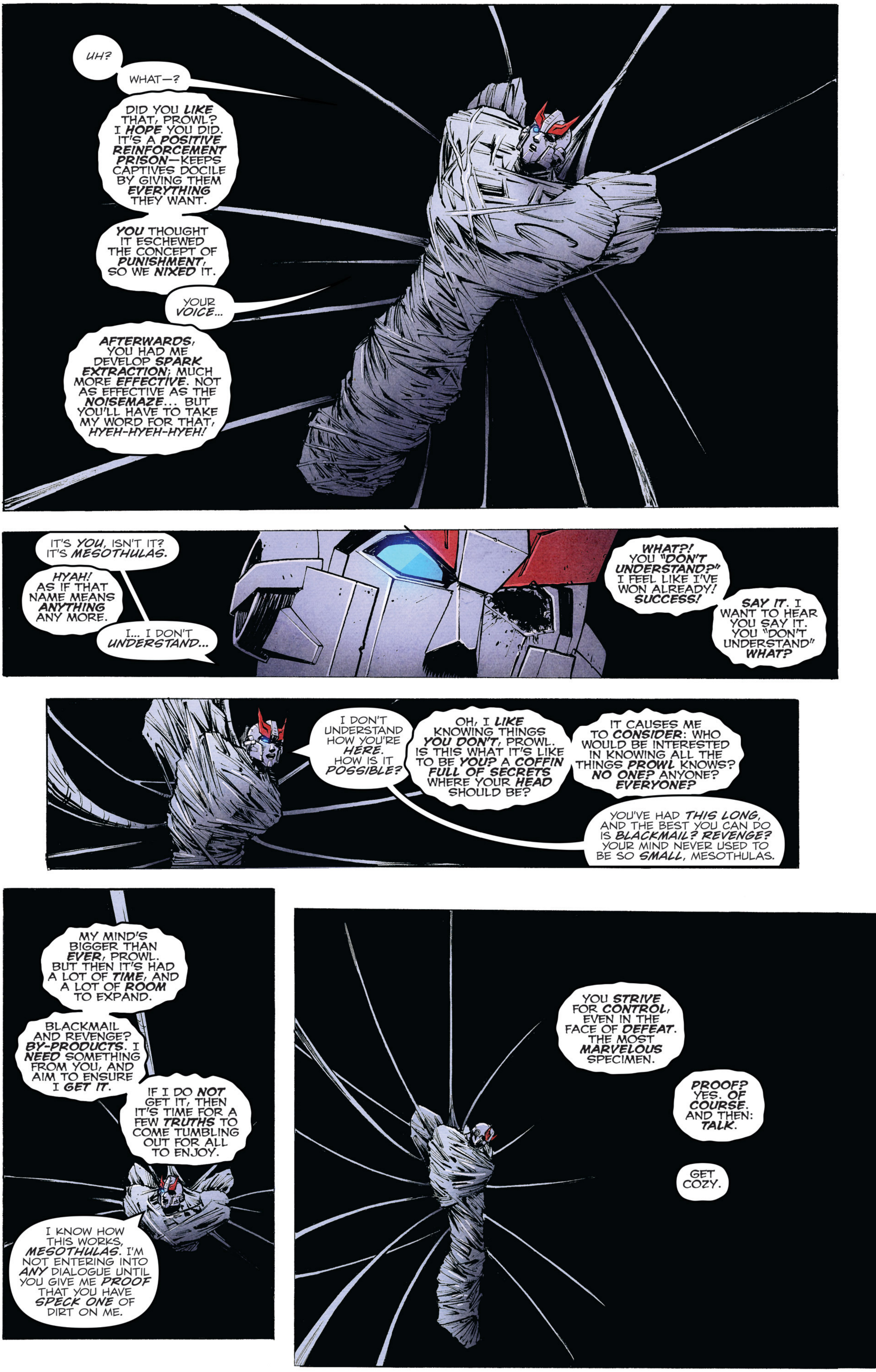
Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Dirk Wood, VP of Marketing
Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services
Jeff Webber, VP of Licensing, Digital and Subsidiary Rights
Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development

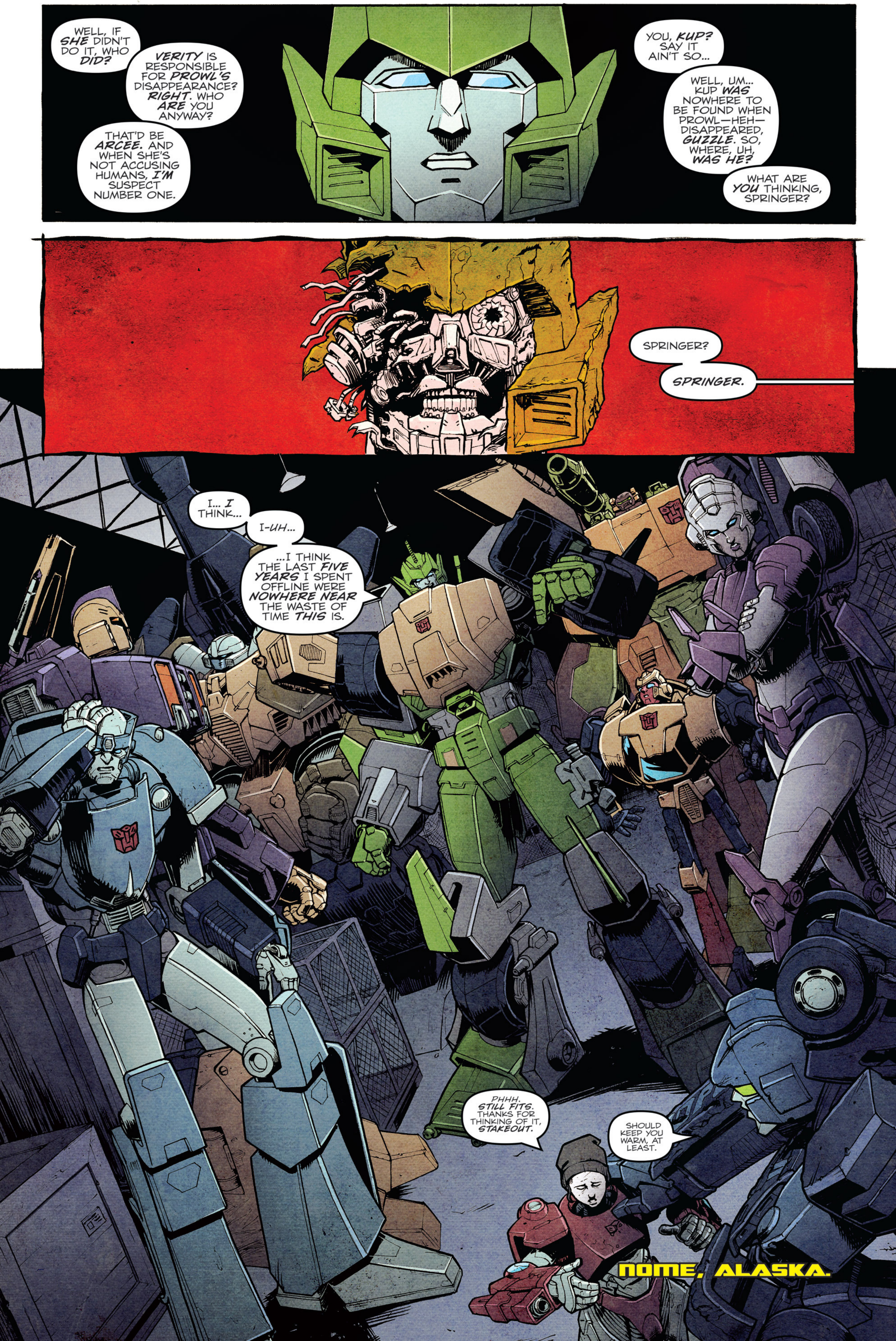
Facebook: **facebook.com/idwpublishing**
Twitter: **@idwpublishing**
YouTube: **youtube.com/idwpublishing**
Tumblr: **tumblr.idwpublishing.com**
Instagram: **instagram.com/idwpublishing**

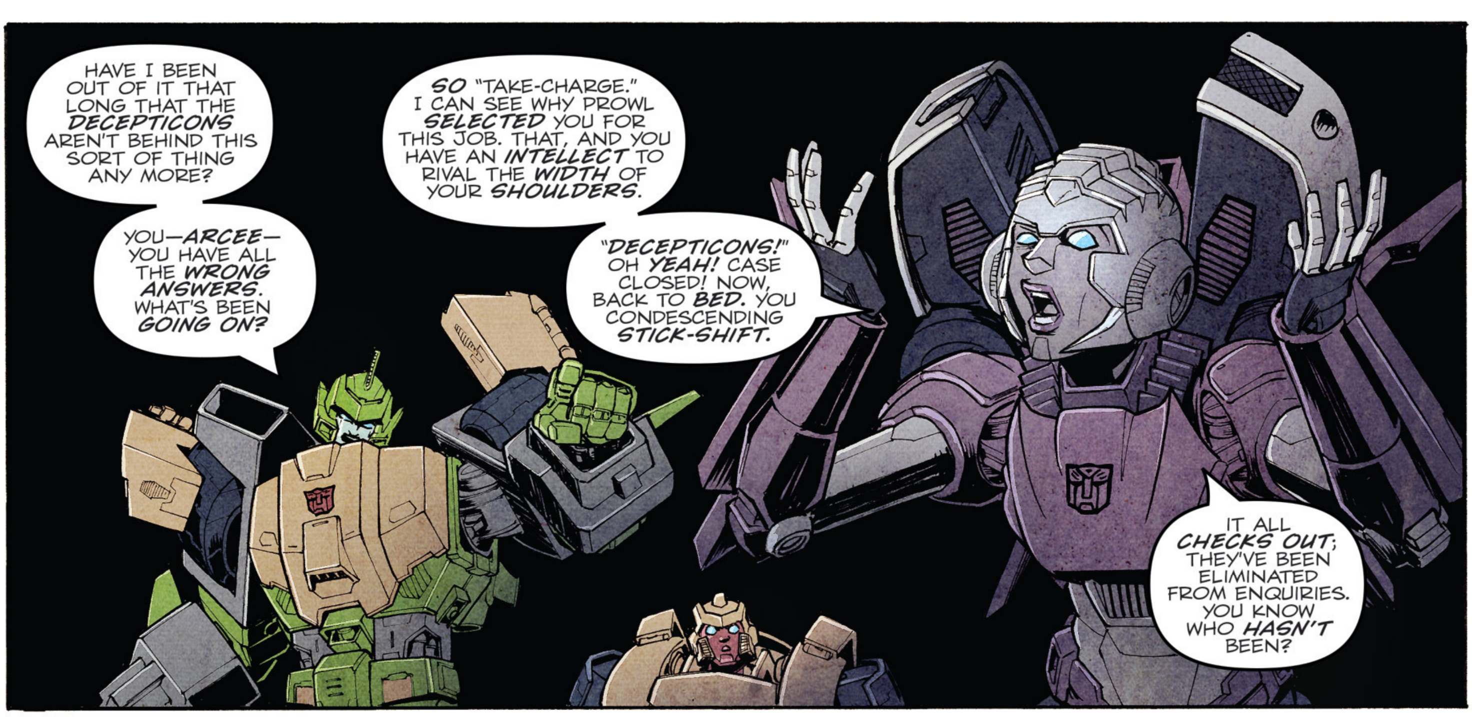
THE TRANSFORMERS: SINS OF THE WRECKERS #2. DECEMBER 2015. FIRST PRINTING. HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2015 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea.

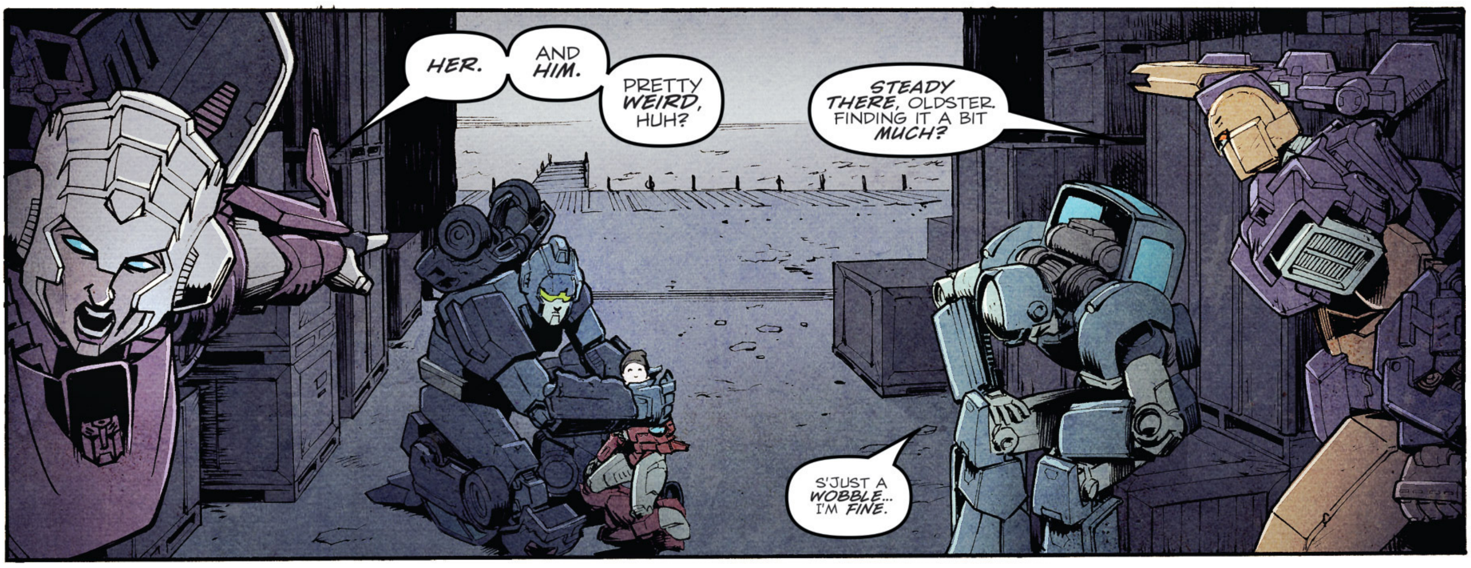
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

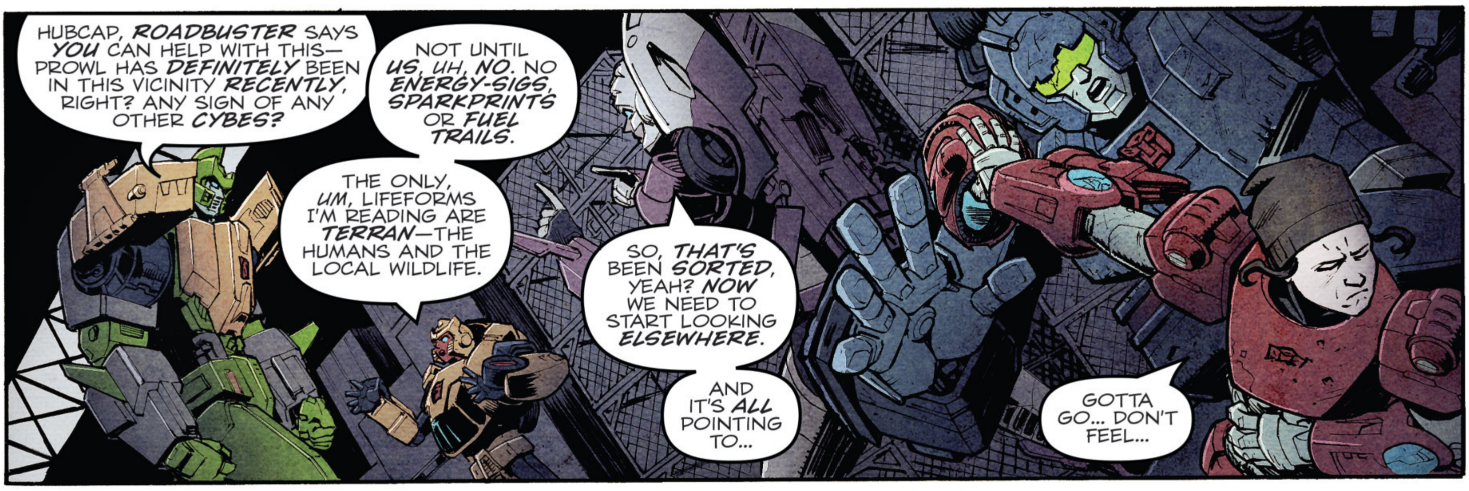

PLANET CYBERTRON.
THIS IS ALL YOUR DOING.
PEACE; PERMANENT, SECURE, UNEQUIVOCAL PEACE.
IT ALL ADDED UP—ALL YOUR PREDICTIONS AND PROJECTIONS; ALL THE WORK YOU PUT INTO PATTERN ANALYSIS AND RESOLUTION SIMULATIONS.
THE THREAT OF THE DECEPTICONS HAS BEEN REMOVED.
YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE THAT SAW WHAT NEEDED TO BE DONE, AND I FEEL FOOLISH FOR NOT REALIZING THAT SOONER.
THANK YOU, PROWL.
PLEASE DON'T THANK ME, OPTIMUS. I JUST TOOK MY PLANS TO THEIR NATURAL CONCLUSION.
IT WAS YOU AND THE OTHERS. WHAT YOU DID... WHAT YOU HAD TO DO...
DON'T DWELL ON IT, OLD FRIEND. WE SHOULD MOVE ON, KNOWING WHAT WE DID WAS IN JUST CAUSE.
I ONLY WISH WE HAD FOLLOWED YOUR ADVICE SOONER.
ME TOO. IT WAS INFURIATING HAVING ALL THE ANSWERS AND NOT BEING LISTENED TO.
YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG, PROWL.
YOU WERE RIGHT.
YES. YES I WAS.
I WAS RIGHT...
I WAS...

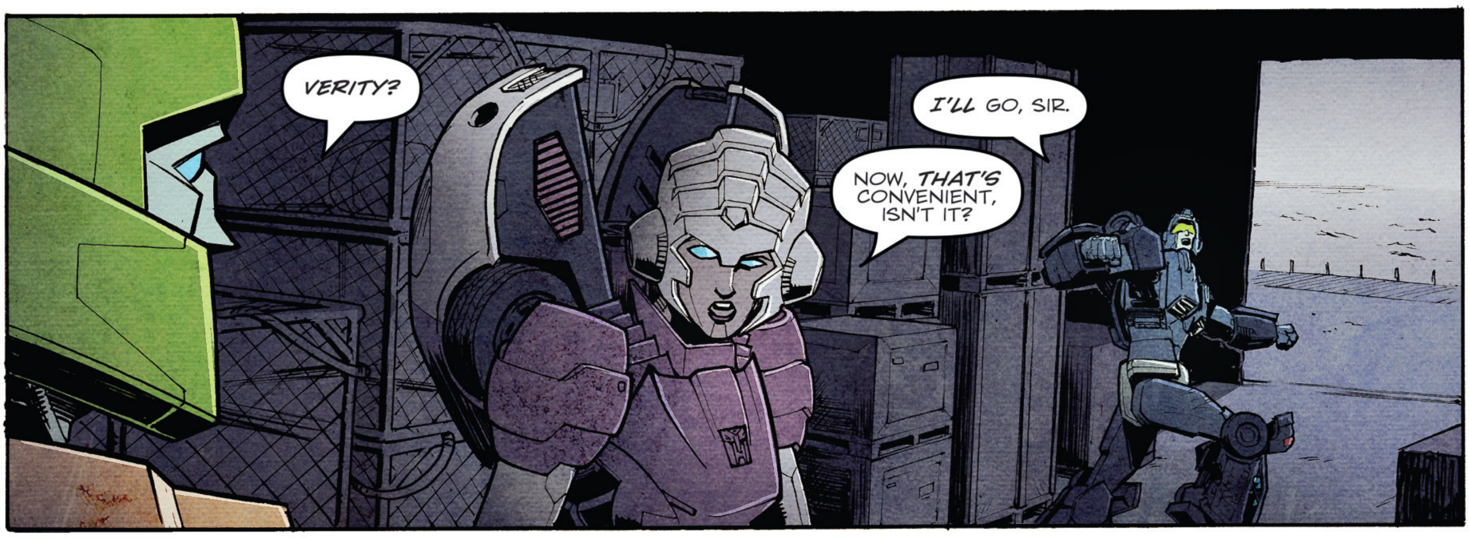

UH?
WHAT—?
DID YOU **LIKE** THAT, PROWL? I **HOPE** YOU DID. IT'S A **POSITIVE REINFORCEMENT PRISON**—KEEPS CAPTIVES DOCILE BY GIVING THEM **EVERYTHING** THEY WANT.
YOU THOUGHT IT ESCHEWED THE CONCEPT OF **PUNISHMENT**, SO WE **NIXED** IT.
YOUR *VOICE*...
AFTERWARDS, YOU HAD ME DEVELOP **SPARK EXTRACTION**; MUCH MORE **EFFECTIVE**. NOT AS EFFECTIVE AS THE **NOISEMAZE**... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD FOR THAT, *HYEH-HYEH-HYEH!*
IT'S *YOU*, ISN'T IT? IT'S *MESOTHULAS*.
HYAH! AS IF THAT NAME MEANS **ANYTHING** ANY MORE.
I... I DON'T *UNDERSTAND*...
WHAT?! YOU **"DON'T UNDERSTAND?"** I FEEL LIKE I'VE WON ALREADY! **SUCCESS!**
SAY IT. I WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY IT. YOU "DON'T UNDERSTAND" **WHAT?**
I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU'RE *HERE*. HOW IS IT *POSSIBLE?*
OH, I **LIKE** KNOWING THINGS **YOU DON'T**, PROWL. IS THIS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE **YOU?** A **COFFIN FULL OF SECRETS** WHERE YOUR **HEAD** SHOULD BE?
IT CAUSES ME TO **CONSIDER**: WHO WOULD BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING ALL THE THINGS **PROWL** KNOWS? **NO ONE?** ANYONE? **EVERYONE?**
YOU'VE HAD *THIS LONG*, AND THE BEST YOU CAN DO IS *BLACKMAIL? REVENGE?* YOUR MIND NEVER USED TO BE SO *SMALL*, MESOTHULAS.
MY MIND'S BIGGER THAN **EVER**, PROWL. BUT THEN IT'S HAD A LOT OF **TIME**, AND A LOT OF **ROOM** TO EXPAND.
BLACKMAIL AND REVENGE? **BY-PRODUCTS**. I **NEED** SOMETHING FROM YOU, AND AIM TO ENSURE I **GET IT**.
IF I DO **NOT** GET IT, THEN IT'S TIME FOR A FEW **TRUTHS** TO COME TUMBLING OUT FOR ALL TO ENJOY.
I KNOW HOW THIS WORKS, *MESOTHULAS*. I'M NOT ENTERING INTO *ANY* DIALOGUE UNTIL YOU GIVE ME *PROOF* THAT YOU HAVE *SPECK ONE* OF DIRT ON ME.
YOU **STRIVE** FOR **CONTROL**, EVEN IN THE FACE OF **DEFEAT**. THE MOST **MARVELOUS** SPECIMEN.
PROOF? YES. **OF COURSE**. AND THEN: **TALK**.
GET COZY.

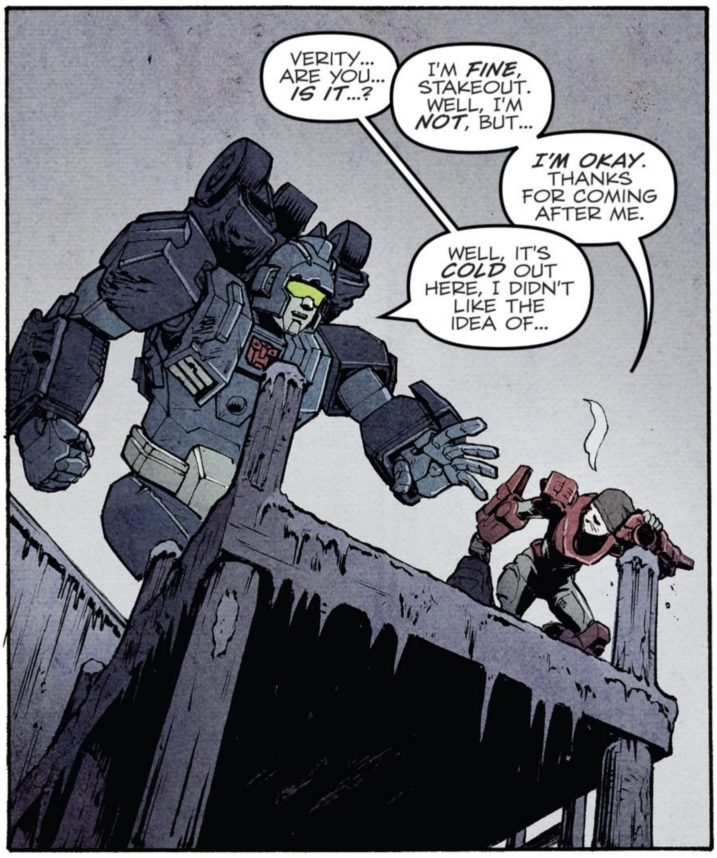

WELL, IF SHE DIDN'T DO IT, WHO DID?
VERITY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR PROWL'S DISAPPEARANCE? RIGHT. WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?
THAT'D BE ARCEE. AND WHEN SHE'S NOT ACCUSING HUMANS, I'M SUSPECT NUMBER ONE.
YOU, KUP? SAY IT AIN'T SO...
WELL, UM... KUP WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND WHEN PROWL—HEH—DISAPPEARED, GUZZLE. SO, WHERE, UH, WAS HE?
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, SPRINGER?
SPRINGER?
SPRINGER.
I... I THINK...
I-UH...
...I THINK THE LAST FIVE YEARS I SPENT OFFLINE WERE NOWHERE NEAR THE WASTE OF TIME THIS IS.
PHHH. STILL FITS. THANKS FOR THINKING OF IT, STAKEOUT.
SHOULD KEEP YOU WARM, AT LEAST.
NOME, ALASKA.

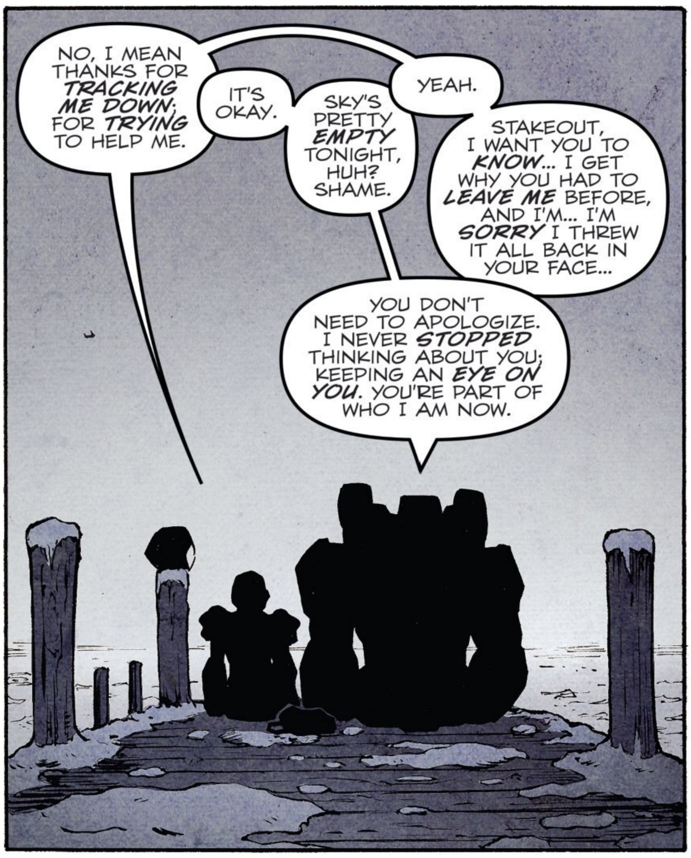

HAVE I BEEN OUT OF IT THAT LONG THAT THE DECEPTICONS AREN'T BEHIND THIS SORT OF THING ANY MORE?
YOU—ARCEE—YOU HAVE ALL THE WRONG ANSWERS. WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON?
SO "TAKE-CHARGE." I CAN SEE WHY PROWL SELECTED YOU FOR THIS JOB. THAT, AND YOU HAVE AN INTELLECT TO RIVAL THE WIDTH OF YOUR SHOULDERS.
"DECEPTICONS!" OH YEAH! CASE CLOSED! NOW, BACK TO BED. YOU CONDESCENDING STICK-SHIFT.
IT ALL CHECKS OUT; THEY'VE BEEN ELIMINATED FROM ENQUIRIES. YOU KNOW WHO HASN'T BEEN?

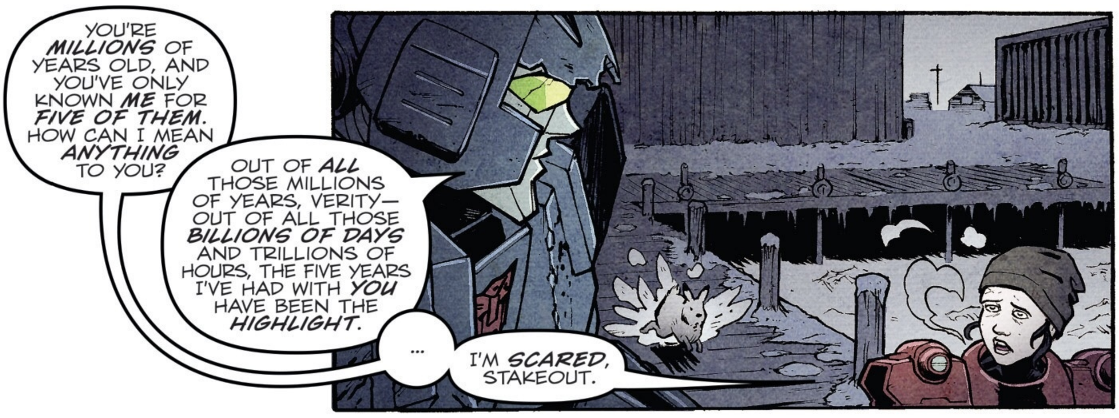

HER.
AND HIM.
PRETTY WEIRD, HUH?
STEADY THERE, OLDSTER. FINDING IT A BIT MUCH?
S'JUST A WOBBLE... I'M FINE.

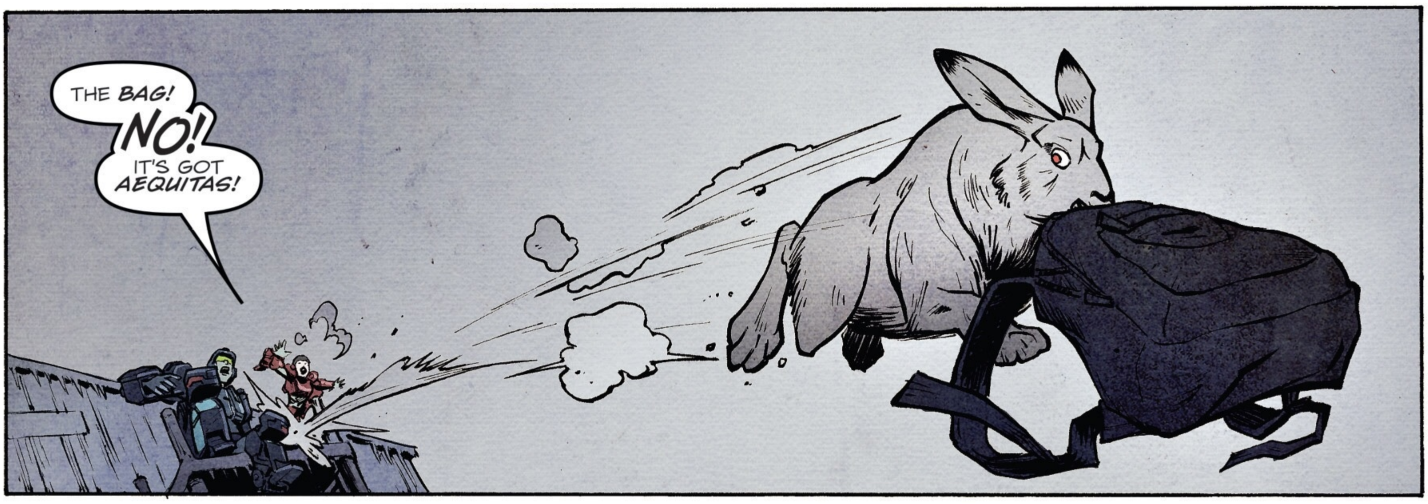

HUBCAP, ROADBUSTER SAYS YOU CAN HELP WITH THIS—PROWL HAS DEFINITELY BEEN IN THIS VICINITY RECENTLY, RIGHT? ANY SIGN OF ANY OTHER CYBES?
NOT UNTIL US, UH, NO. NO ENERGY-SIGS, SPARKPRINTS OR FUEL TRAILS.
THE ONLY, UM, LIFEFORMS I'M READING ARE TERRAN—THE HUMANS AND THE LOCAL WILDLIFE.
SO, THAT'S BEEN SORTED, YEAH? NOW WE NEED TO START LOOKING ELSEWHERE.
AND IT'S ALL POINTING TO...
GOTTA GO... DON'T FEEL...

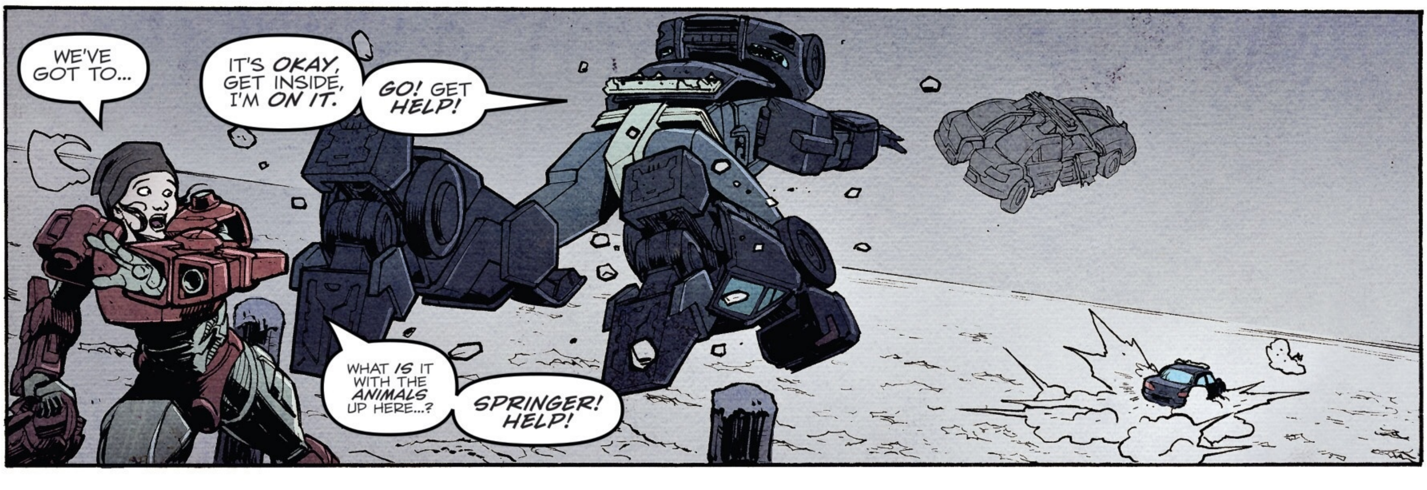

VERITY?
I'LL GO, SIR.
NOW, THAT'S CONVENIENT, ISN'T IT?

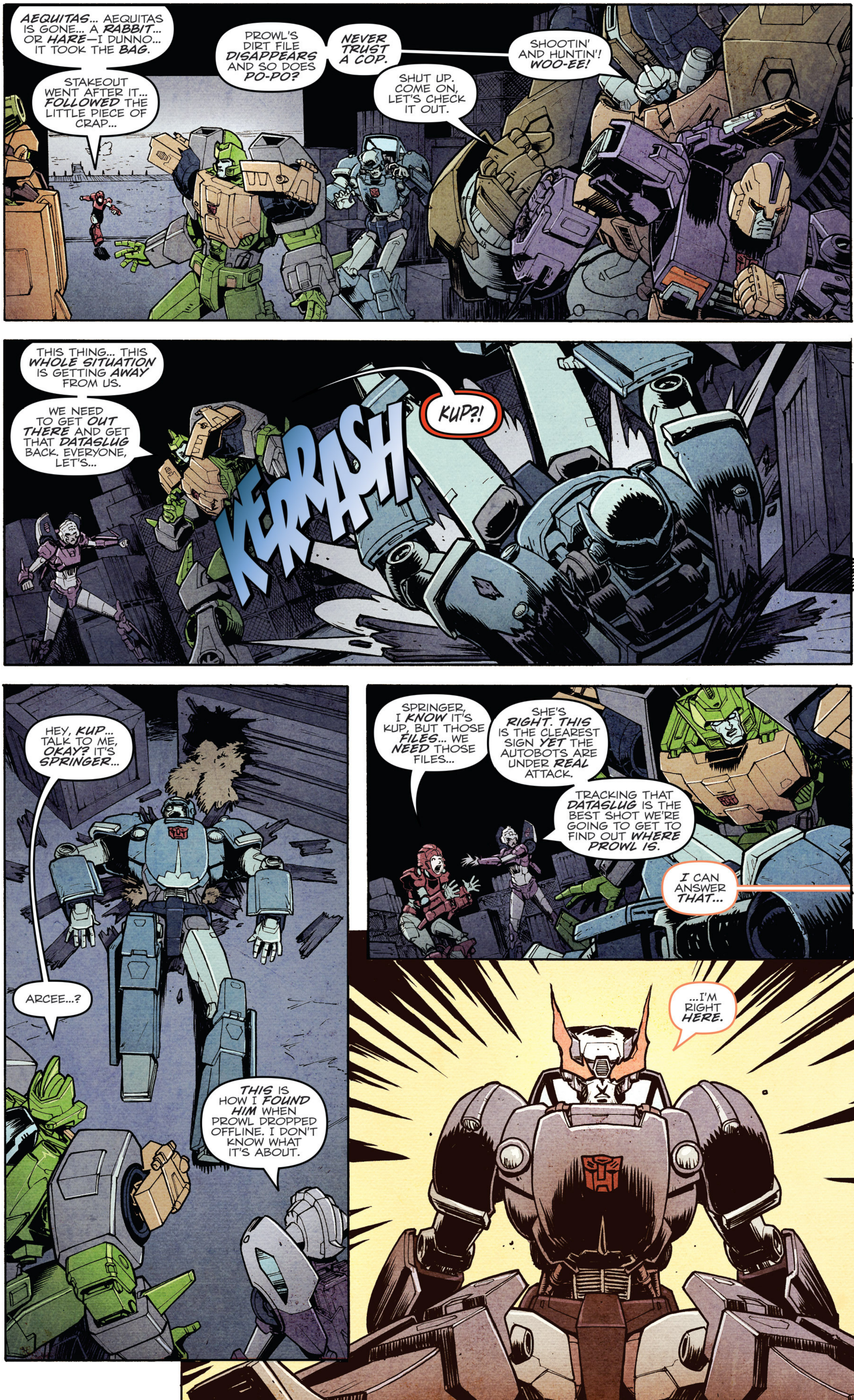

VERITY... ARE YOU... *IS IT*...?
I'M *FINE*, STAKEOUT. WELL, I'M *NOT*, BUT...
I'M OKAY. THANKS FOR COMING AFTER ME.
WELL, IT'S *COLD* OUT HERE, I DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF...

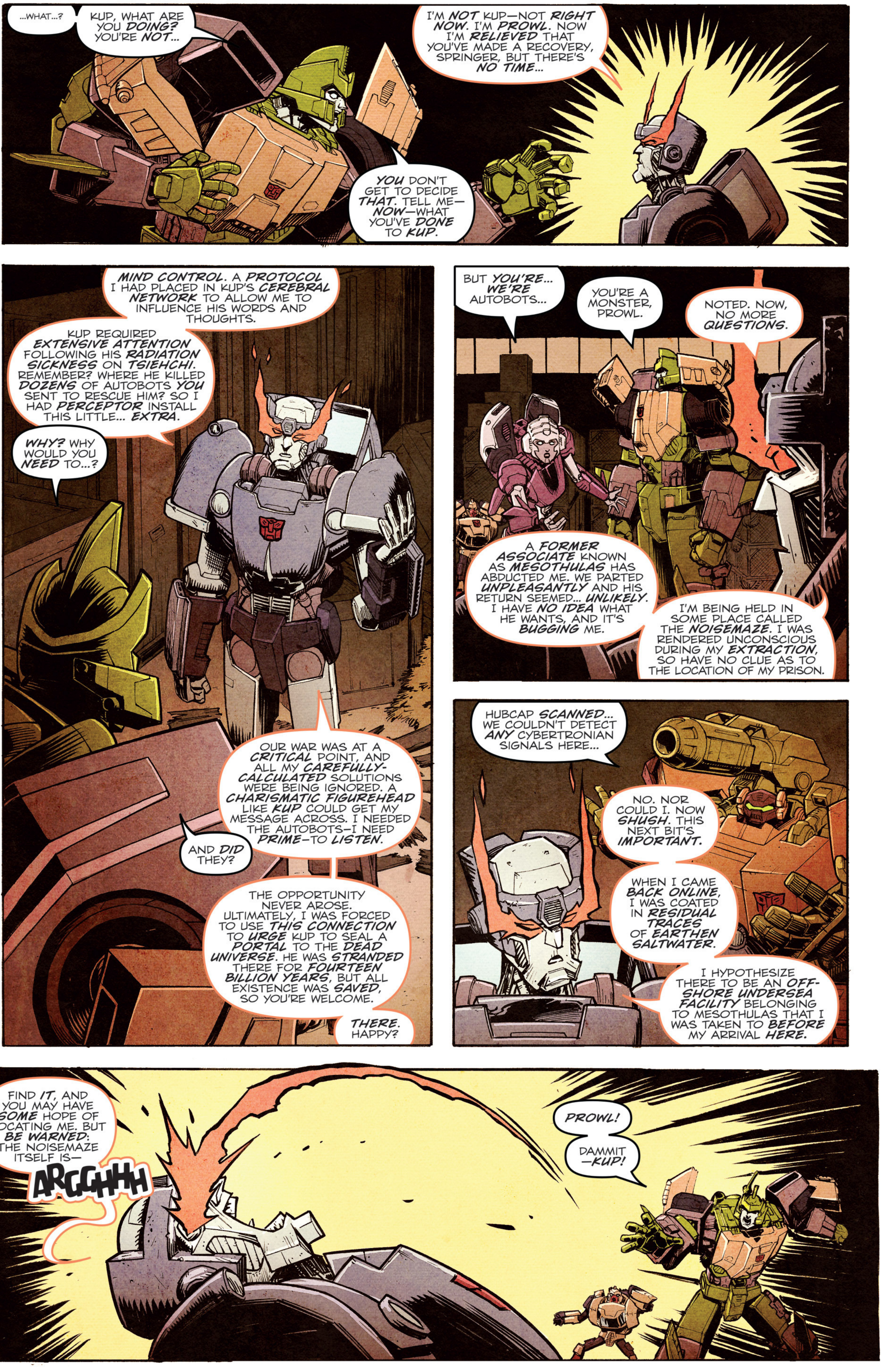

NO, I MEAN THANKS FOR *TRACKING ME DOWN*; FOR *TRYING* TO HELP ME.
IT'S OKAY.
SKY'S PRETTY *EMPTY* TONIGHT, HUH? SHAME.
YEAH.
STAKEOUT, I WANT YOU TO *KNOW*... I GET WHY YOU HAD TO *LEAVE ME* BEFORE, AND I'M... I'M *SORRY* I THREW IT ALL BACK IN YOUR FACE...
YOU DON'T NEED TO APOLOGIZE. I NEVER *STOPPED* THINKING ABOUT YOU; KEEPING AN *EYE ON YOU*. YOU'RE PART OF WHO I AM NOW.

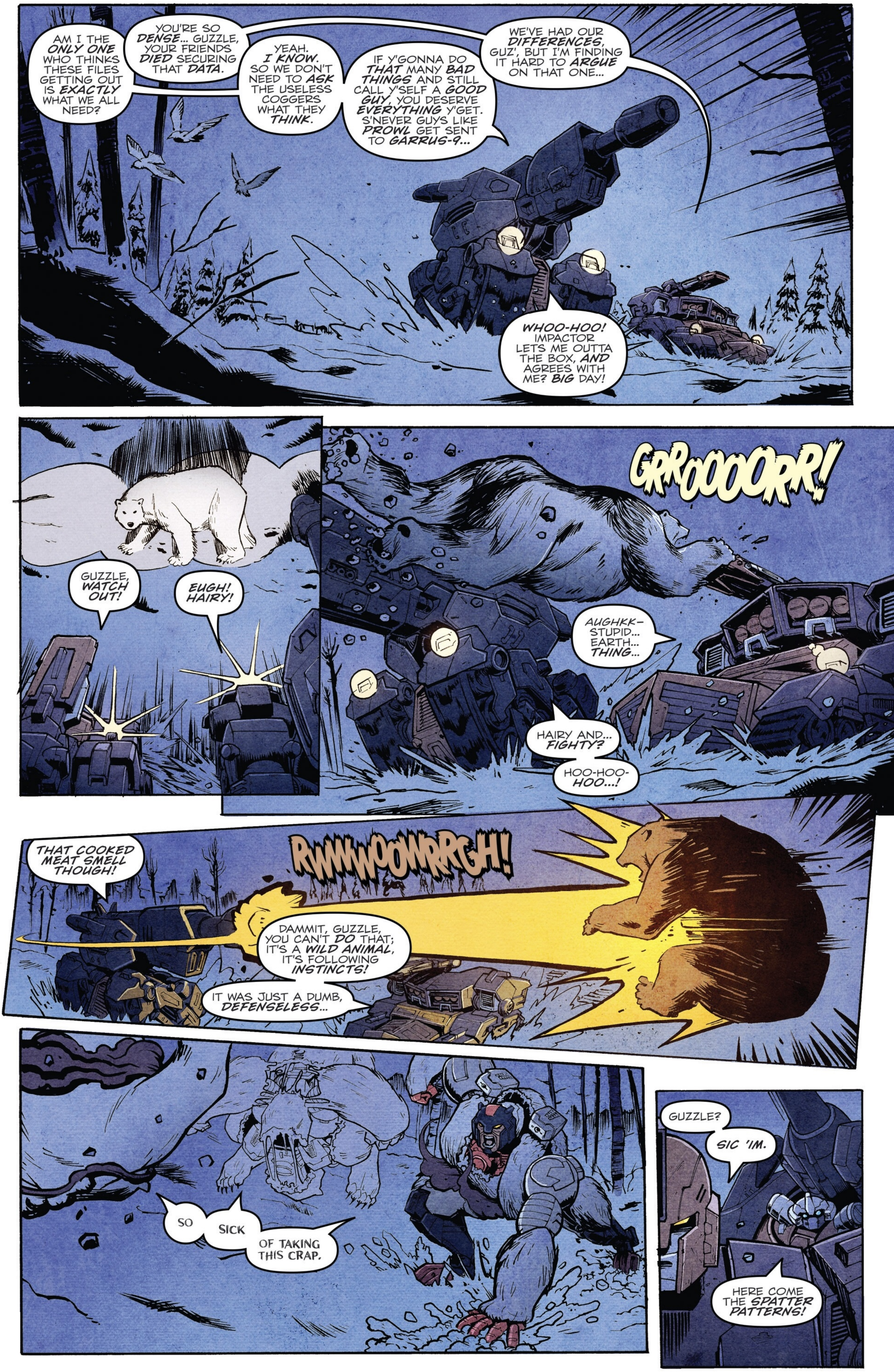

YOU'RE *MILLIONS* OF YEARS OLD, AND YOU'VE ONLY KNOWN *ME* FOR *FIVE OF THEM*. HOW CAN I MEAN *ANYTHING* TO YOU?
OUT OF *ALL* THOSE MILLIONS OF YEARS, VERITY— OUT OF ALL THOSE *BILLIONS OF DAYS* AND TRILLIONS OF HOURS, THE FIVE YEARS I'VE HAD WITH *YOU* HAVE BEEN THE *HIGHLIGHT*.
...
I'M *SCARED*, STAKEOUT.

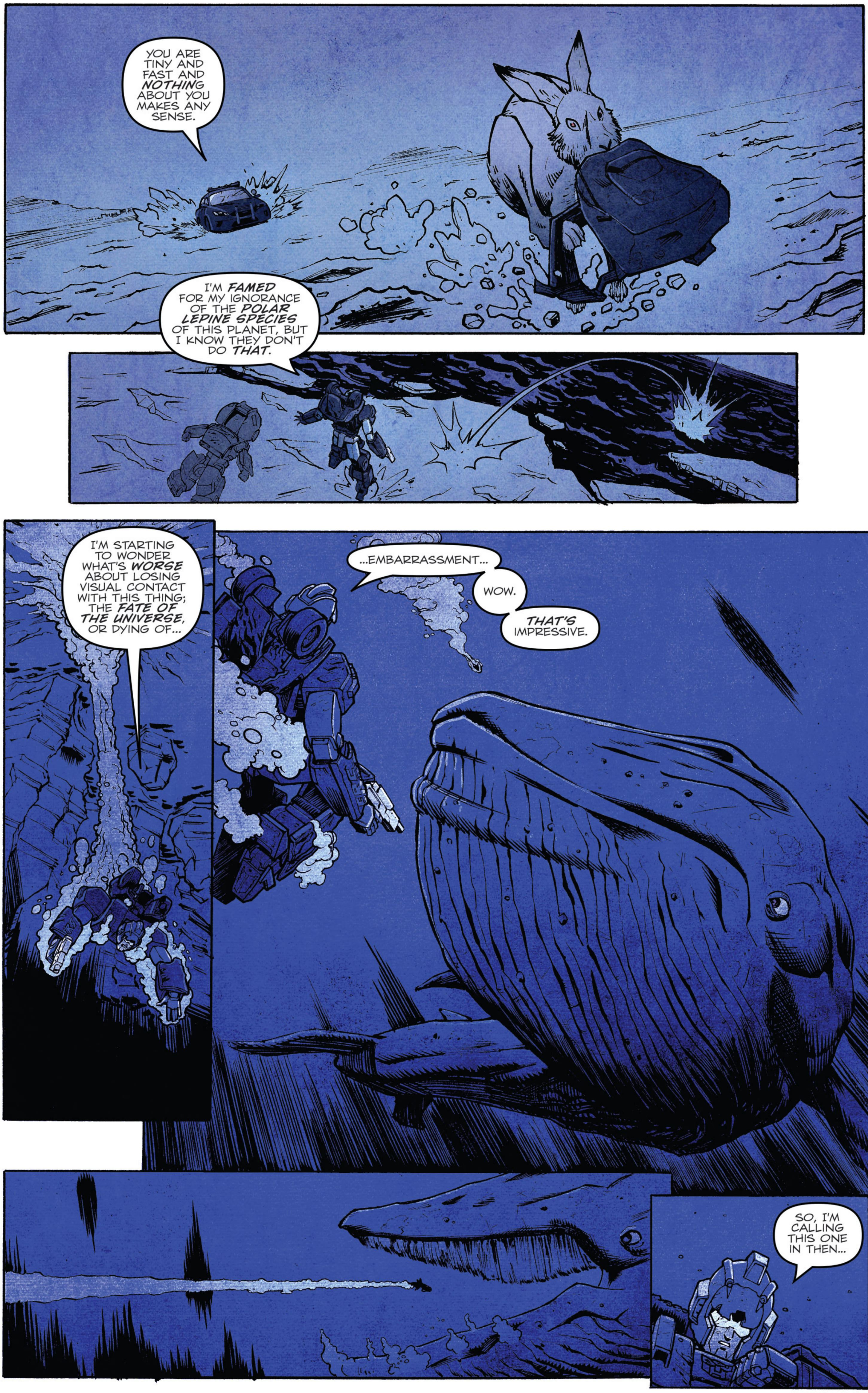

THE *BAG*! *NO!* IT'S GOT *AEQUITAS!*

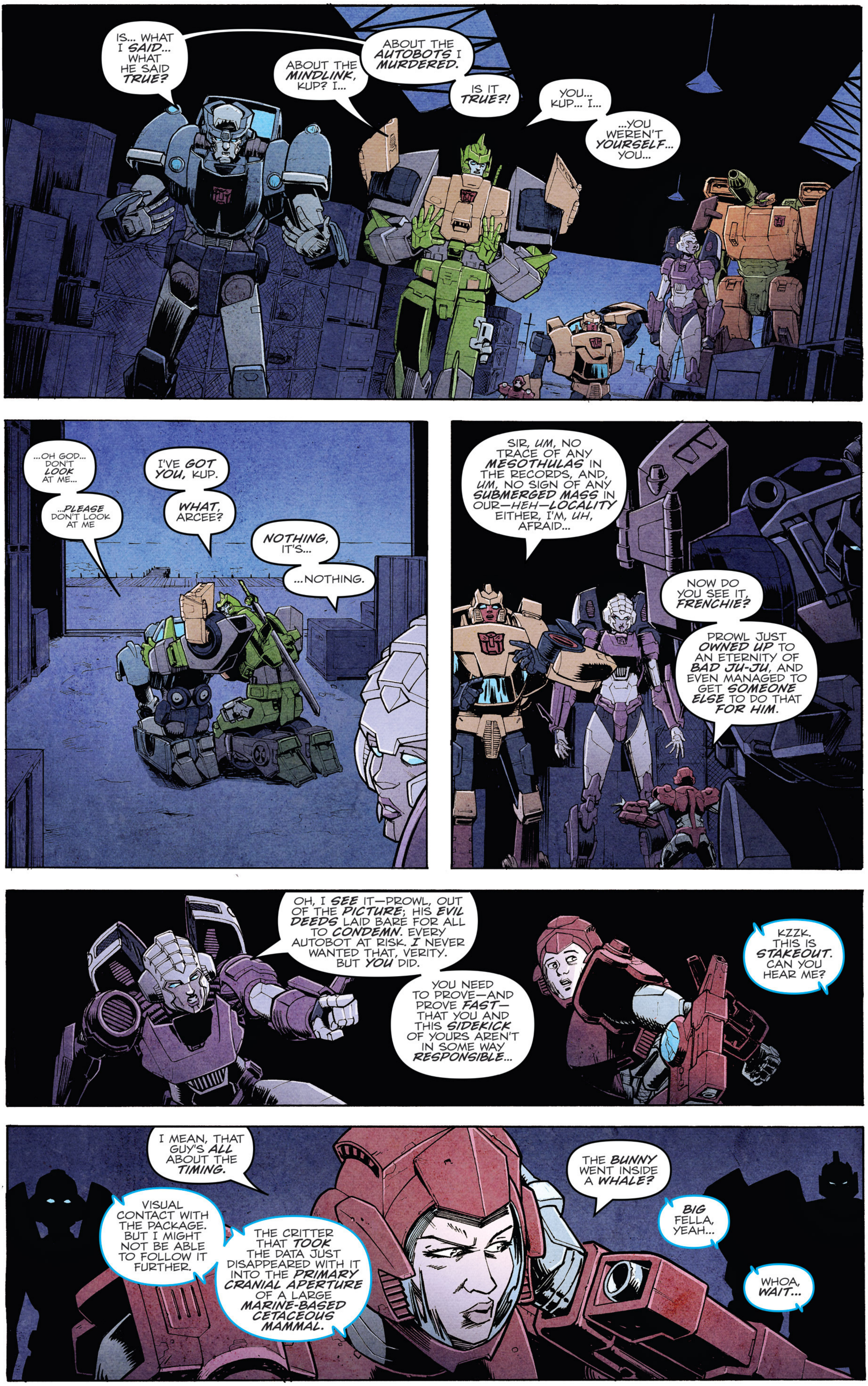

WE'VE GOT TO...
IT'S *OKAY*, GET INSIDE, I'M *ON IT*.
GO! GET *HELP!*
WHAT *IS* IT WITH THE *ANIMALS* UP HERE...?
SPRINGER! HELP!

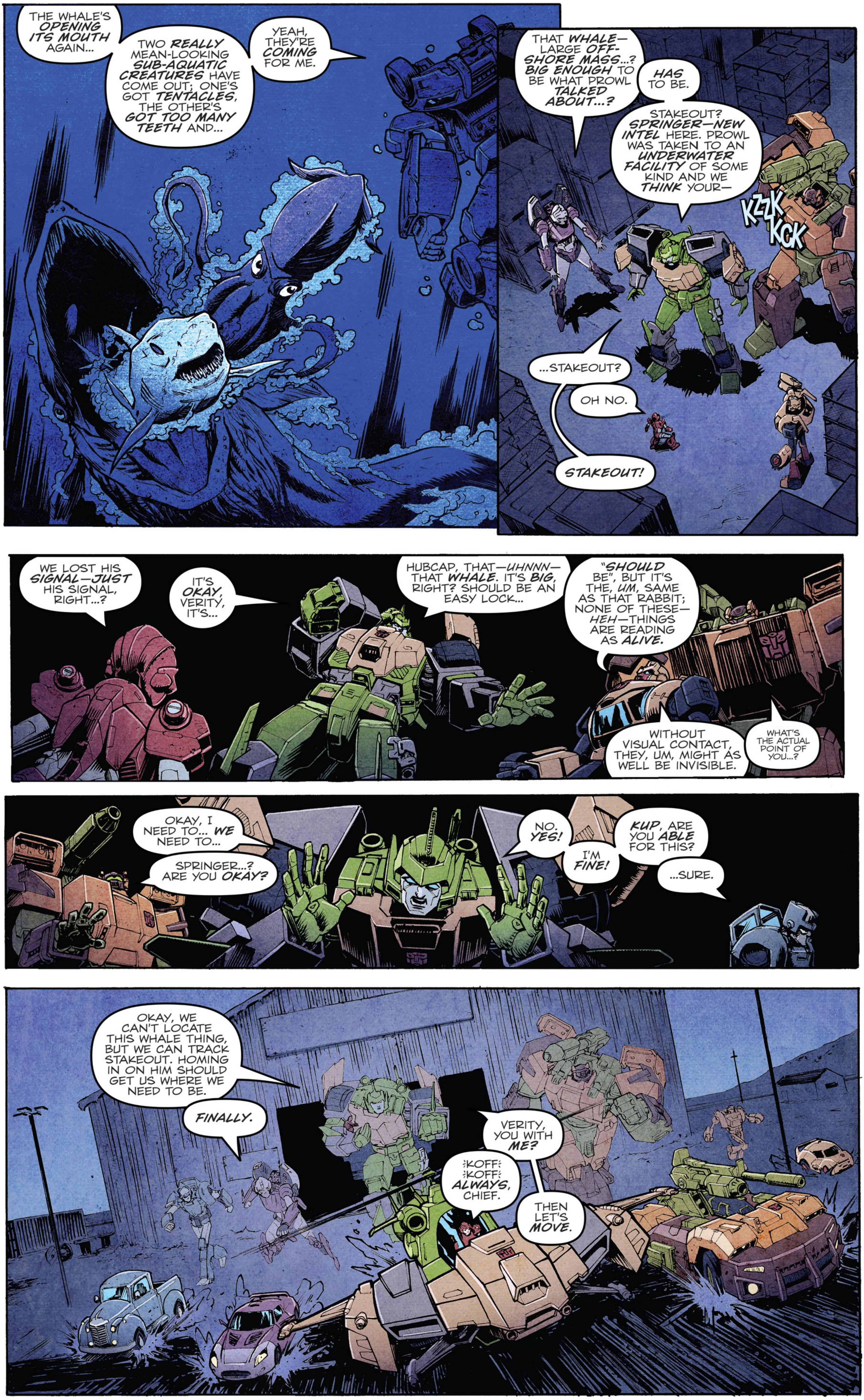

AEQUITAS... AEQUITAS IS GONE... A RABBIT... OR HARE—I DUNNO... IT TOOK THE BAG.
STAKEOUT WENT AFTER IT... FOLLOWED THE LITTLE PIECE OF CRAP...
PROWL'S DIRT FILE DISAPPEARS AND SO DOES PO-PO?
NEVER TRUST A COP.
SHUT UP. COME ON, LET'S CHECK IT OUT.
SHOOTIN' AND HUNTIN'! WOO-EE!
THIS THING... THIS WHOLE SITUATION IS GETTING AWAY FROM US.
WE NEED TO GET OUT THERE AND GET THAT DATASLUG BACK. EVERYONE, LET'S...
KERRASH
KUP?!
HEY, KUP... TALK TO ME, OKAY? IT'S SPRINGER...
ARCEE...?
THIS IS HOW I FOUND HIM WHEN PROWL DROPPED OFFLINE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ABOUT.
SPRINGER, I KNOW IT'S KUP, BUT THOSE FILES... WE NEED THOSE FILES...
SHE'S RIGHT. THIS IS THE CLEAREST SIGN YET THE AUTOBOTS ARE UNDER REAL ATTACK.
TRACKING THAT DATASLUG IS THE BEST SHOT WE'RE GOING TO GET TO FIND OUT WHERE PROWL IS.
I CAN ANSWER THAT...
...I'M RIGHT HERE.

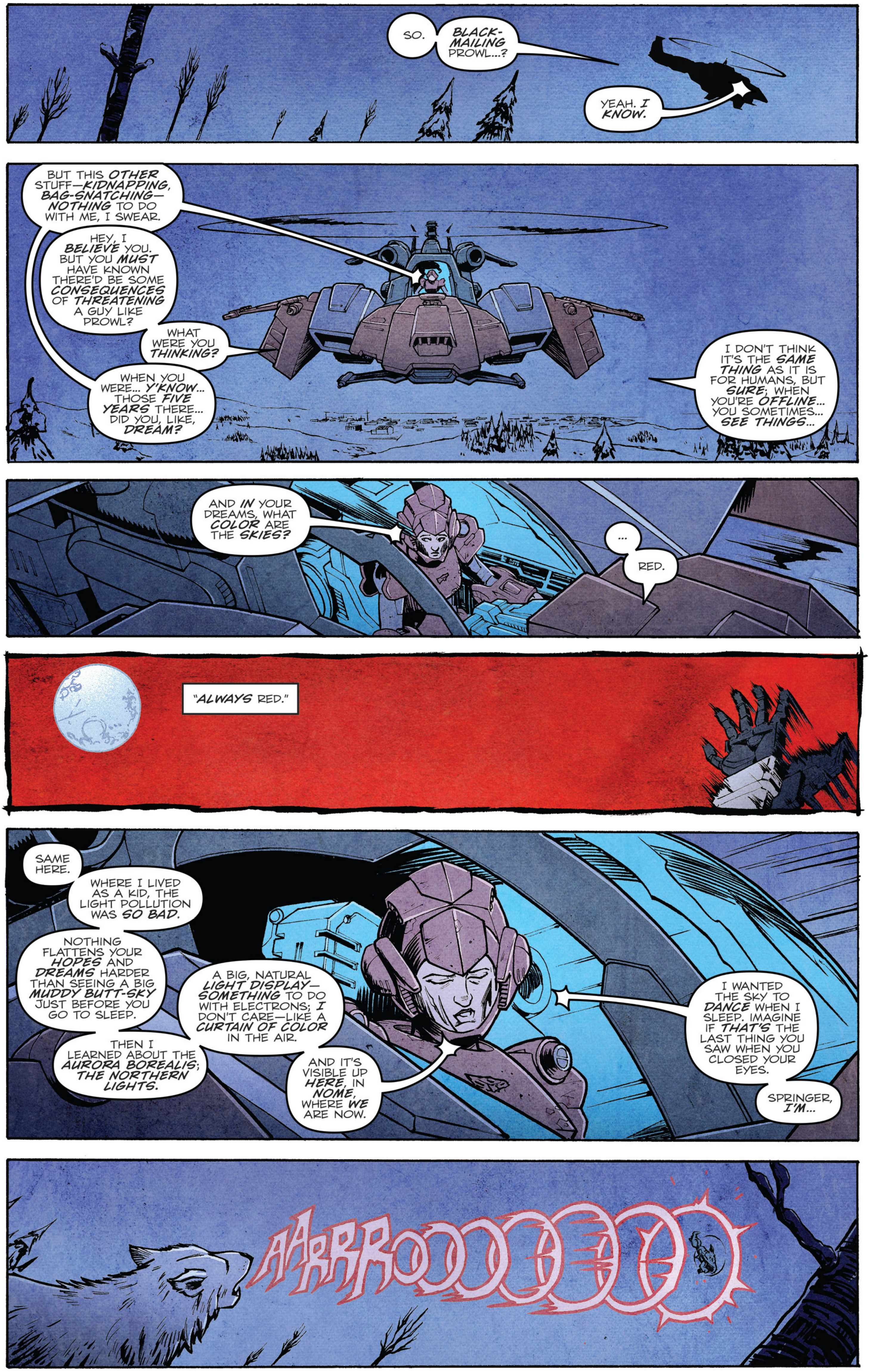

...WHAT...?
KUP, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE NOT...
I'M NOT KUP—NOT RIGHT NOW. I'M PROWL. NOW I'M RELIEVED THAT YOU'VE MADE A RECOVERY, SPRINGER, BUT THERE'S NO TIME...
YOU DON'T GET TO DECIDE THAT. TELL ME—NOW—WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO KUP.
MIND CONTROL. A PROTOCOL I HAD PLACED IN KUP'S CEREBRAL NETWORK TO ALLOW ME TO INFLUENCE HIS WORDS AND THOUGHTS.
KUP REQUIRED EXTENSIVE ATTENTION FOLLOWING HIS RADIATION SICKNESS ON TSIEHCHI. REMEMBER? WHERE HE KILLED DOZENS OF AUTOBOTS YOU SENT TO RESCUE HIM? SO I HAD PERCEPTOR INSTALL THIS LITTLE... EXTRA.
WHY? WHY WOULD YOU NEED TO...?
OUR WAR WAS AT A CRITICAL POINT, AND ALL MY CAREFULLY-CALCULATED SOLUTIONS WERE BEING IGNORED. A CHARISMATIC FIGUREHEAD LIKE KUP COULD GET MY MESSAGE ACROSS. I NEEDED THE AUTOBOTS—I NEED PRIME—TO LISTEN.
AND DID THEY?
THE OPPORTUNITY NEVER AROSE. ULTIMATELY, I WAS FORCED TO USE THIS CONNECTION TO URGE KUP TO SEAL A PORTAL TO THE DEAD UNIVERSE. HE WAS STRANDED THERE FOR FOURTEEN BILLION YEARS, BUT ALL EXISTENCE WAS SAVED, SO YOU'RE WELCOME.
THERE. HAPPY?
BUT YOU'RE... WE'RE AUTOBOTS...
YOU'RE A MONSTER, PROWL.
NOTED. NOW, NO MORE QUESTIONS.
A FORMER ASSOCIATE KNOWN AS MESOTHULAS HAS ABDUCTED ME. WE PARTED UNPLEASANTLY AND HIS RETURN SEEMED... UNLIKELY. I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HE WANTS, AND IT'S BUGGING ME.
I'M BEING HELD IN SOME PLACE CALLED THE NOISEMAZE. I WAS RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS DURING MY EXTRACTION, SO HAVE NO CLUE AS TO THE LOCATION OF MY PRISON.
HUBCAP SCANNED... WE COULDN'T DETECT ANY CYBERTRONIAN SIGNALS HERE...
NO. NOR COULD I. NOW SHUSH. THIS NEXT BIT'S IMPORTANT.
WHEN I CAME BACK ONLINE, I WAS COATED IN RESIDUAL TRACES OF EARTHEN SALTWATER.
I HYPOTHESIZE THERE TO BE AN OFF-SHORE UNDERSEA FACILITY BELONGING TO MESOTHULAS THAT I WAS TAKEN TO BEFORE MY ARRIVAL HERE.
FIND IT, AND YOU MAY HAVE SOME HOPE OF LOCATING ME. BUT BE WARNED: THE NOISEMAZE ITSELF IS—
ARGGHHH
PROWL!
DAMMIT —KUP!

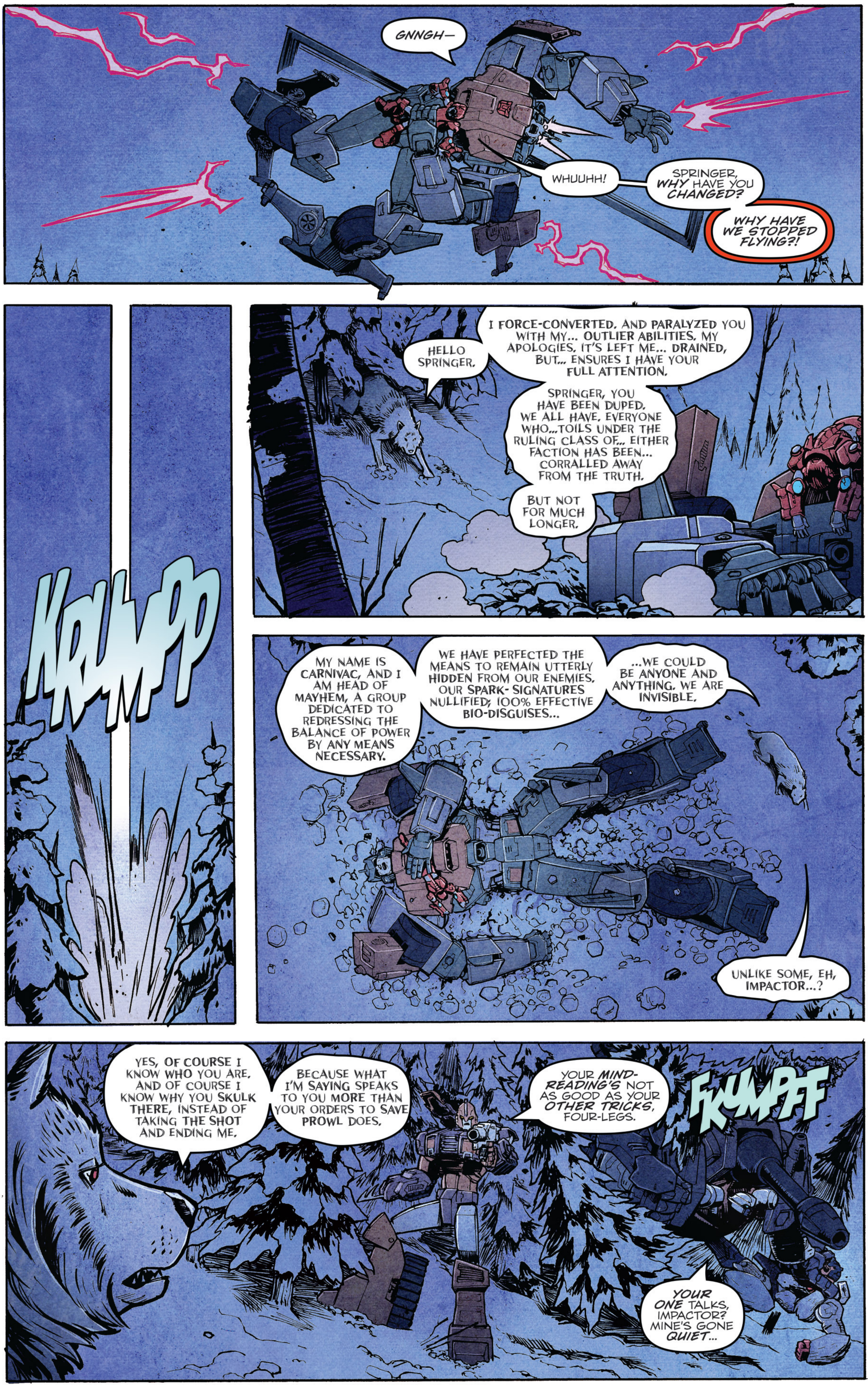

AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO THINKS THESE FILES GETTING OUT IS EXACTLY WHAT WE ALL NEED?
YOU'RE SO DENSE... GUZZLE, YOUR FRIENDS DIED SECURING THAT DATA.
YEAH. I KNOW. SO WE DON'T NEED TO ASK THE USELESS COGGERS WHAT THEY THINK.
IF Y'GONNA DO THAT MANY BAD THINGS AND STILL CALL Y'SELF A GOOD GUY, YOU DESERVE EVERYTHING Y'GET. S'NEVER GUYS LIKE PROWL GET SENT TO GARRUS-9...
WE'VE HAD OUR DIFFERENCES, GUZ', BUT I'M FINDING IT HARD TO ARGUE ON THAT ONE...
WHOO-HOO! IMPACTOR LETS ME OUTTA THE BOX, AND AGREES WITH ME? BIG DAY!
GUZZLE, WATCH OUT!
EUGH! HAIRY!
GRROOOORR!
AUGHKK- STUPID... EARTH... THING...
HAIRY AND... FIGHTY?
HOO-HOO-HOO...!
THAT COOKED MEAT SMELL THOUGH!
RWWWOONRRGH!
DAMMIT, GUZZLE, YOU CAN'T DO THAT; IT'S A WILD ANIMAL, IT'S FOLLOWING INSTINCTS!
IT WAS JUST A DUMB, DEFENSELESS...
SO
SICK
OF TAKING THIS CRAP.
GUZZLE?
SIC 'IM.
HERE COME THE SPATTER PATTERNS!

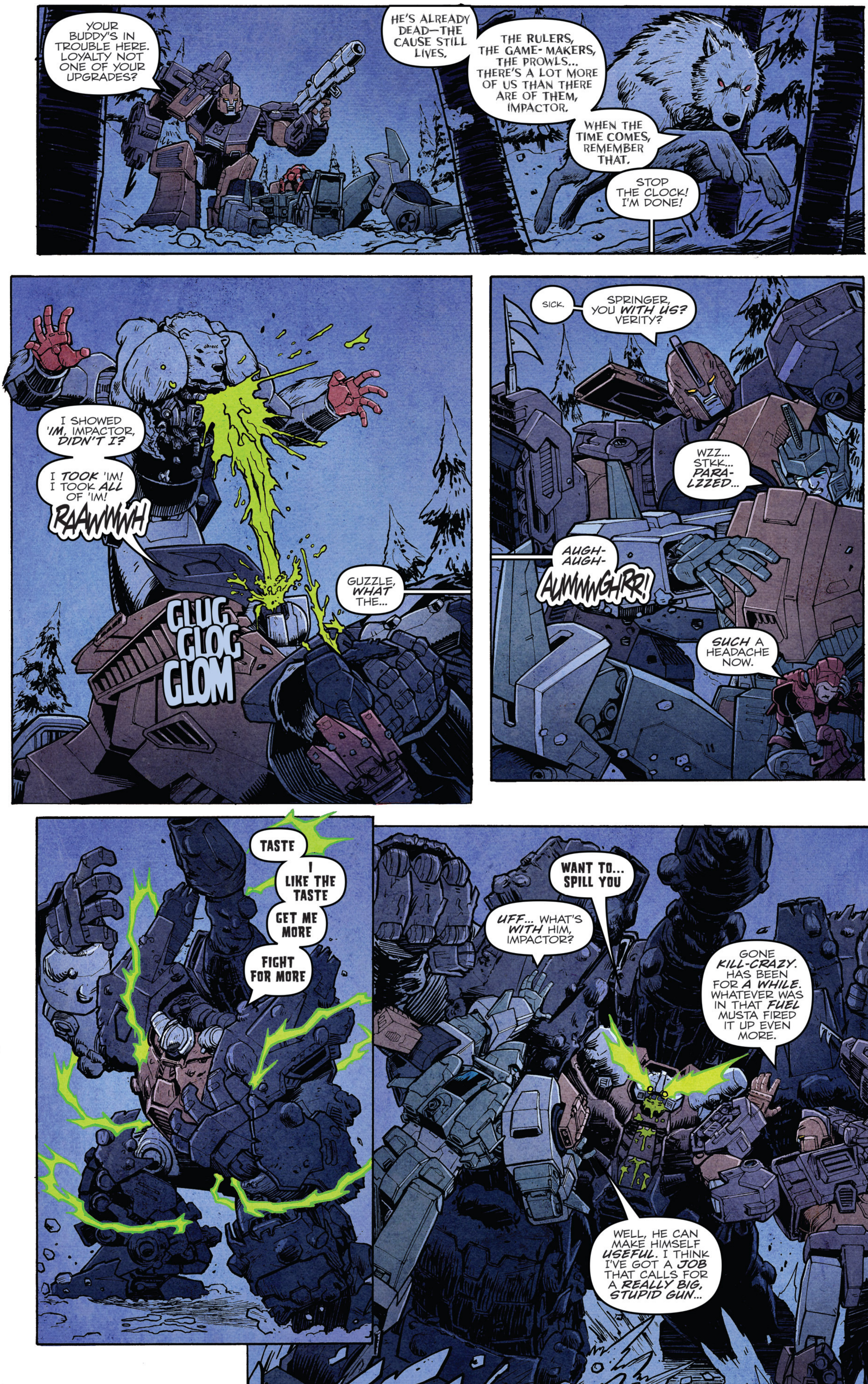

YOU ARE TINY AND FAST AND *NOTHING* ABOUT YOU MAKES ANY SENSE.
I'M *FAMED* FOR MY IGNORANCE OF THE *POLAR LEPINE SPECIES* OF THIS PLANET, BUT I KNOW THEY DON'T DO *THAT*.
I'M STARTING TO WONDER WHAT'S *WORSE* ABOUT LOSING VISUAL CONTACT WITH THIS THING; THE *FATE OF THE UNIVERSE*, OR DYING OF...
...EMBARRASSMENT...
WOW.
THAT'S IMPRESSIVE.
SO, I'M CALLING THIS ONE IN THEN...

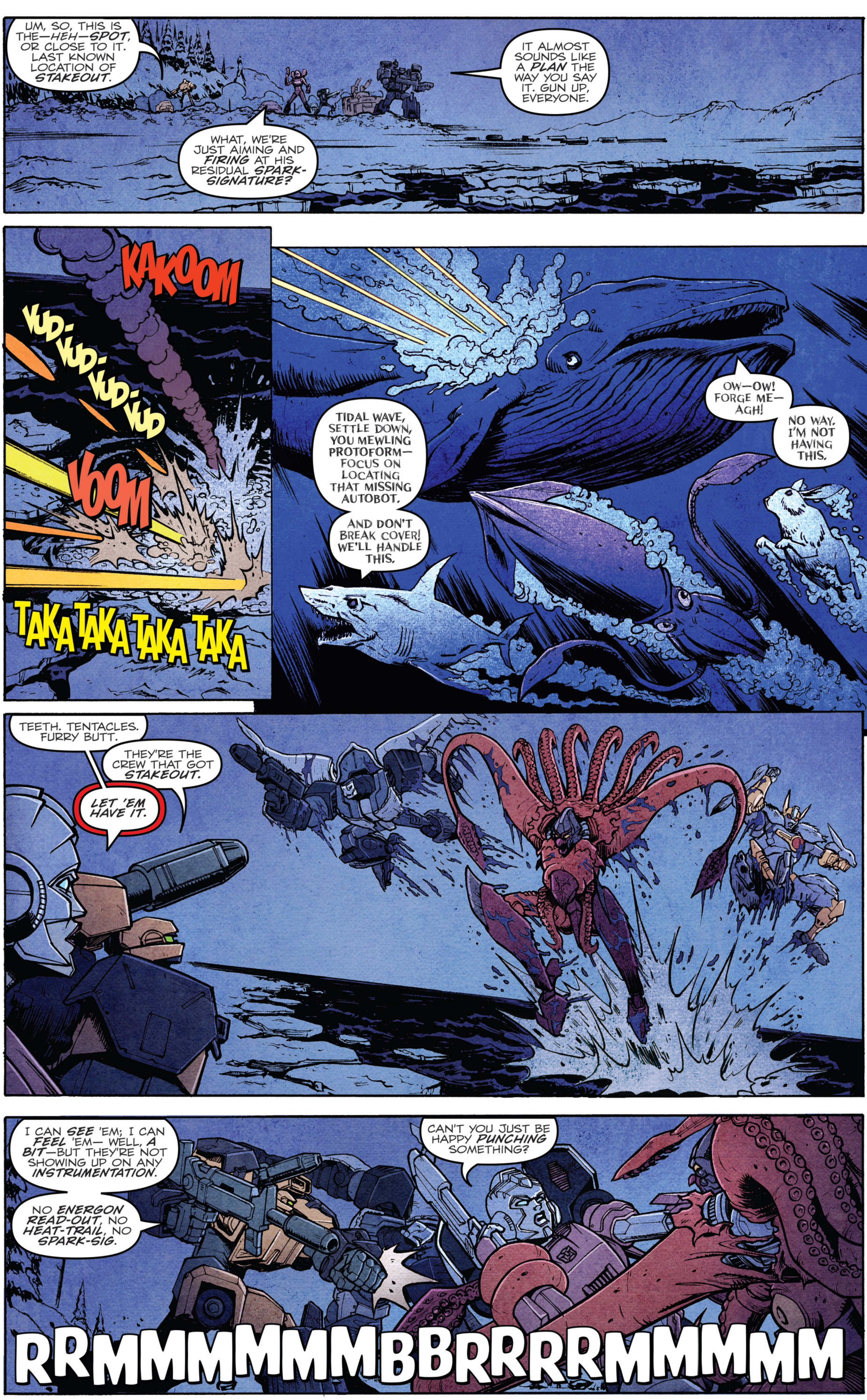

IS... WHAT I SAID... WHAT HE SAID TRUE?
ABOUT THE MINDLINK, KUP? I...
ABOUT THE AUTOBOTS I MURDERED.
IS IT TRUE?!
YOU... KUP... I...
...YOU WEREN'T YOURSELF... YOU...
...OH GOD... DON'T LOOK AT ME...
...PLEASE DON'T LOOK AT ME
I'VE GOT YOU, KUP.
WHAT, ARCEE?
NOTHING, IT'S...
...NOTHING.
SIR, UM, NO TRACE OF ANY MESOTHULAS IN THE RECORDS, AND, UM, NO SIGN OF ANY SUBMERGED MASS IN OUR—HEH—LOCALITY EITHER, I'M, UH, AFRAID...
NOW DO YOU SEE IT, FRENCHIE?
PROWL JUST OWNED UP TO AN ETERNITY OF BAD JU-JU, AND EVEN MANAGED TO GET SOMEONE ELSE TO DO THAT FOR HIM.
OH, I SEE IT—PROWL, OUT OF THE PICTURE; HIS EVIL DEEDS LAID BARE FOR ALL TO CONDEMN. EVERY AUTOBOT AT RISK. I NEVER WANTED THAT, VERITY. BUT YOU DID.
YOU NEED TO PROVE—AND PROVE FAST—THAT YOU AND THIS SIDEKICK OF YOURS AREN'T IN SOME WAY RESPONSIBLE...
KZZK. THIS IS STAKEOUT. CAN YOU HEAR ME?
I MEAN, THAT GUY'S ALL ABOUT THE TIMING.
VISUAL CONTACT WITH THE PACKAGE. BUT I MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO FOLLOW IT FURTHER.
THE CRITTER THAT TOOK THE DATA JUST DISAPPEARED WITH IT INTO THE PRIMARY CRANIAL APERTURE OF A LARGE MARINE-BASED CETACEOUS MAMMAL.
THE BUNNY WENT INSIDE A WHALE?
BIG FELLA, YEAH...
WHOA, WAIT...

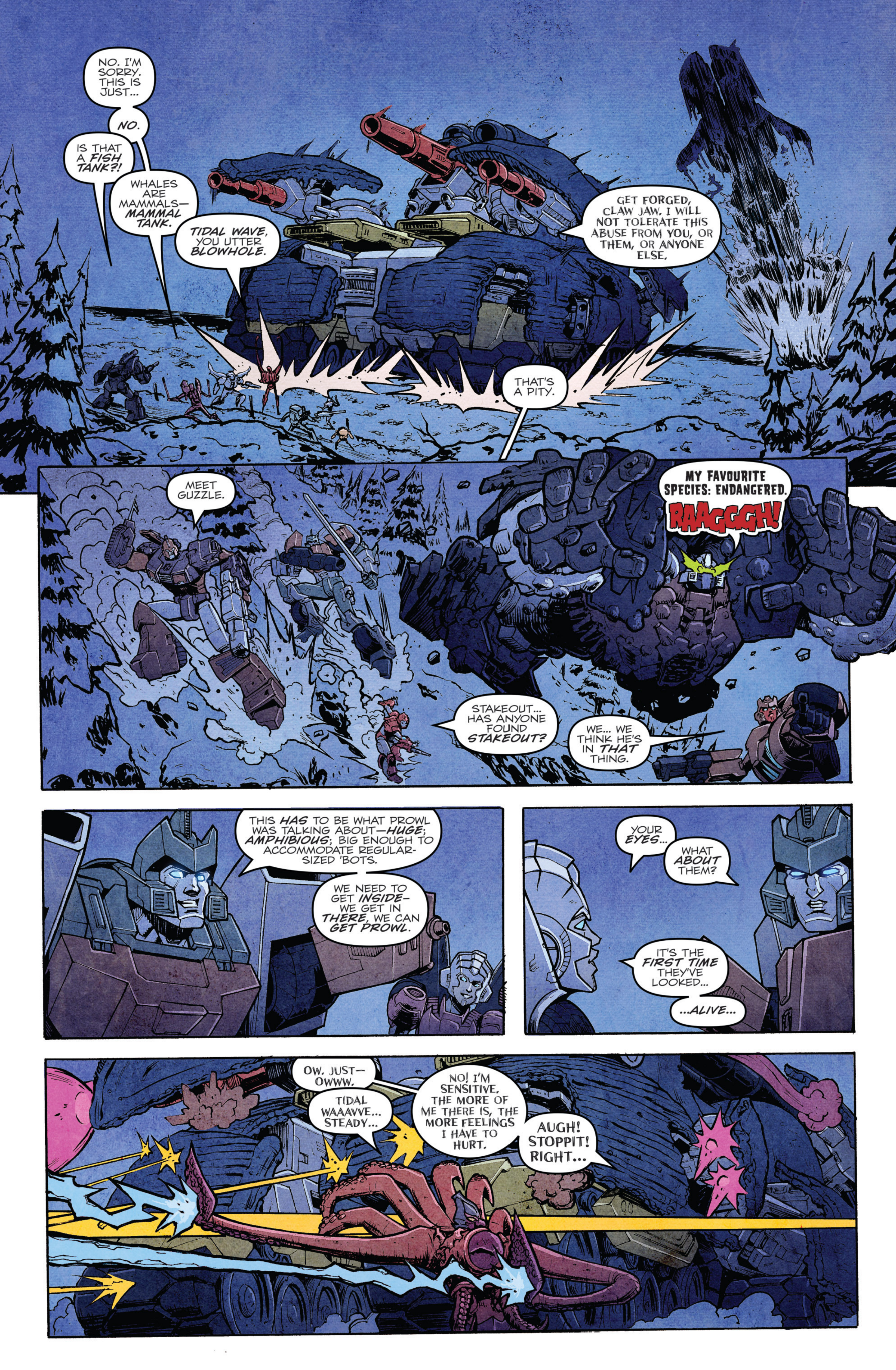

THE WHALE'S *OPENING ITS MOUTH* AGAIN...
TWO *REALLY* MEAN-LOOKING *SUB-AQUATIC CREATURES* HAVE COME OUT; ONE'S GOT *TENTACLES*, THE OTHER'S *GOT TOO MANY TEETH* AND...
YEAH, THEY'RE *COMING* FOR ME.
THAT *WHALE*— LARGE *OFF-SHORE MASS*...? *BIG ENOUGH* TO BE WHAT PROWL *TALKED ABOUT*...?
HAS TO BE.
STAKEOUT? *SPRINGER—NEW INTEL* HERE. PROWL WAS TAKEN TO AN *UNDERWATER FACILITY* OF SOME KIND AND WE *THINK* YOUR—
KZZK KCK
...STAKEOUT?
OH NO.
STAKEOUT!
WE LOST HIS *SIGNAL—JUST* HIS SIGNAL, RIGHT...?
IT'S *OKAY*, VERITY, IT'S...
HUBCAP, THAT—*UHNNN*— THAT *WHALE*. IT'S *BIG*, RIGHT? SHOULD BE AN EASY LOCK...
"*SHOULD* BE", BUT IT'S THE, *UM*, SAME AS THAT RABBIT; NONE OF THESE— *HEH*—THINGS ARE READING AS *ALIVE*.
WITHOUT VISUAL CONTACT, THEY, UM, MIGHT AS WELL BE INVISIBLE.
WHAT'S THE ACTUAL POINT OF YOU...?
OKAY, I NEED TO... *WE* NEED TO...
SPRINGER...? ARE YOU *OKAY?*
NO. *YES!*
I'M *FINE!*
KUP, ARE YOU *ABLE* FOR THIS?
...SURE.
OKAY, WE CAN'T LOCATE THIS WHALE THING, BUT WE CAN TRACK STAKEOUT. HOMING IN ON HIM SHOULD GET US WHERE WE NEED TO BE.
FINALLY.
VERITY, YOU WITH *ME?*
KOFF *KOFF* *ALWAYS*, CHIEF.
THEN LET'S *MOVE*.

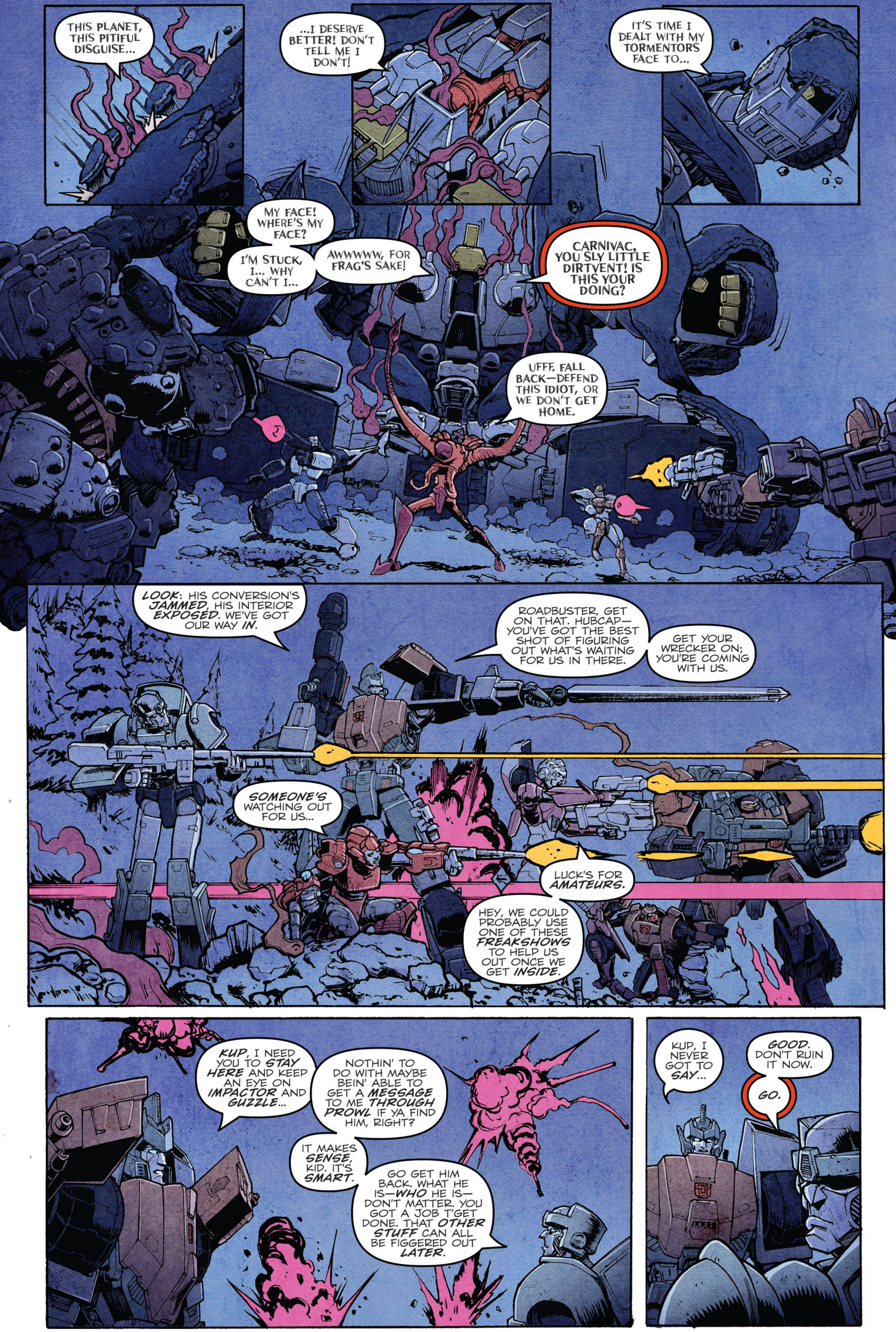

SO. *BLACK-MAILING* PROWL...?
YEAH. *I KNOW.*
BUT THIS *OTHER* STUFF—*KIDNAPPING, BAG-SNATCHING—NOTHING* TO DO WITH ME, I SWEAR.
HEY, I *BELIEVE* YOU. BUT YOU *MUST* HAVE KNOWN THERE'D BE SOME *CONSEQUENCES* OF *THREATENING* A GUY LIKE PROWL?
WHAT WERE YOU *THINKING?*
WHEN YOU WERE... *Y'KNOW*... THOSE *FIVE YEARS* THERE... DID YOU, LIKE, *DREAM?*
I DON'T THINK IT'S THE *SAME THING* AS IT IS FOR HUMANS, BUT *SURE*; WHEN YOU'RE *OFFLINE*... YOU SOMETIMES... *SEE THINGS*...
AND *IN* YOUR DREAMS, WHAT *COLOR* ARE THE *SKIES?*
...
RED.
"*ALWAYS* RED."
SAME HERE.
WHERE I LIVED AS A KID, THE LIGHT POLLUTION WAS *SO BAD*.
NOTHING FLATTENS YOUR *HOPES* AND *DREAMS* HARDER THAN SEEING A BIG *MUDDY BUTT-SKY* JUST BEFORE YOU GO TO SLEEP.
THEN I LEARNED ABOUT THE *AURORA BOREALIS; THE NORTHERN LIGHTS*.
A BIG, NATURAL *LIGHT DISPLAY—SOMETHING* TO DO WITH ELECTRONS; *I* DON'T CARE—LIKE A *CURTAIN OF COLOR* IN THE AIR.
AND IT'S VISIBLE UP *HERE*, IN *NOME*, WHERE *WE* ARE NOW.
I WANTED THE SKY TO *DANCE* WHEN I SLEEP. IMAGINE IF *THAT'S* THE LAST THING YOU SAW WHEN YOU CLOSED YOUR EYES.
SPRINGER, *I'M*...
AARRROOOOOOOO

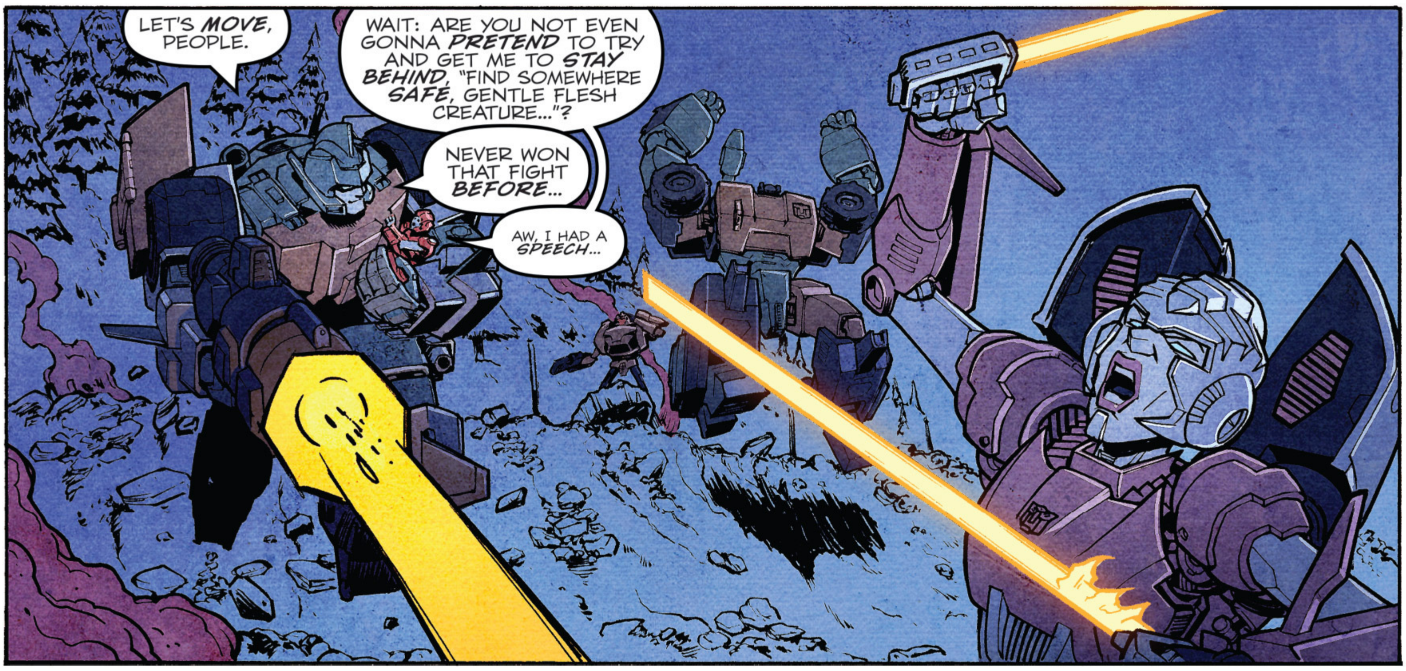

GNNGH—
WHUUHH!
SPRINGER, *WHY* HAVE YOU *CHANGED?*
WHY HAVE WE STOPPED FLYING?!
KRUMPP
HELLO SPRINGER.
I FORCE-CONVERTED. AND PARALYZED YOU WITH MY... **OUTLIER ABILITIES.** MY APOLOGIES. IT'S LEFT ME... DRAINED, BUT... ENSURES I HAVE YOUR **FULL ATTENTION.**
SPRINGER, YOU HAVE BEEN DUPED. WE ALL HAVE. EVERYONE WHO...TOILS UNDER THE RULING CLASS OF... EITHER FACTION HAS BEEN... CORRALLED AWAY FROM THE TRUTH.
BUT NOT FOR MUCH LONGER.
MY NAME IS **CARNIVAC,** AND I AM HEAD OF **MAYHEM,** A GROUP DEDICATED TO REDRESSING THE BALANCE OF POWER BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY.
WE HAVE PERFECTED THE MEANS TO REMAIN UTTERLY HIDDEN FROM OUR ENEMIES. OUR **SPARK- SIGNATURES** NULLIFIED; 100% EFFECTIVE **BIO-DISGUISES...**
...WE COULD BE ANYONE AND ANYTHING. WE ARE **INVISIBLE.**
UNLIKE SOME, EH, **IMPACTOR...?**
YES, OF COURSE I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. AND OF COURSE I KNOW WHY YOU SKULK THERE, INSTEAD OF TAKING THE SHOT AND ENDING ME.
BECAUSE WHAT I'M SAYING SPEAKS TO YOU **MORE** THAN YOUR ORDERS TO SAVE **PROWL** DOES.
YOUR *MIND-READING'S* NOT AS GOOD AS YOUR *OTHER TRICKS,* FOUR-LEGS.
FKUMPFF
YOUR ONE TALKS, IMPACTOR? MINE'S GONE *QUIET...*

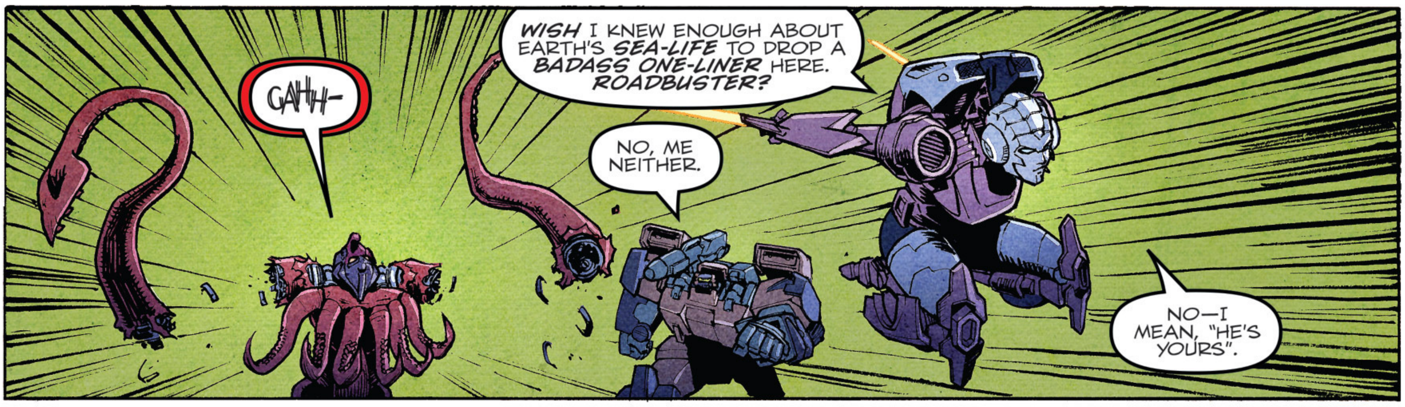

YOUR BUDDY'S IN TROUBLE HERE. LOYALTY NOT ONE OF YOUR UPGRADES?
HE'S ALREADY DEAD—THE CAUSE STILL LIVES.
THE RULERS, THE GAME-MAKERS, THE PROWLS... THERE'S A LOT MORE OF US THAN THERE ARE OF THEM, IMPACTOR.
WHEN THE TIME COMES, REMEMBER THAT.
STOP THE CLOCK! I'M DONE!
I SHOWED 'IM, IMPACTOR, DIDN'T I?
I TOOK 'IM! I TOOK ALL OF 'IM!
RAAWWWH
GLUG GLOG GLOM
GUZZLE, WHAT THE...
SICK.
SPRINGER, YOU WITH US? VERITY?
WZZ... STKK... PARA-LZZED...
AUGH-AUGH-AUMMWGHRR!
SUCH A HEADACHE NOW.
TASTE
I LIKE THE TASTE
GET ME MORE
FIGHT FOR MORE
WANT TO... SPILL YOU
UFF... WHAT'S WITH HIM, IMPACTOR?
GONE KILL-CRAZY. HAS BEEN FOR A WHILE. WHATEVER WAS IN THAT FUEL MUSTA FIRED IT UP EVEN MORE.
WELL, HE CAN MAKE HIMSELF USEFUL. I THINK I'VE GOT A JOB THAT CALLS FOR A REALLY BIG, STUPID GUN...

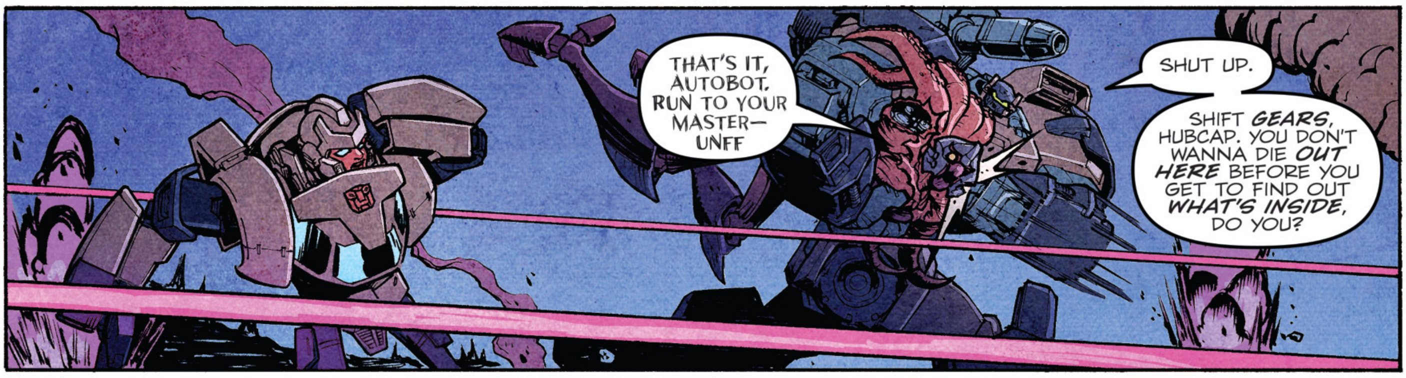

UM, SO, THIS IS THE—HEH—SPOT, OR CLOSE TO IT. LAST KNOWN LOCATION OF STAKEOUT.
WHAT, WE'RE JUST AIMING AND FIRING AT HIS RESIDUAL SPARK-SIGNATURE?
IT ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN THE WAY YOU SAY IT. GUN UP, EVERYONE.
KAKOOM
KUD-KUD-KUD-KUD
VOOM
TAKA TAKA TAKA TAKA
TIDAL WAVE, SETTLE DOWN, YOU MEWLING PROTOFORM—FOCUS ON LOCATING THAT MISSING AUTOBOT.
AND DON'T BREAK COVER! WE'LL HANDLE THIS.
OW—OW! FORGE ME—AGH!
NO WAY. I'M NOT HAVING THIS.
TEETH. TENTACLES. FURRY BUTT.
THEY'RE THE CREW THAT GOT STAKEOUT.
LET 'EM HAVE IT.
I CAN SEE 'EM; I CAN FEEL 'EM— WELL, A BIT—BUT THEY'RE NOT SHOWING UP ON ANY INSTRUMENTATION.
NO ENERGON READ-OUT, NO HEAT-TRAIL, NO SPARK-SIG.
CAN'T YOU JUST BE HAPPY PUNCHING SOMETHING?
RRMMMMMMBBRRRRMMMMM

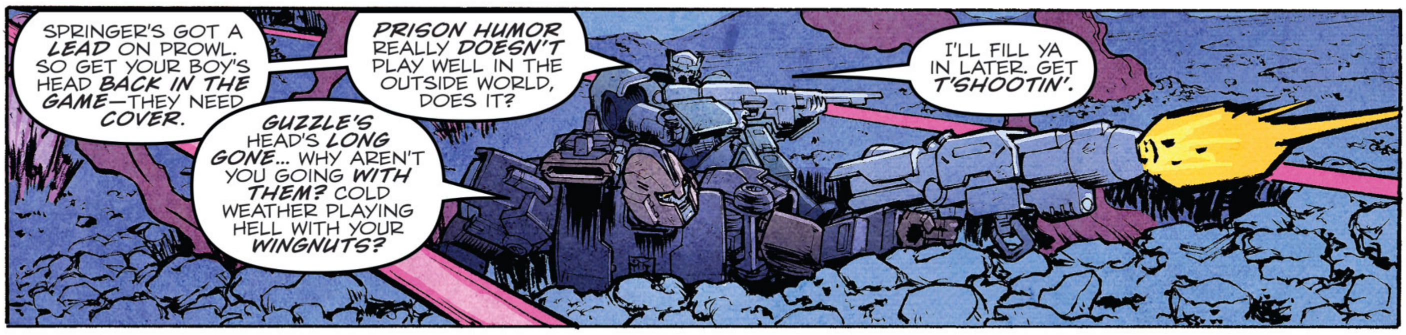

NO. I'M SORRY. THIS IS JUST...
NO.
IS THAT A *FISH TANK?!*
WHALES ARE MAMMALS— *MAMMAL TANK.*
TIDAL WAVE, YOU UTTER *BLOWHOLE.*
GET FORGED, CLAW JAW. I WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS ABUSE FROM YOU, OR THEM, OR ANYONE ELSE.
THAT'S A PITY.
MEET GUZZLE.
MY FAVOURITE SPECIES: ENDANGERED.
RAAGGGH!
STAKEOUT... HAS ANYONE FOUND *STAKEOUT?*
WE... WE THINK HE'S IN *THAT* THING.
THIS *HAS* TO BE WHAT PROWL WAS TALKING ABOUT—*HUGE; AMPHIBIOUS;* BIG ENOUGH TO ACCOMMODATE REGULAR-SIZED 'BOTS.
WE NEED TO GET *INSIDE*— WE GET IN *THERE,* WE CAN *GET PROWL.*
YOUR *EYES*...
WHAT *ABOUT* THEM?
IT'S THE *FIRST TIME* THEY'VE LOOKED...
...*ALIVE*...
OW. JUST— OWWW.
TIDAL WAAAVVE... STEADY...
NO! I'M SENSITIVE. THE MORE OF ME THERE IS, THE MORE FEELINGS I HAVE TO HURT.
AUGH! STOPPIT! RIGHT...

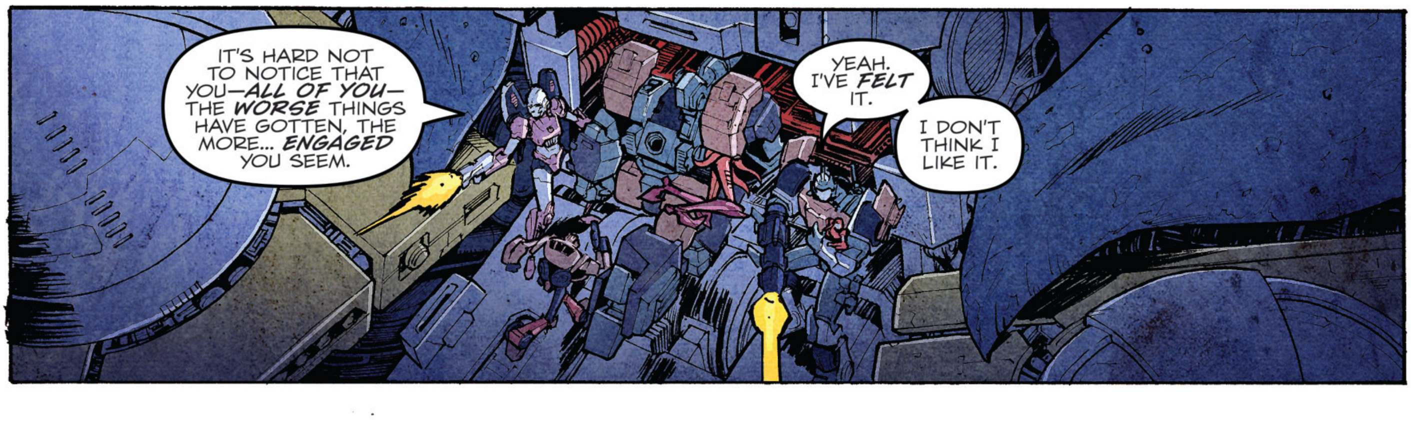

THIS PLANET, THIS PITIFUL DISGUISE...
...I DESERVE BETTER! DON'T TELL ME I DON'T!
IT'S TIME I DEALT WITH MY TORMENTORS FACE TO...
MY FACE! WHERE'S MY FACE?
I'M STUCK, I... WHY CAN'T I...
AWWWWW, FOR FRAG'S SAKE!
CARNIVAC, YOU SLY LITTLE DIRTVENT! IS THIS YOUR DOING?
UFF. FALL BACK—DEFEND THIS IDIOT, OR WE DON'T GET HOME.
LOOK: HIS CONVERSION'S JAMMED, HIS INTERIOR EXPOSED. WE'VE GOT OUR WAY IN.
ROADBUSTER, GET ON THAT. HUBCAP—YOU'VE GOT THE BEST SHOT OF FIGURING OUT WHAT'S WAITING FOR US IN THERE.
GET YOUR WRECKER ON; YOU'RE COMING WITH US.
SOMEONE'S WATCHING OUT FOR US...
LUCK'S FOR AMATEURS.
HEY, WE COULD PROBABLY USE ONE OF THESE FREAKSHOWS TO HELP US OUT ONCE WE GET INSIDE.
KUP, I NEED YOU TO STAY HERE AND KEEP AN EYE ON IMPACTOR AND GUZZLE...
NOTHIN' TO DO WITH MAYBE BEIN' ABLE TO GET A MESSAGE TO ME THROUGH PROWL IF YA FIND HIM, RIGHT?
IT MAKES SENSE, KID. IT'S SMART.
GO GET HIM BACK. WHAT HE IS—WHO HE IS—DON'T MATTER. YOU GOT A JOB T'GET DONE. THAT OTHER STUFF CAN ALL BE FIGGERED OUT LATER.
KUP, I NEVER GOT TO SAY...
GOOD. DON'T RUIN IT NOW.
GO.

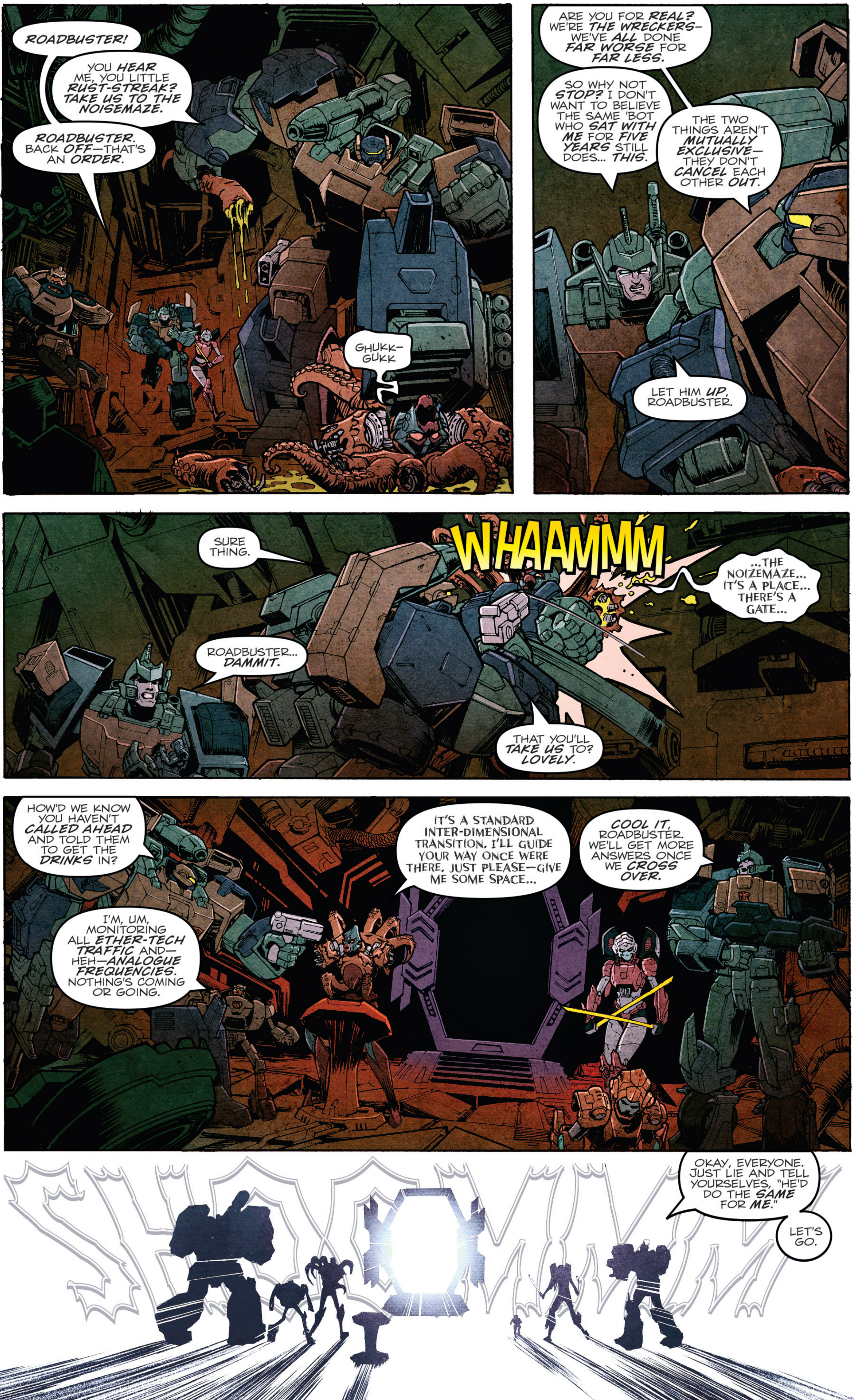

LET'S **MOVE**, PEOPLE.
WAIT: ARE YOU NOT EVEN GONNA **PRETEND** TO TRY AND GET ME TO **STAY BEHIND**, "FIND SOMEWHERE **SAFE**, GENTLE FLESH CREATURE..."?
NEVER WON THAT FIGHT **BEFORE**...
AW, I HAD A **SPEECH**...

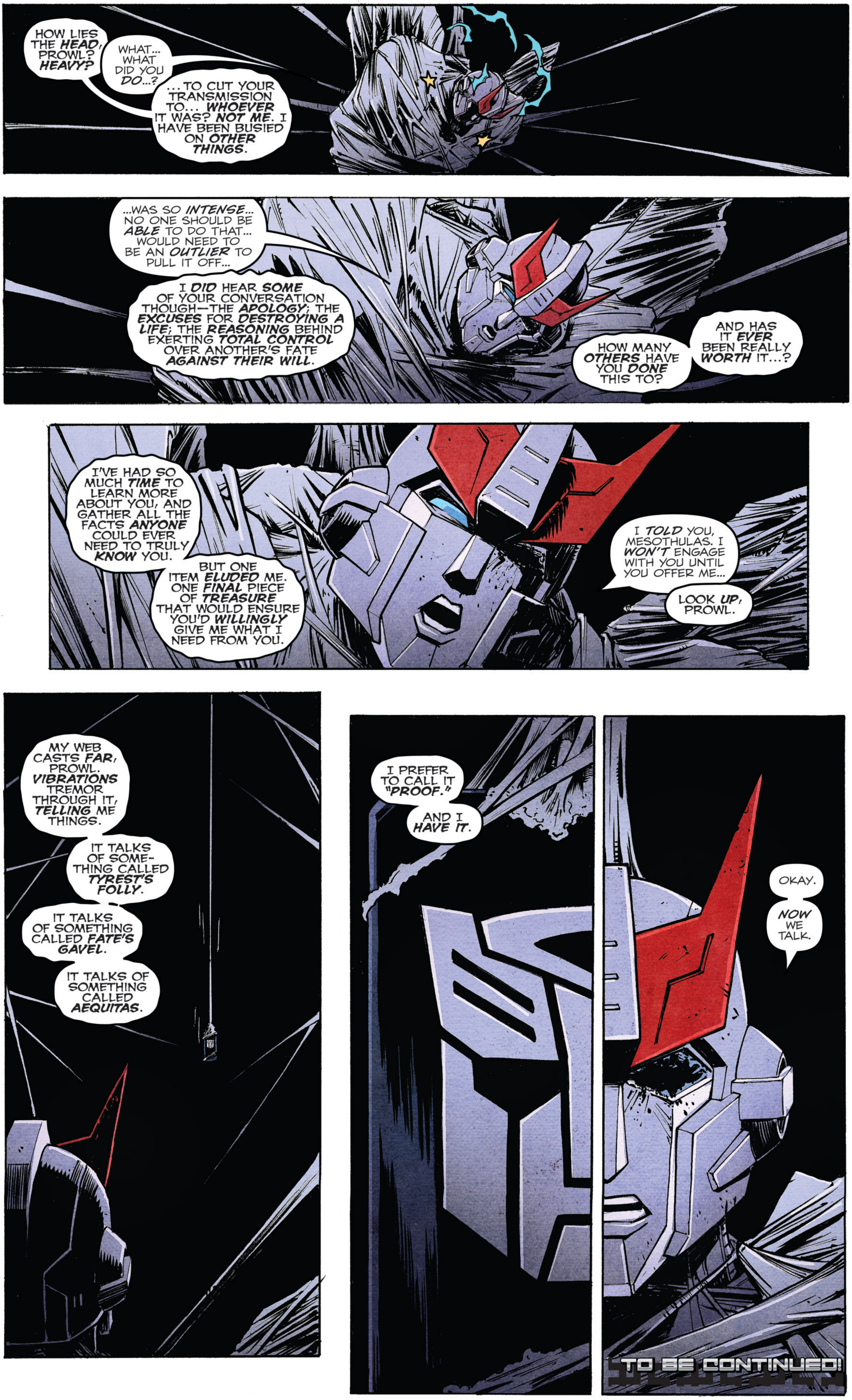

GAHH-
WISH I KNEW ENOUGH ABOUT EARTH'S **SEA-LIFE** TO DROP A **BADASS ONE-LINER** HERE. **ROADBUSTER?**
NO, ME NEITHER.
NO—I MEAN, "HE'S YOURS".


THAT'S IT, AUTOBOT. RUN TO YOUR MASTER—UNFF
SHUT UP.
SHIFT **GEARS**, HUBCAP. YOU DON'T WANNA DIE **OUT HERE** BEFORE YOU GET TO FIND OUT **WHAT'S INSIDE**, DO YOU?


SPRINGER'S GOT A **LEAD** ON PROWL. SO GET YOUR BOY'S HEAD **BACK IN THE GAME**—THEY NEED **COVER**.
PRISON HUMOR REALLY **DOESN'T** PLAY WELL IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD, DOES IT?
GUZZLE'S HEAD'S **LONG GONE**... WHY AREN'T YOU GOING **WITH THEM?** COLD WEATHER PLAYING HELL WITH YOUR **WINGNUTS?**
I'LL FILL YA IN LATER. GET **T'SHOOTIN'**.


IT'S HARD NOT TO NOTICE THAT YOU—**ALL OF YOU**—THE **WORSE** THINGS HAVE GOTTEN, THE MORE... **ENGAGED** YOU SEEM.
YEAH. I'VE **FELT** IT.
I DON'T THINK I LIKE IT.


ROADBUSTER!
YOU HEAR ME, YOU LITTLE RUST-STREAK? TAKE US TO THE NOISEMAZE.
ROADBUSTER. BACK OFF—THAT'S AN ORDER.
GHUKK-GUKK
ARE YOU FOR REAL? WE'RE THE WRECKERS—WE'VE ALL DONE FAR WORSE FOR FAR LESS.
SO WHY NOT STOP? I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE THE SAME 'BOT WHO SAT WITH ME FOR FIVE YEARS STILL DOES... THIS.
THE TWO THINGS AREN'T MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE—THEY DON'T CANCEL EACH OTHER OUT.
LET HIM UP, ROADBUSTER.
SURE THING.
WHAAMMM
...THE NOIZEMAZE... IT'S A PLACE... THERE'S A GATE...
ROADBUSTER... DAMMIT.
THAT YOU'LL TAKE US TO? LOVELY.
HOW'D WE KNOW YOU HAVEN'T CALLED AHEAD AND TOLD THEM TO GET THE DRINKS IN?
I'M, UM, MONITORING ALL ETHER-TECH TRAFFIC AND—HEH—ANALOGUE FREQUENCIES. NOTHING'S COMING OR GOING.
IT'S A STANDARD INTER-DIMENSIONAL TRANSITION. I'LL GUIDE YOUR WAY ONCE WERE THERE. JUST PLEASE—GIVE ME SOME SPACE...
COOL IT, ROADBUSTER. WE'LL GET MORE ANSWERS ONCE WE CROSS OVER.
SHOOMMM
OKAY, EVERYONE. JUST LIE AND TELL YOURSELVES, "HE'D DO THE SAME FOR ME."
LET'S GO.


HOW LIES THE HEAD, PROWL? HEAVY?
WHAT... WHAT DID YOU DO...?
...TO CUT YOUR TRANSMISSION TO... WHOEVER IT WAS? NOT ME. I HAVE BEEN BUSIED ON OTHER THINGS.
...WAS SO INTENSE... NO ONE SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO THAT... WOULD NEED TO BE AN OUTLIER TO PULL IT OFF...
I DID HEAR SOME OF YOUR CONVERSATION THOUGH—THE APOLOGY; THE EXCUSES FOR DESTROYING A LIFE; THE REASONING BEHIND EXERTING TOTAL CONTROL OVER ANOTHER'S FATE AGAINST THEIR WILL.
HOW MANY OTHERS HAVE YOU DONE THIS TO?
AND HAS IT EVER BEEN REALLY WORTH IT...?
I'VE HAD SO MUCH TIME TO LEARN MORE ABOUT YOU, AND GATHER ALL THE FACTS ANYONE COULD EVER NEED TO TRULY KNOW YOU.
BUT ONE ITEM ELUDED ME. ONE FINAL PIECE OF TREASURE THAT WOULD ENSURE YOU'D WILLINGLY GIVE ME WHAT I NEED FROM YOU.
I TOLD YOU, MESOTHULAS. I WON'T ENGAGE WITH YOU UNTIL YOU OFFER ME...
LOOK UP, PROWL.
MY WEB CASTS FAR, PROWL. VIBRATIONS TREMOR THROUGH IT, TELLING ME THINGS.
IT TALKS OF SOMETHING CALLED TYREST'S FOLLY.
IT TALKS OF SOMETHING CALLED FATE'S GAVEL.
IT TALKS OF SOMETHING CALLED AEQUITAS.
I PREFER TO CALL IT "PROOF."
AND I HAVE IT.
OKAY.
NOW WE TALK.
TO BE CONTINUED!

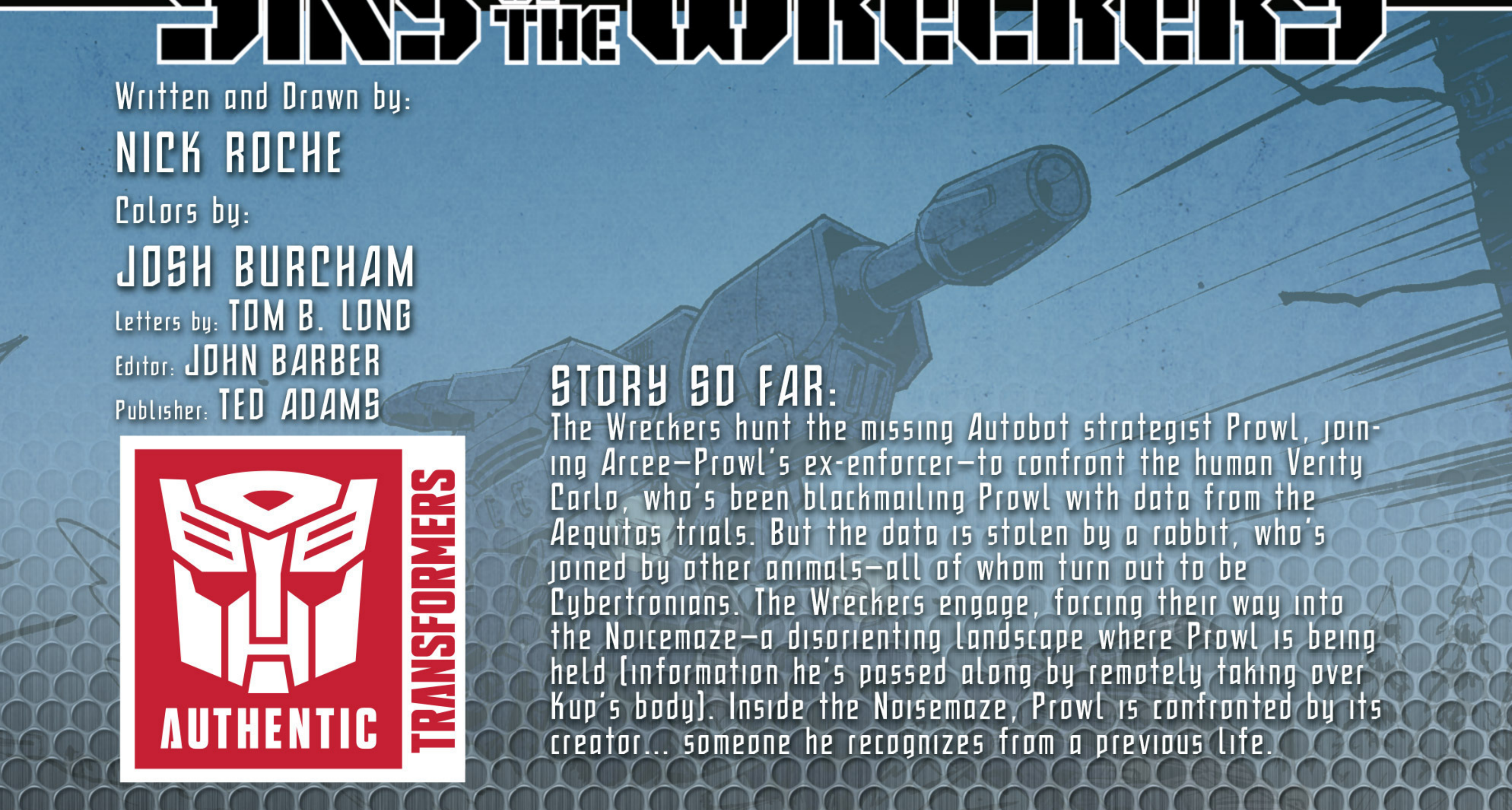
IDW
ISSUE
3

NICK ROCHE • JOSH BURCHAM

TRANSFORMERS
SINS OF THE WRECKERS

HERE LIES
IMPACTOR
NICK ROCHE '15

TRANSFORMERS
SINS OF THE WRECKERS



Written and Drawn by:
NICK ROCHE
Colors by:
JOSH BURCHAM
Letters by: **TOM B. LONG**
Editor: **JOHN BARBER**
Publisher: **TED ADAMS**

STORY SO FAR:

The Wreckers hunt the missing Autobot strategist Prowl, joining Arcee—Prowl's ex-enforcer—to confront the human Verity Carlo, who's been blackmailing Prowl with data from the Aequitas trials. But the data is stolen by a rabbit, who's joined by other animals—all of whom turn out to be Cybertronians. The Wreckers engage, forcing their way into the Noicemaze—a disorienting landscape where Prowl is being held (information he's passed along by remotely taking over Kup's body). Inside the Noisemaze, Prowl is confronted by its creator... someone he recognizes from a previous life.

Special thanks to Hasbro's Beth Artale, Clint Chapman, Heather Hopkins, Jerry Jivoin, Joshua Lamb, Ed Lane, Mark Weber, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

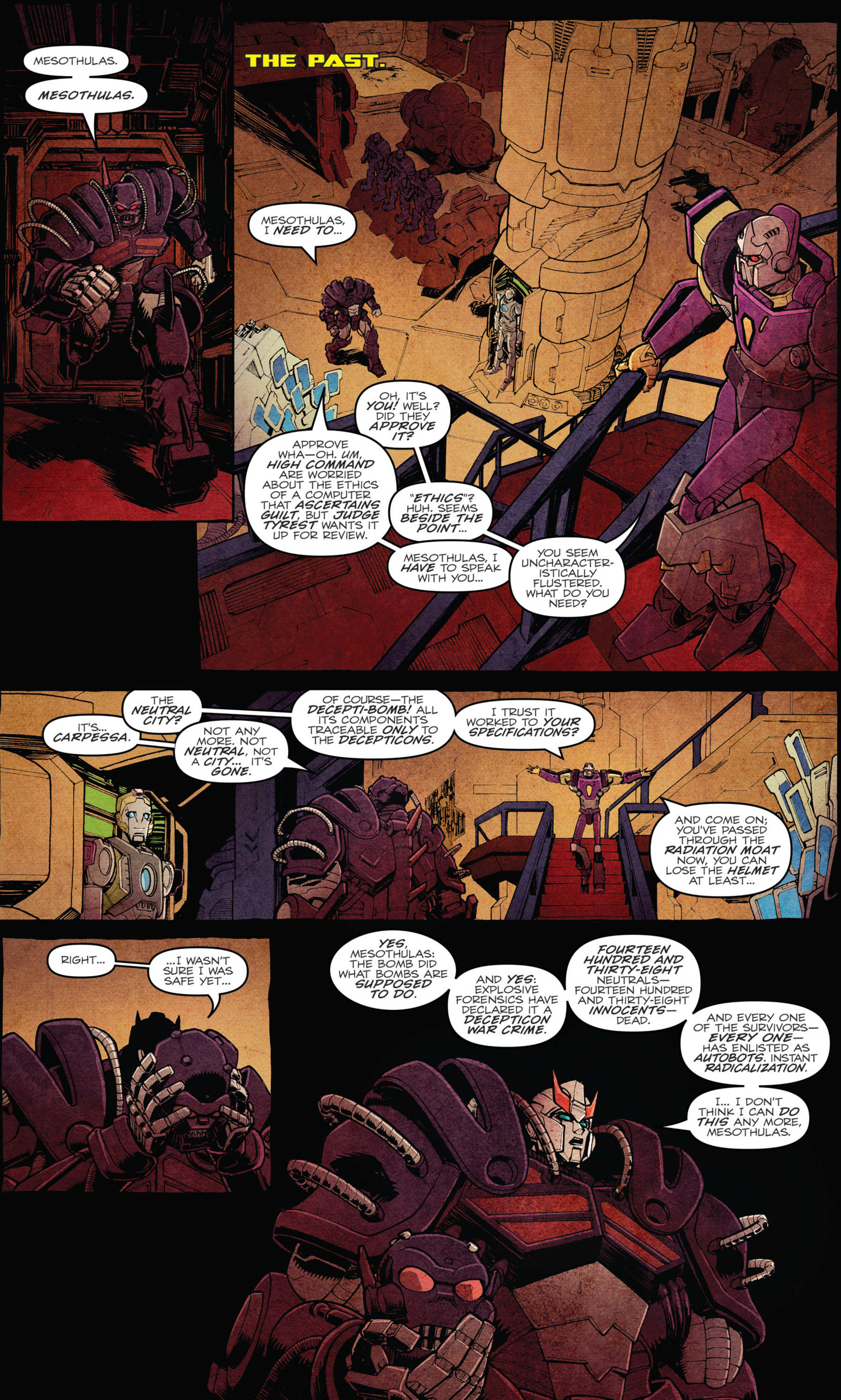
For international rights, please contact **licensing@idwpublishing.com**

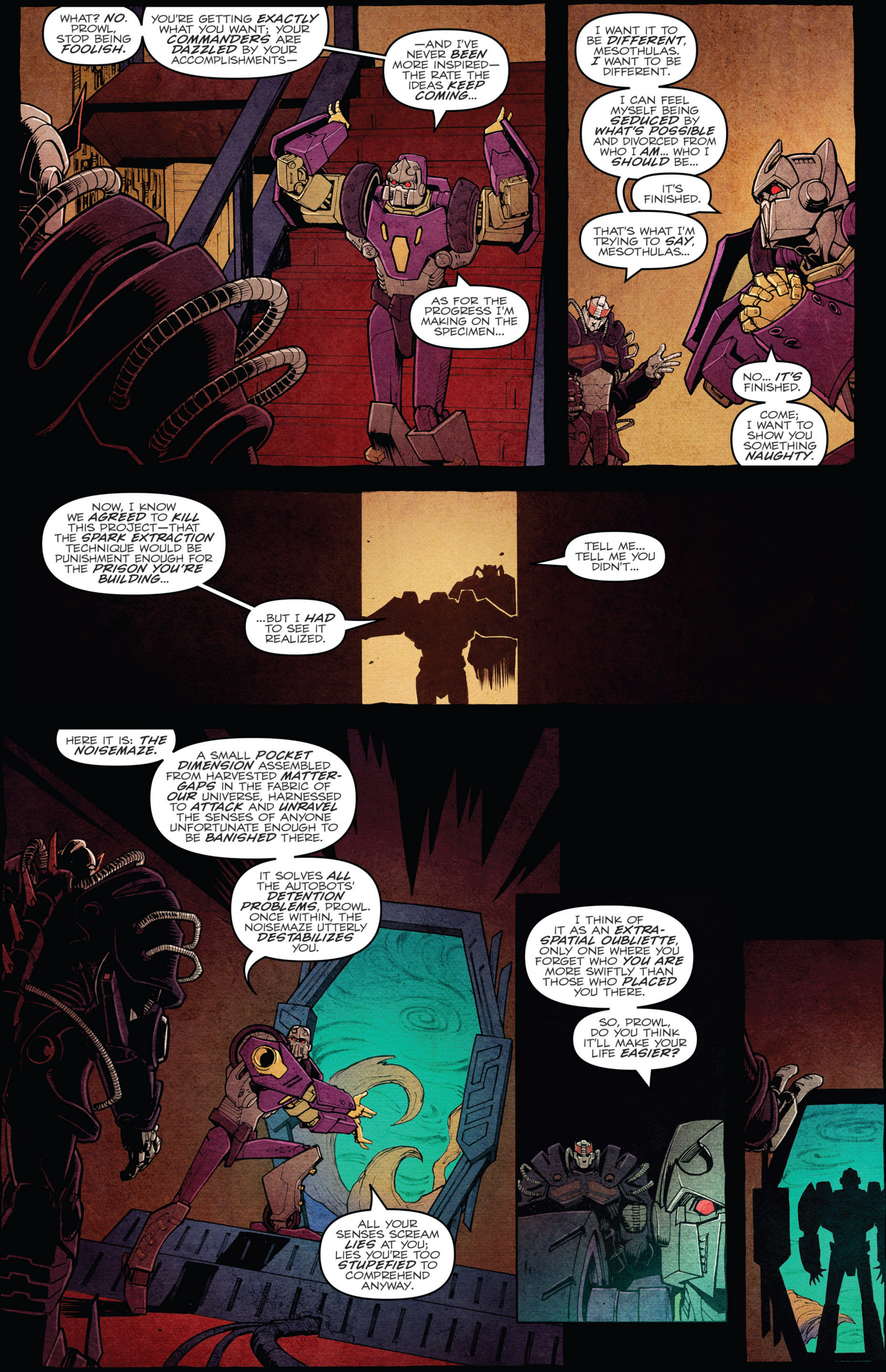
IDW
Licensed By: Hasbro
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

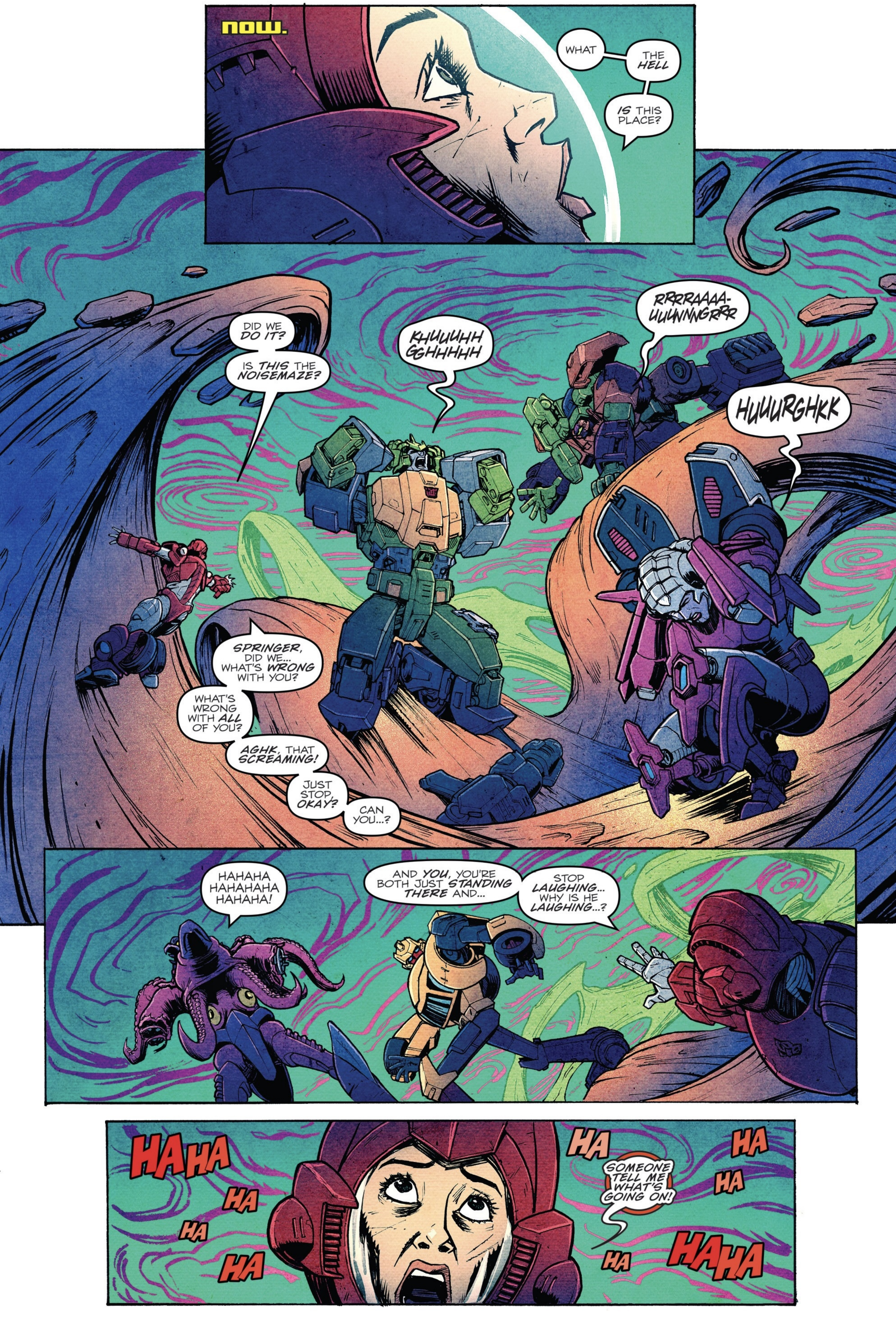
Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Dirk Wood, VP of Marketing
Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services
Jeff Webber, VP of Licensing, Digital and Subsidiary Rights
Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development

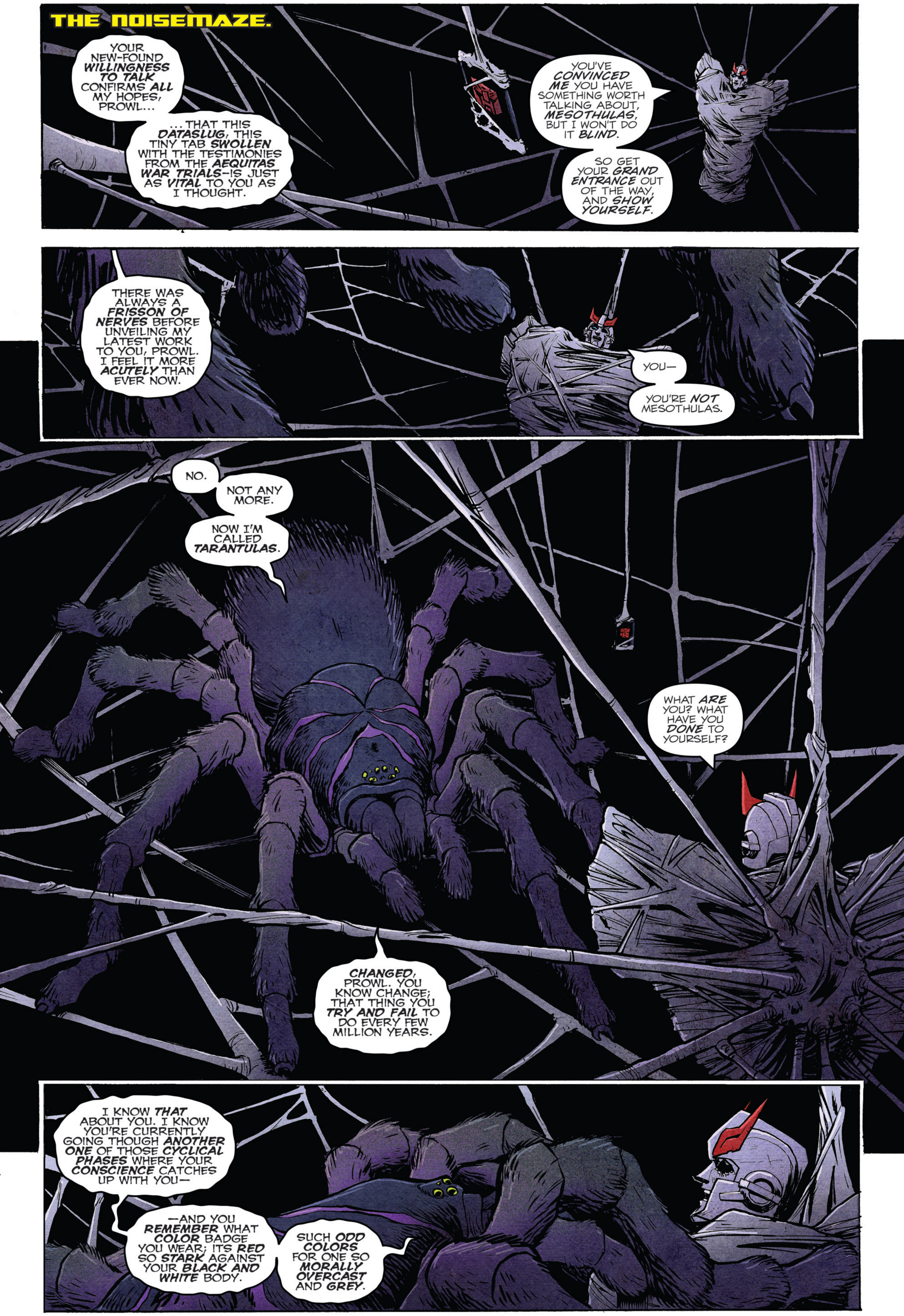
Facebook: **facebook.com/idwpublishing**
Twitter: **@idwpublishing**
YouTube: **youtube.com/idwpublishing**
Tumblr: **tumblr.idwpublishing.com**
Instagram: **instagram.com/idwpublishing**

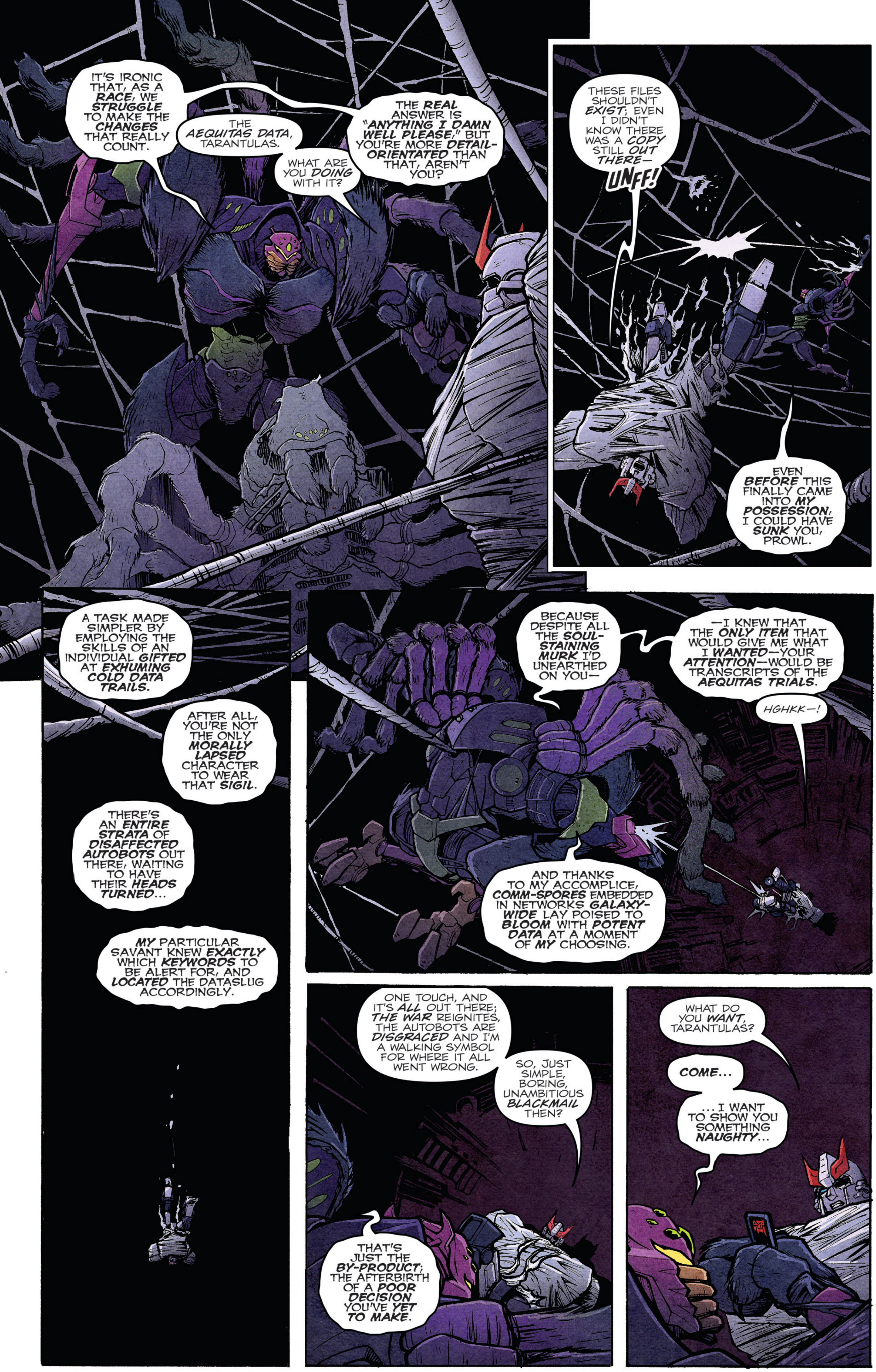
THE TRANSFORMERS: SINS OF THE WRECKERS #3. JANUARY 2016. FIRST PRINTING. HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2016 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in USA.
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

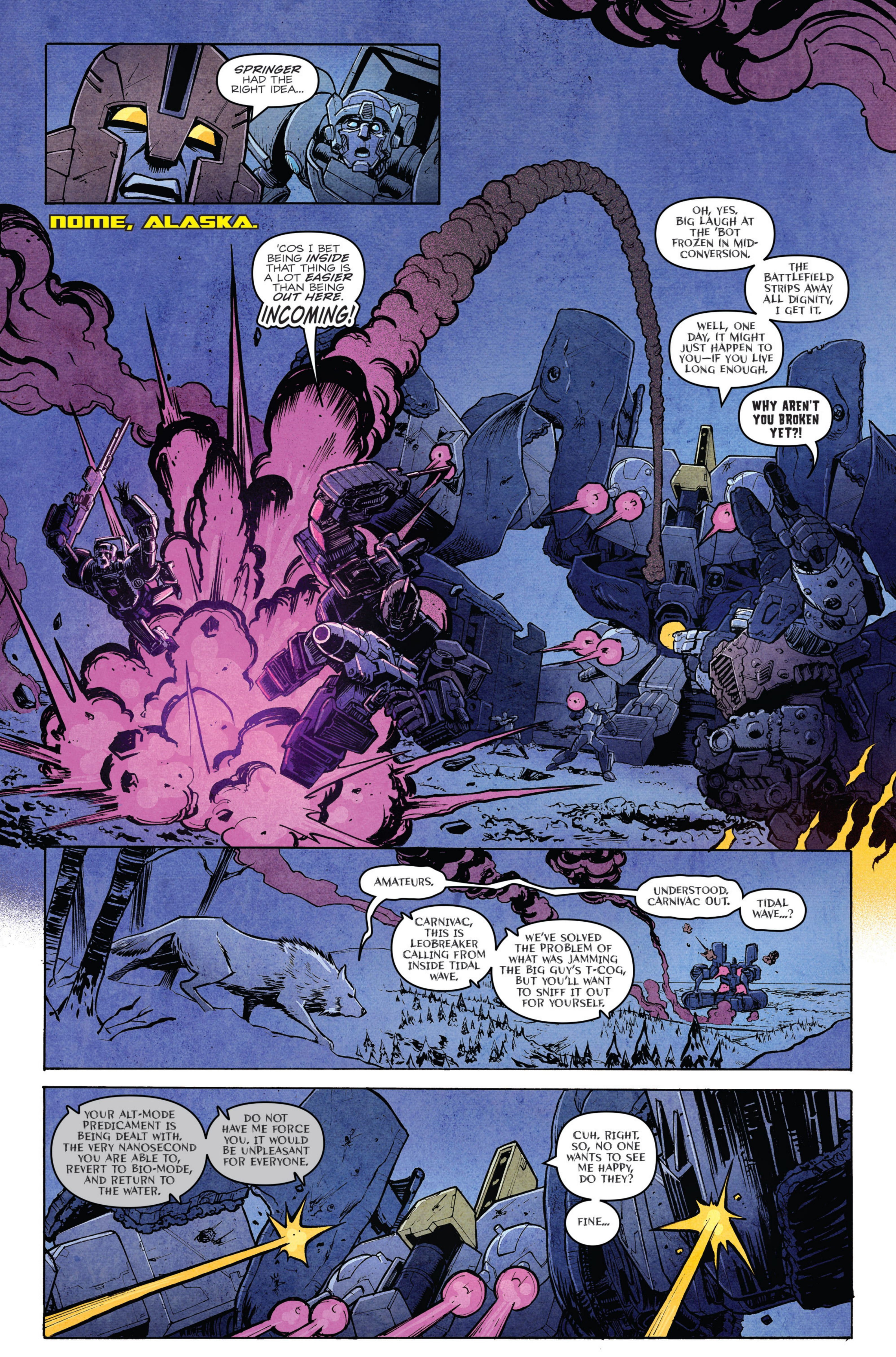

MESOTHULAS.
MESOTHULAS.
THE PAST.
MESOTHULAS, I NEED TO...
OH, IT'S YOU! WELL? DID THEY APPROVE IT?
APPROVE WHA—OH. UM, HIGH COMMAND ARE WORRIED ABOUT THE ETHICS OF A COMPUTER THAT ASCERTAINS GUILT, BUT JUDGE TYREST WANTS IT UP FOR REVIEW.
"ETHICS"? HUH. SEEMS BESIDE THE POINT...
MESOTHULAS, I HAVE TO SPEAK WITH YOU...
YOU SEEM UNCHARACTERISTICALLY FLUSTERED. WHAT DO YOU NEED?
IT'S... CARPESSA.
THE NEUTRAL CITY?
NOT ANY MORE. NOT NEUTRAL, NOT A CITY... IT'S GONE.
OF COURSE—THE DECEPTI-BOMB! ALL ITS COMPONENTS TRACEABLE ONLY TO THE DECEPTICONS.
I TRUST IT WORKED TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS?
AND COME ON; YOU'VE PASSED THROUGH THE RADIATION MOAT NOW, YOU CAN LOSE THE HELMET AT LEAST...
RIGHT...
...I WASN'T SURE I WAS SAFE YET...
YES, MESOTHULAS: THE BOMB DID WHAT BOMBS ARE SUPPOSED TO DO.
AND YES: EXPLOSIVE FORENSICS HAVE DECLARED IT A DECEPTICON WAR CRIME.
FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT NEUTRALS—FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT INNOCENTS—DEAD.
AND EVERY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS—EVERY ONE—HAS ENLISTED AS AUTOBOTS. INSTANT RADICALIZATION.
I... I DON'T THINK I CAN DO THIS ANY MORE, MESOTHULAS.

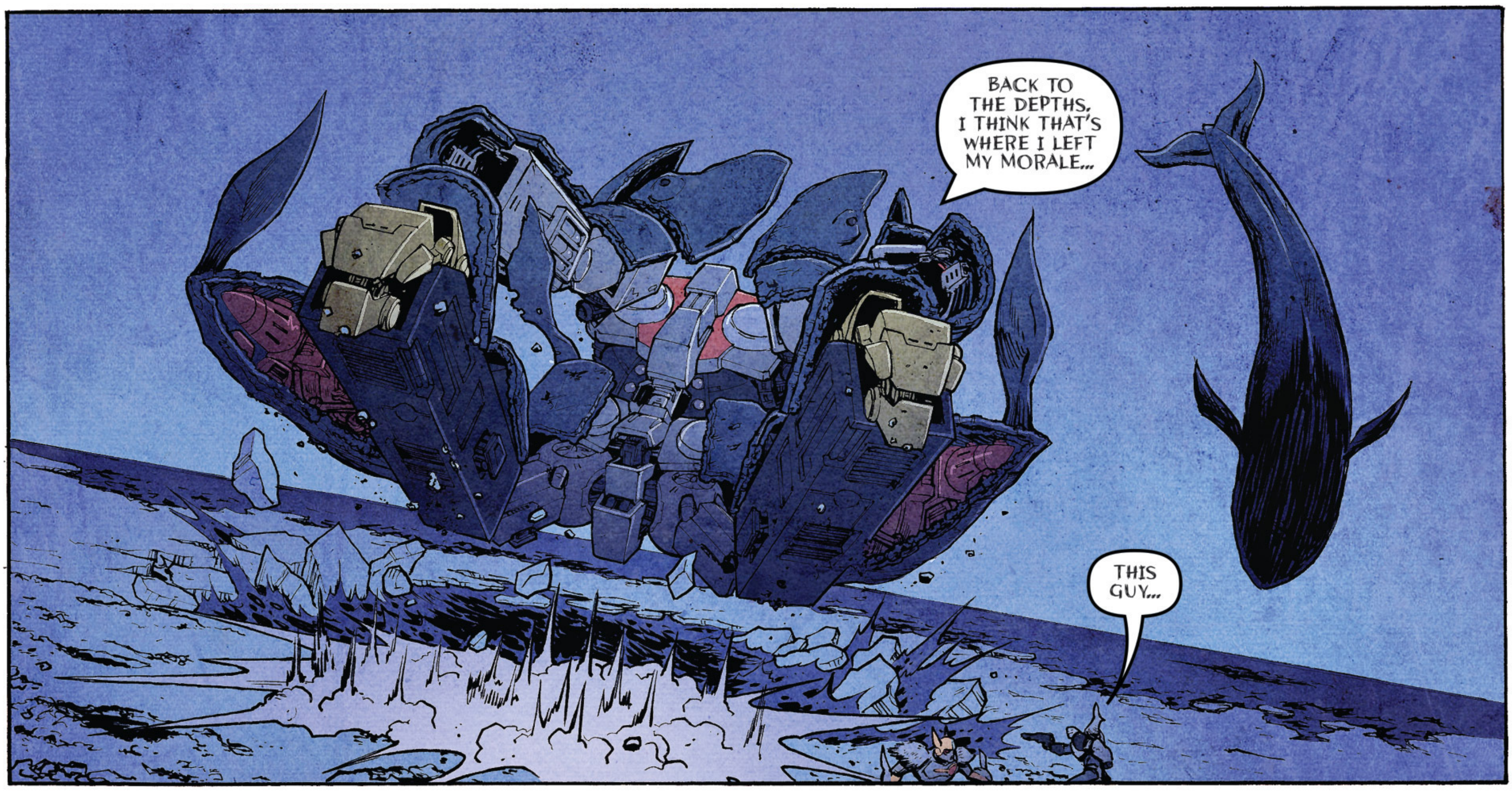

WHAT? NO. PROWL, STOP BEING FOOLISH.
YOU'RE GETTING EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT; YOUR COMMANDERS ARE DAZZLED BY YOUR ACCOMPLISHMENTS—
—AND I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE INSPIRED—THE RATE THE IDEAS KEEP COMING...
AS FOR THE PROGRESS I'M MAKING ON THE SPECIMEN...
I WANT IT TO BE DIFFERENT, MESOTHULAS. I WANT TO BE DIFFERENT.
I CAN FEEL MYSELF BEING SEDUCED BY WHAT'S POSSIBLE AND DIVORCED FROM WHO I AM... WHO I SHOULD BE...
IT'S FINISHED.
THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY, MESOTHULAS...
NO... IT'S FINISHED.
COME; I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING NAUGHTY.
NOW, I KNOW WE AGREED TO KILL THIS PROJECT—THAT THE SPARK EXTRACTION TECHNIQUE WOULD BE PUNISHMENT ENOUGH FOR THE PRISON YOU'RE BUILDING...
...BUT I HAD TO SEE IT REALIZED.
TELL ME... TELL ME YOU DIDN'T...
HERE IT IS: THE NOISEMAZE.
A SMALL POCKET DIMENSION ASSEMBLED FROM HARVESTED MATTER-GAPS IN THE FABRIC OF OUR UNIVERSE, HARNESSED TO ATTACK AND UNRAVEL THE SENSES OF ANYONE UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE BANISHED THERE.
IT SOLVES ALL THE AUTOBOTS' DETENTION PROBLEMS, PROWL. ONCE WITHIN, THE NOISEMAZE UTTERLY DESTABILIZES YOU.
ALL YOUR SENSES SCREAM LIES AT YOU; LIES YOU'RE TOO STUPEFIED TO COMPREHEND ANYWAY.
I THINK OF IT AS AN EXTRA-SPATIAL OUBLIETTE, ONLY ONE WHERE YOU FORGET WHO YOU ARE MORE SWIFTLY THAN THOSE WHO PLACED YOU THERE.
SO, PROWL, DO YOU THINK IT'LL MAKE YOUR LIFE EASIER?

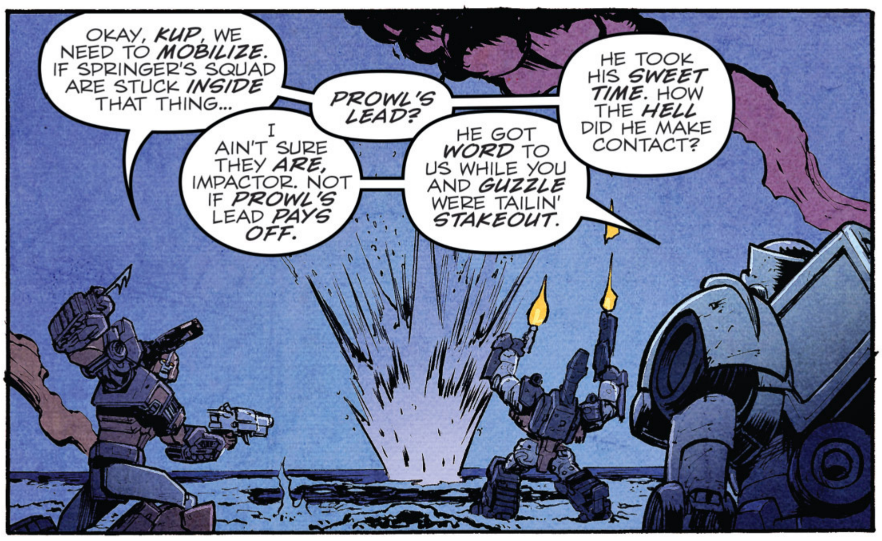

NOW.
WHAT THE *HELL* *IS* THIS PLACE?
DID WE *DO IT?*
IS *THIS* THE *NOISEMAZE?*
KHUUUHH GGHHHHH
RRRRAAAA-UUUNNNGRRR
HUUURGHKK
SPRINGER, DID WE... WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH *ALL* OF YOU?
AGHK, THAT *SCREAMING!*
JUST STOP, *OKAY?*
CAN YOU...?
HAHAHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHA!
AND *YOU*, YOU'RE BOTH JUST *STANDING THERE* AND...
STOP *LAUGHING*... WHY IS HE *LAUGHING*...?
HAHA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HAHA
SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON!

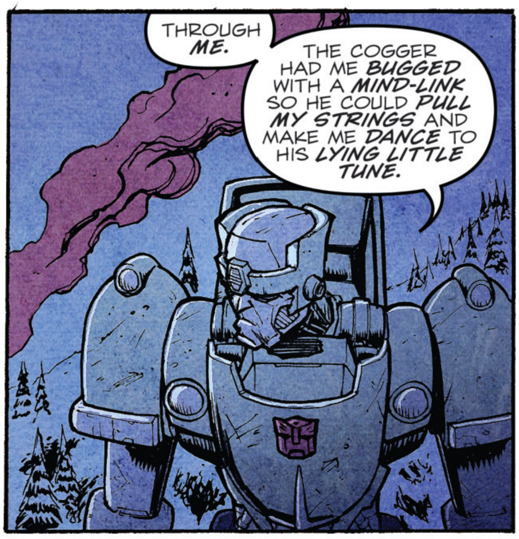

THE NOISEMAZE.
YOUR NEW-FOUND WILLINGNESS TO TALK CONFIRMS ALL MY HOPES, PROWL...
...THAT THIS DATASLUG, THIS TINY TAB SWOLLEN WITH THE TESTIMONIES FROM THE AEQUITAS WAR TRIALS--IS JUST AS VITAL TO YOU AS I THOUGHT.
YOU'VE CONVINCED ME YOU HAVE SOMETHING WORTH TALKING ABOUT, MESOTHULAS, BUT I WON'T DO IT BLIND.
SO GET YOUR GRAND ENTRANCE OUT OF THE WAY, AND SHOW YOURSELF.
THERE WAS ALWAYS A FRISSON OF NERVES BEFORE UNVEILING MY LATEST WORK TO YOU, PROWL. I FEEL IT MORE ACUTELY THAN EVER NOW.
YOU—
YOU'RE NOT MESOTHULAS.
NO.
NOT ANY MORE.
NOW I'M CALLED TARANTULAS.
WHAT ARE YOU? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF?
CHANGED, PROWL. YOU KNOW CHANGE; THAT THING YOU TRY AND FAIL TO DO EVERY FEW MILLION YEARS.
I KNOW THAT ABOUT YOU. I KNOW YOU'RE CURRENTLY GOING THOUGH ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE CYCLICAL PHASES WHERE YOUR CONSCIENCE CATCHES UP WITH YOU—
—AND YOU REMEMBER WHAT COLOR BADGE YOU WEAR; ITS RED SO STARK AGAINST YOUR BLACK AND WHITE BODY.
SUCH ODD COLORS FOR ONE SO MORALLY OVERCAST AND GREY.

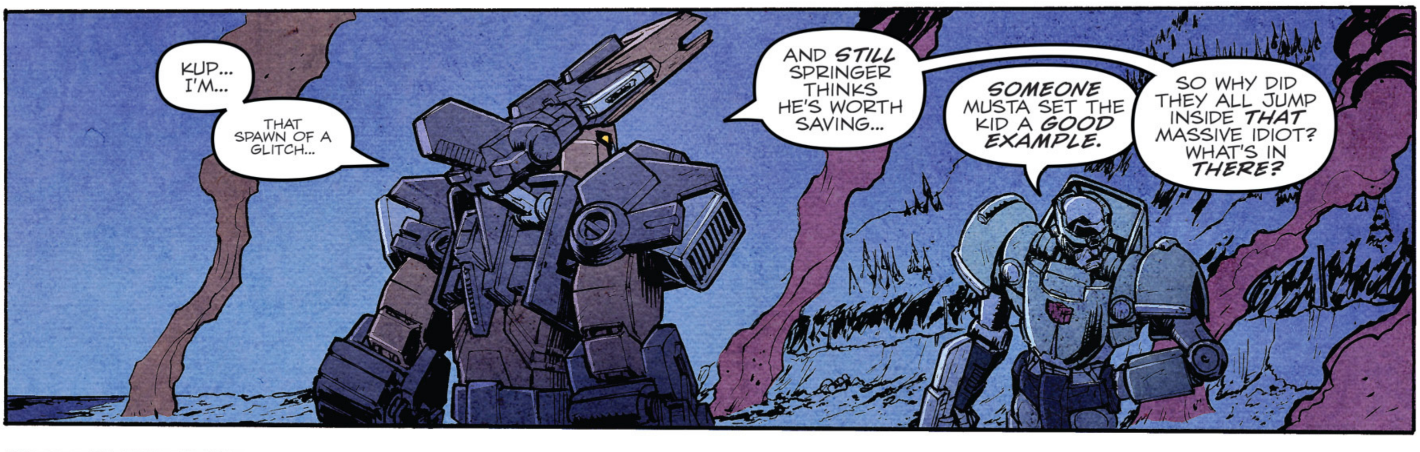

IT'S IRONIC THAT, AS A RACE, WE STRUGGLE TO MAKE THE CHANGES THAT REALLY COUNT.
THE AEQUITAS DATA, TARANTULAS.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH IT?
THE REAL ANSWER IS "ANYTHING I DAMN WELL PLEASE," BUT YOU'RE MORE DETAIL-ORIENTATED THAN THAT, AREN'T YOU?
THESE FILES SHOULDN'T EXIST; EVEN I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A COPY STILL OUT THERE—
UNFF!
EVEN BEFORE THIS FINALLY CAME INTO MY POSSESSION, I COULD HAVE SUNK YOU, PROWL.
A TASK MADE SIMPLER BY EMPLOYING THE SKILLS OF AN INDIVIDUAL GIFTED AT EXHUMING COLD DATA TRAILS.
AFTER ALL, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY MORALLY LAPSED CHARACTER TO WEAR THAT SIGIL.
THERE'S AN ENTIRE STRATA OF DISAFFECTED AUTOBOTS OUT THERE, WAITING TO HAVE THEIR HEADS TURNED...
MY PARTICULAR SAVANT KNEW EXACTLY WHICH KEYWORDS TO BE ALERT FOR, AND LOCATED THE DATASLUG ACCORDINGLY.
BECAUSE DESPITE ALL THE SOUL-STAINING MURK I'D UNEARTHED ON YOU—
—I KNEW THAT THE ONLY ITEM THAT WOULD GIVE ME WHAT I WANTED—YOUR ATTENTION—WOULD BE TRANSCRIPTS OF THE AEQUITAS TRIALS.
HGHKK—!
AND THANKS TO MY ACCOMPLICE, COMM-SPORES EMBEDDED IN NETWORKS GALAXY-WIDE LAY POISED TO BLOOM WITH POTENT DATA AT A MOMENT OF MY CHOOSING.
ONE TOUCH, AND IT'S ALL OUT THERE; THE WAR REIGNITES, THE AUTOBOTS ARE DISGRACED AND I'M A WALKING SYMBOL FOR WHERE IT ALL WENT WRONG.
SO, JUST SIMPLE, BORING, UNAMBITIOUS BLACKMAIL THEN?
THAT'S JUST THE BY-PRODUCT; THE AFTERBIRTH OF A POOR DECISION YOU'VE YET TO MAKE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT, TARANTULAS?
COME...
...I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING NAUGHTY...

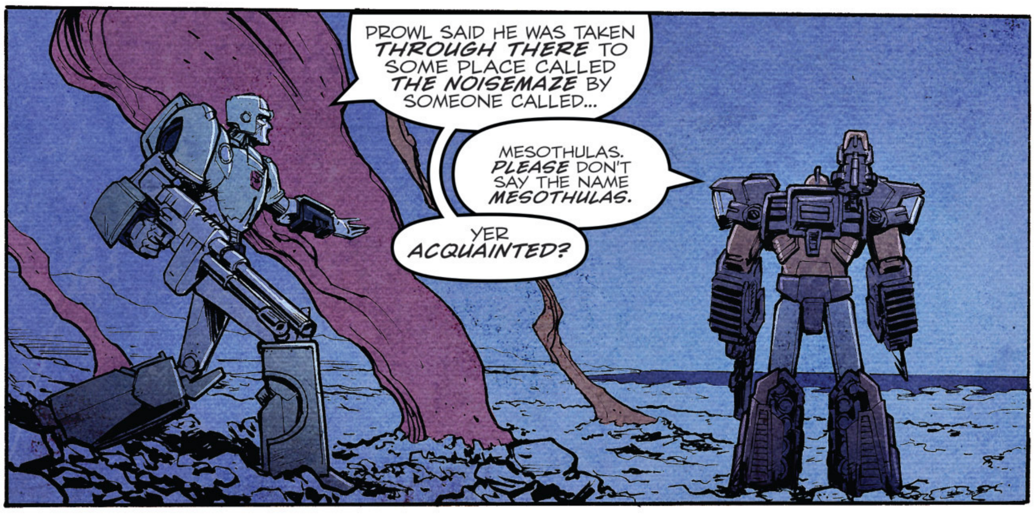

SPRINGER HAD THE RIGHT IDEA...
NOME, ALASKA.
'COS I BET BEING INSIDE THAT THING IS A LOT EASIER THAN BEING OUT HERE. INCOMING!
OH, YES. BIG LAUGH AT THE 'BOT FROZEN IN MID-CONVERSION.
THE BATTLEFIELD STRIPS AWAY ALL DIGNITY, I GET IT.
WELL, ONE DAY, IT MIGHT JUST HAPPEN TO YOU—IF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH.
WHY AREN'T YOU BROKEN YET?!
AMATEURS.
CARNIVAC, THIS IS LEOBREAKER CALLING FROM INSIDE TIDAL WAVE.
WE'VE SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF WHAT WAS JAMMING THE BIG GUY'S T-COG, BUT YOU'LL WANT TO SNIFF IT OUT FOR YOURSELF.
UNDERSTOOD. CARNIVAC OUT.
TIDAL WAVE...?
YOUR ALT-MODE PREDICAMENT IS BEING DEALT WITH. THE VERY NANOSECOND YOU ARE ABLE TO, REVERT TO BIO-MODE, AND RETURN TO THE WATER.
DO NOT HAVE ME FORCE YOU. IT WOULD BE UNPLEASANT FOR EVERYONE.
CUH. RIGHT. SO, NO ONE WANTS TO SEE ME HAPPY, DO THEY?
FINE...

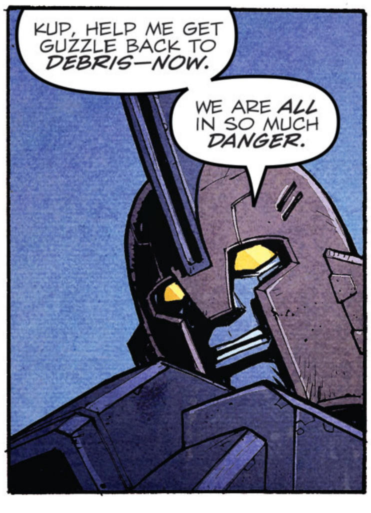

BACK TO THE DEPTHS. I THINK THAT'S WHERE I LEFT MY MORALE...
THIS GUY...

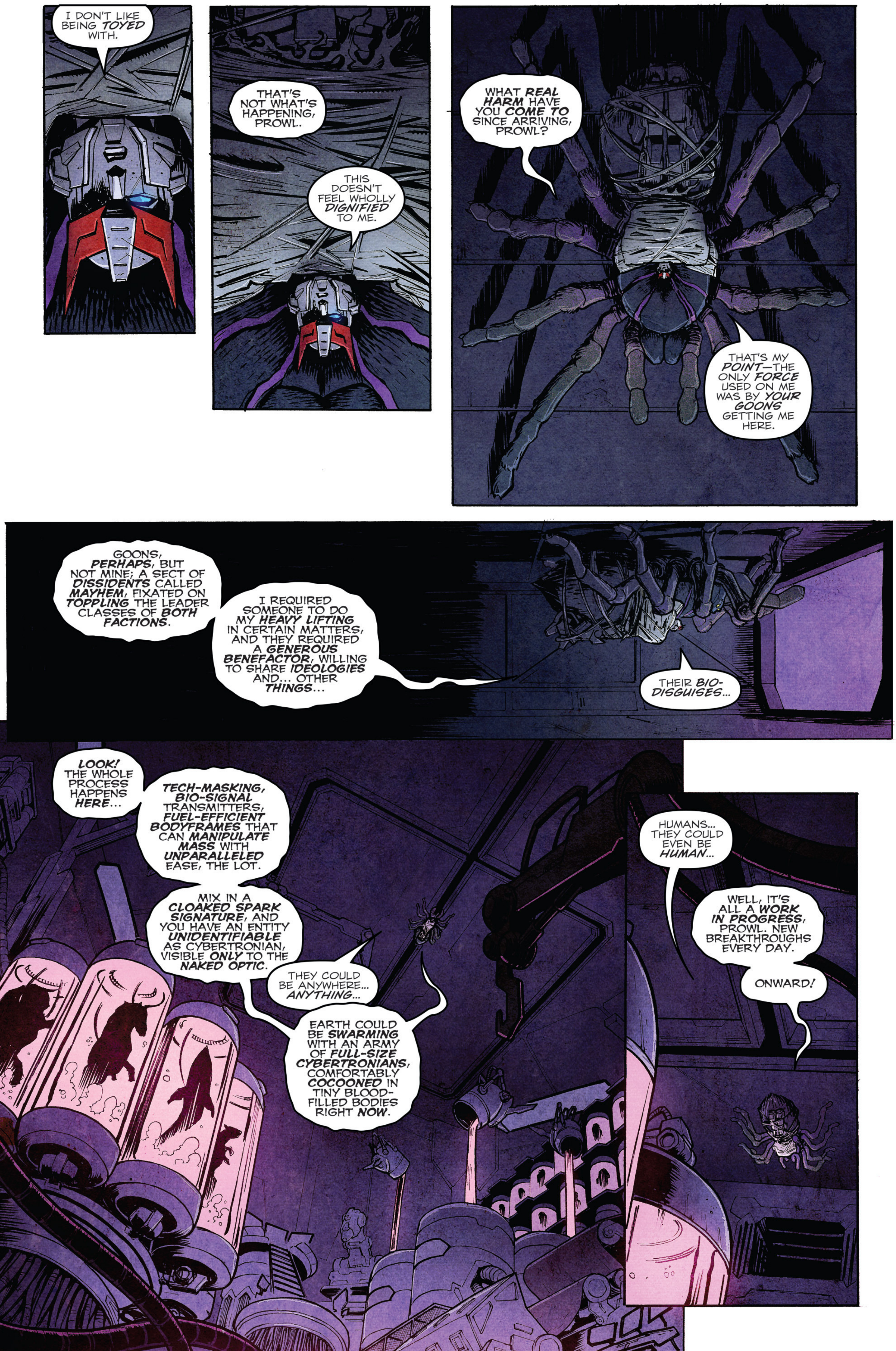

OKAY, KUP, WE NEED TO MOBILIZE. IF SPRINGER'S SQUAD ARE STUCK INSIDE THAT THING...
I AIN'T SURE THEY ARE, IMPACTOR. NOT IF PROWL'S LEAD PAYS OFF.
PROWL'S LEAD?
HE TOOK HIS SWEET TIME. HOW THE HELL DID HE MAKE CONTACT?
HE GOT WORD TO US WHILE YOU AND GUZZLE WERE TAILIN' STAKEOUT.

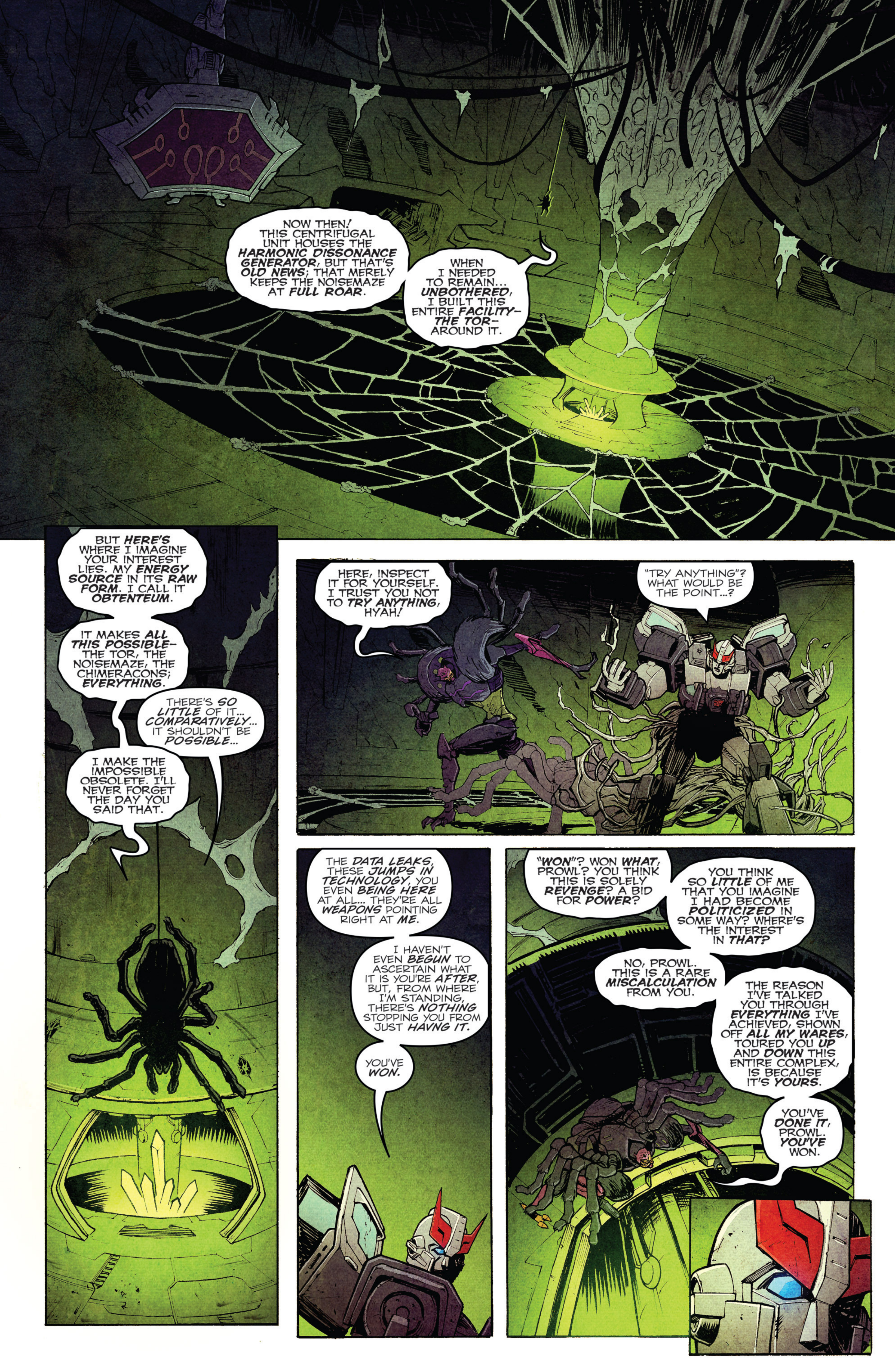

THROUGH ME.
THE COGGER HAD ME BUGGED WITH A MIND-LINK SO HE COULD PULL MY STRINGS AND MAKE ME DANCE TO HIS LYING LITTLE TUNE.

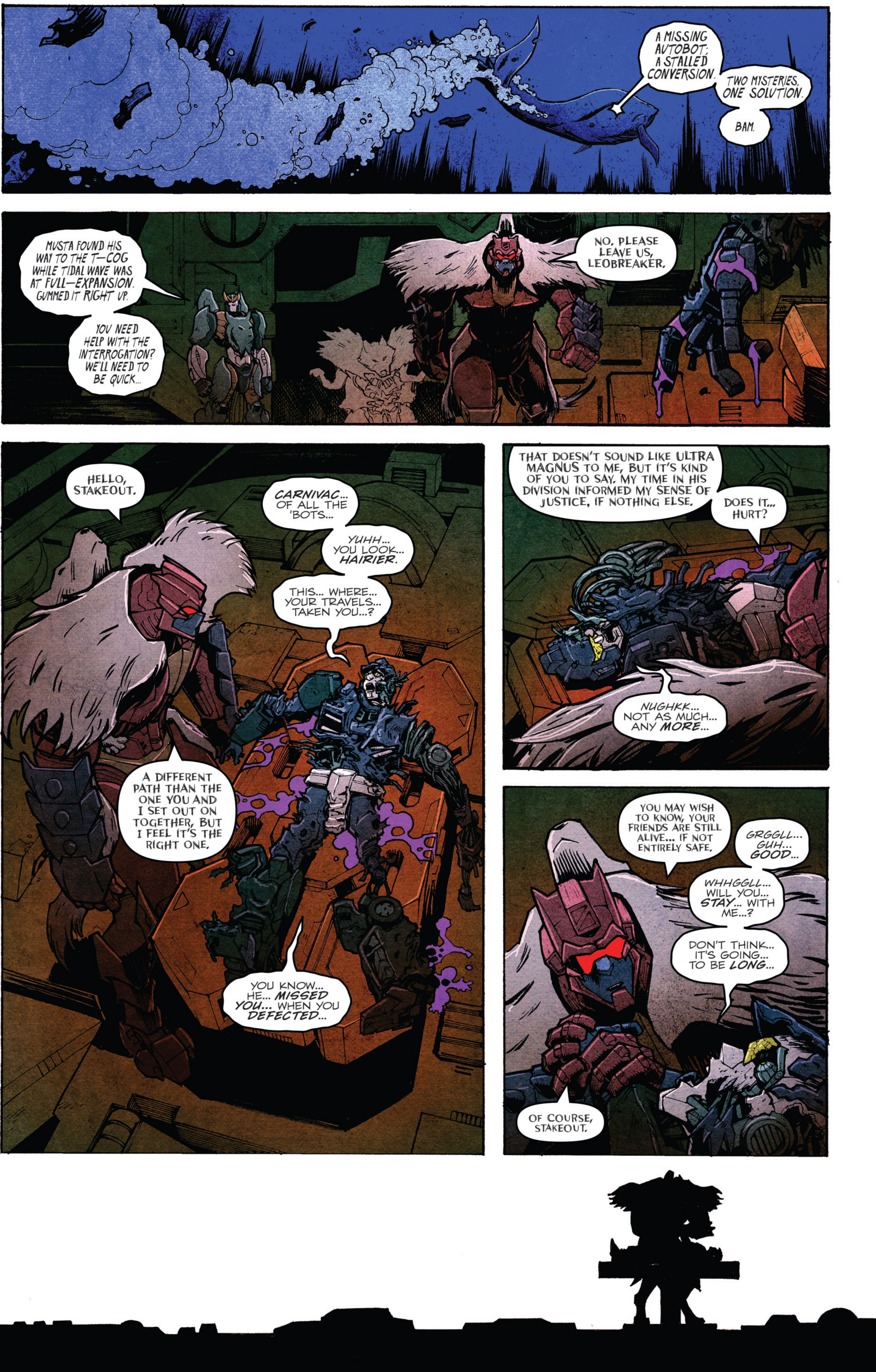

KUP... I'M...
THAT SPAWN OF A GLITCH...
AND STILL SPRINGER THINKS HE'S WORTH SAVING...
SOMEONE MUSTA SET THE KID A GOOD EXAMPLE.
SO WHY DID THEY ALL JUMP INSIDE THAT MASSIVE IDIOT? WHAT'S IN THERE?

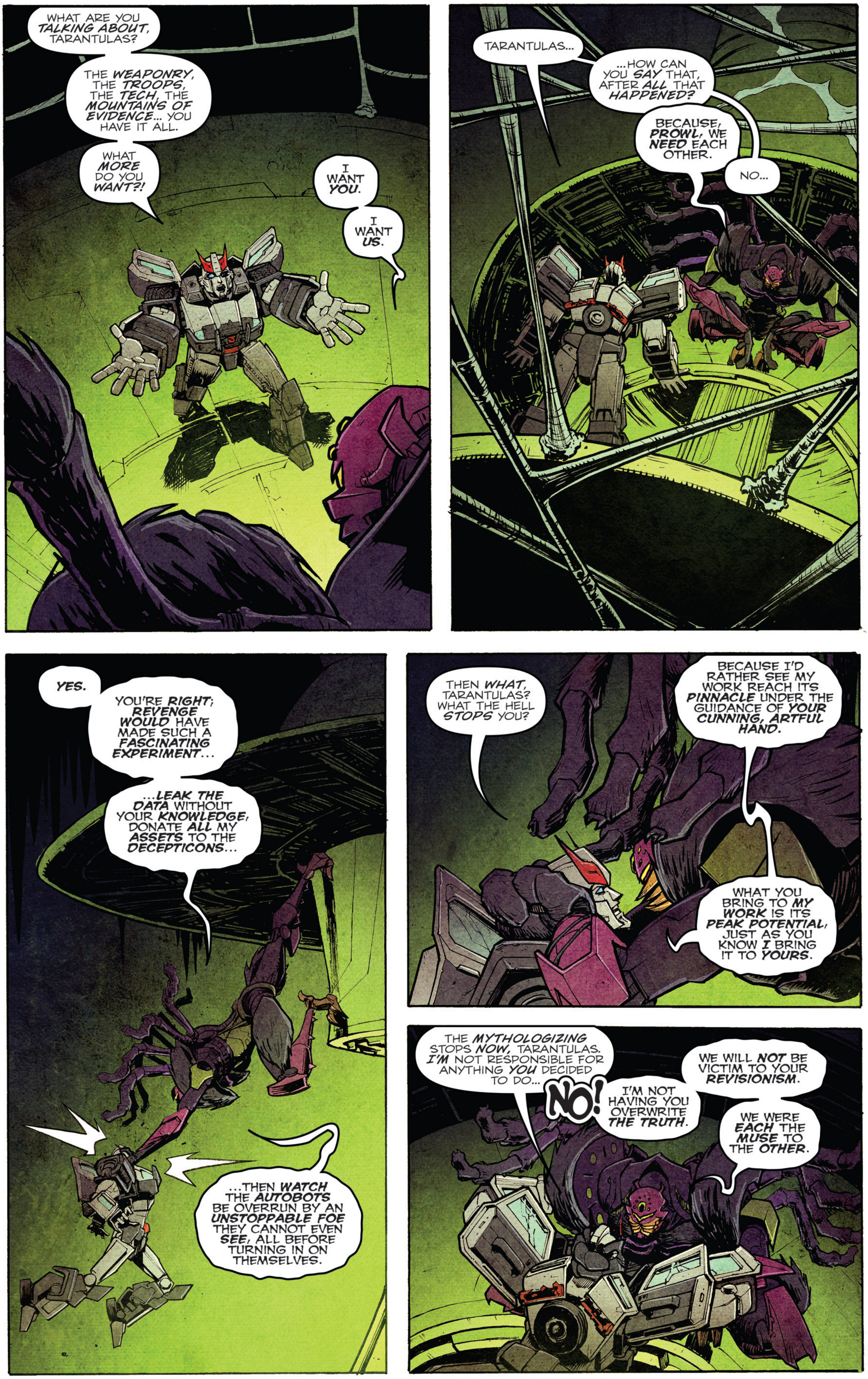

PROWL SAID HE WAS TAKEN THROUGH THERE TO SOME PLACE CALLED THE NOISEMAZE BY SOMEONE CALLED...
MESOTHULAS. PLEASE DON'T SAY THE NAME MESOTHULAS.
YER ACQUAINTED?

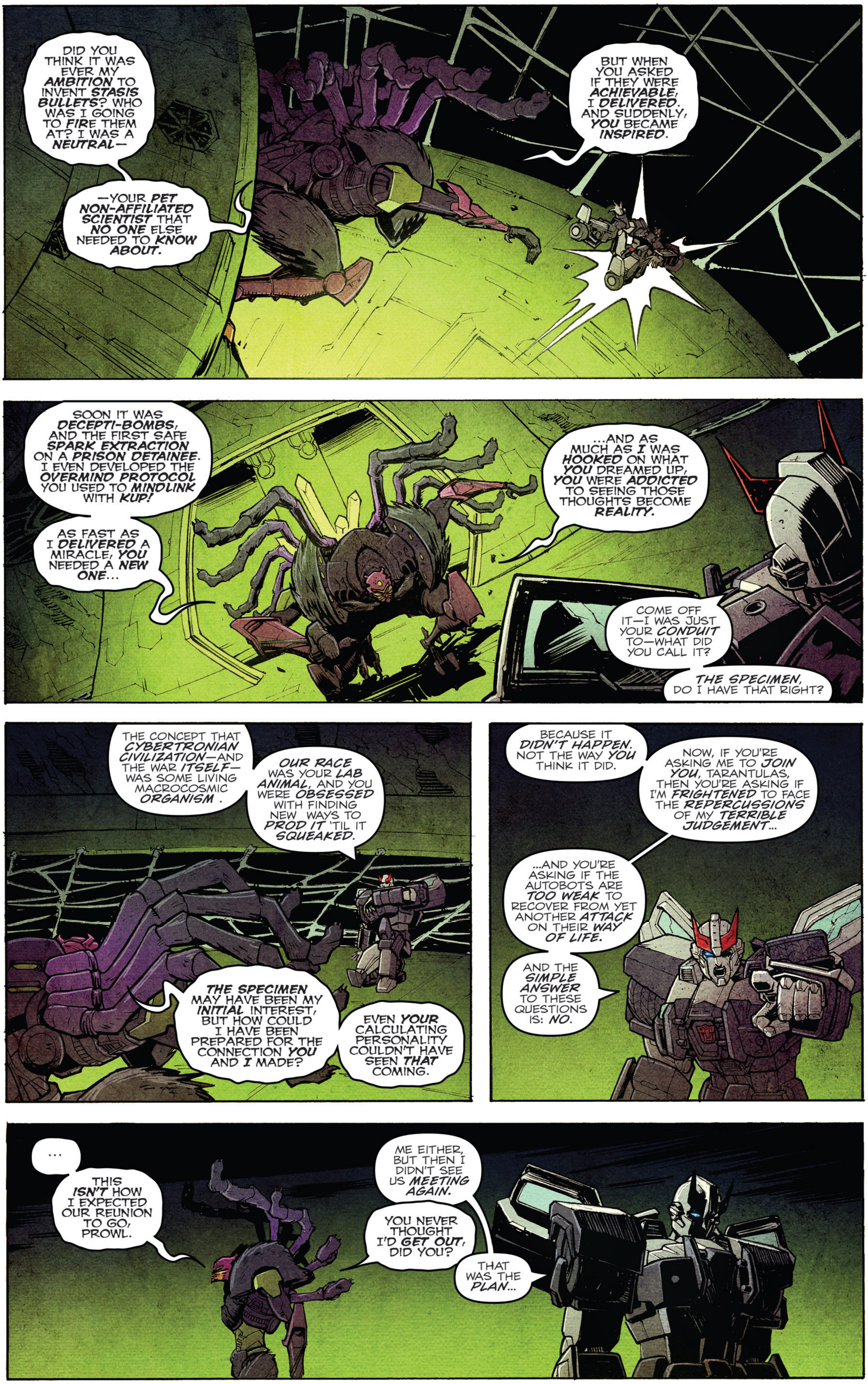

KUP, HELP ME GET GUZZLE BACK TO DEBRIS—NOW.
WE ARE ALL IN SO MUCH DANGER.

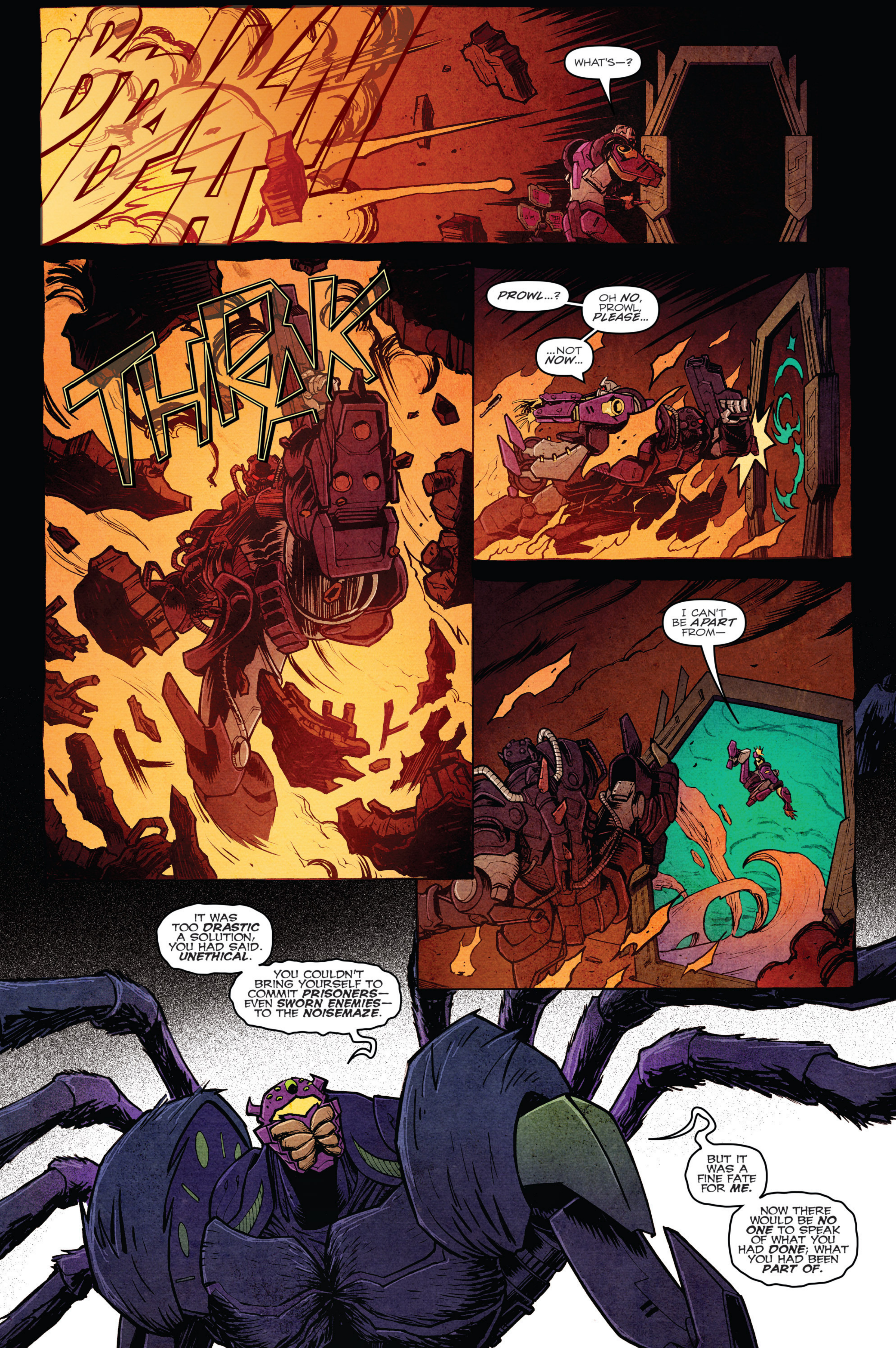

I DON'T LIKE BEING *TOYED* WITH.
THAT'S NOT WHAT'S HAPPENING, PROWL.
THIS DOESN'T FEEL WHOLLY *DIGNIFIED* TO ME.
WHAT *REAL HARM* HAVE YOU *COME TO* SINCE ARRIVING, PROWL?
THAT'S MY *POINT*—THE ONLY *FORCE* USED ON ME WAS BY *YOUR GOONS* GETTING ME HERE.
GOONS, *PERHAPS*, BUT NOT MINE; A SECT OF *DISSIDENTS* CALLED *MAYHEM*, FIXATED ON *TOPPLING* THE LEADER CLASSES OF *BOTH FACTIONS*.
I REQUIRED SOMEONE TO DO MY *HEAVY LIFTING* IN CERTAIN MATTERS, AND THEY REQUIRED A *GENEROUS BENEFACTOR*, WILLING TO SHARE *IDEOLOGIES* AND... OTHER *THINGS*...
THEIR *BIO-DISGUISES*...
LOOK! THE WHOLE PROCESS HAPPENS *HERE*...
TECH-MASKING, *BIO-SIGNAL* TRANSMITTERS, *FUEL-EFFICIENT BODYFRAMES* THAT CAN *MANIPULATE MASS* WITH *UNPARALLELED* EASE, THE LOT.
MIX IN A *CLOAKED SPARK SIGNATURE*, AND YOU HAVE AN ENTITY *UNIDENTIFIABLE* AS CYBERTRONIAN, VISIBLE *ONLY* TO THE *NAKED OPTIC*.
THEY COULD BE ANYWHERE... *ANYTHING*...
EARTH COULD BE *SWARMING* WITH AN ARMY OF *FULL-SIZE CYBERTRONIANS*, COMFORTABLY *COCOONED* IN TINY BLOOD-FILLED BODIES RIGHT *NOW*.
HUMANS... THEY COULD EVEN BE *HUMAN*...
WELL, IT'S ALL A *WORK IN PROGRESS*, PROWL. NEW BREAKTHROUGHS EVERY DAY.
ONWARD!

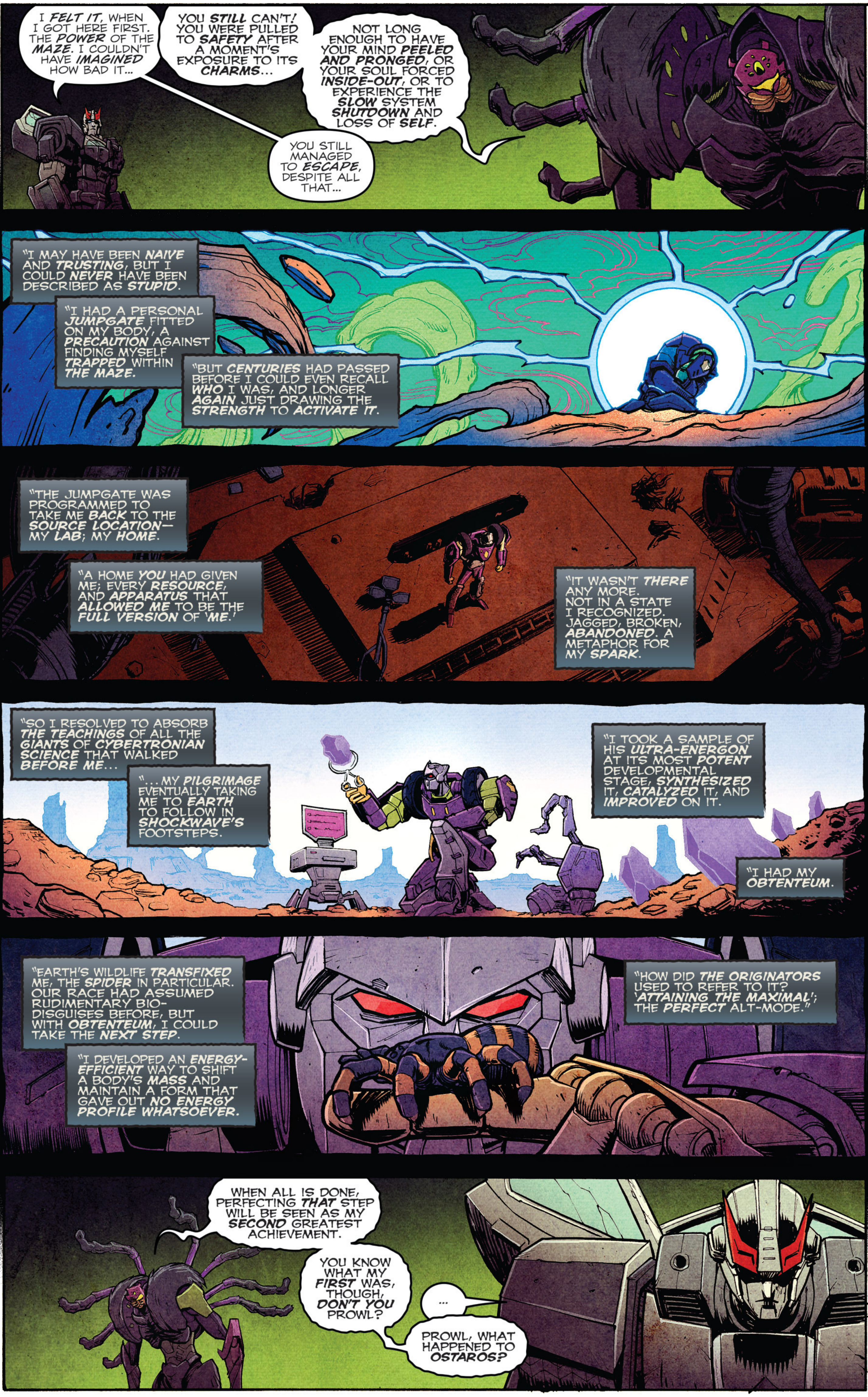

NOW THEN! THIS CENTRIFUGAL UNIT HOUSES THE HARMONIC DISSONANCE GENERATOR, BUT THAT'S OLD NEWS; THAT MERELY KEEPS THE NOISEMAZE AT FULL ROAR.
WHEN I NEEDED TO REMAIN... UNBOTHERED, I BUILT THIS ENTIRE FACILITY—THE TOR—AROUND IT.
BUT HERE'S WHERE I IMAGINE YOUR INTEREST LIES. MY ENERGY SOURCE IN ITS RAW FORM. I CALL IT OBTENTEUM.
IT MAKES ALL THIS POSSIBLE—THE TOR, THE NOISEMAZE, THE CHIMERACONS; EVERYTHING.
THERE'S SO LITTLE OF IT... COMPARATIVELY... IT SHOULDN'T BE POSSIBLE...
I MAKE THE IMPOSSIBLE OBSOLETE. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY YOU SAID THAT.
HERE, INSPECT IT FOR YOURSELF. I TRUST YOU NOT TO TRY ANYTHING, HYAH!
"TRY ANYTHING"? WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT...?
THE DATA LEAKS, THESE JUMPS IN TECHNOLOGY, YOU EVEN BEING HERE AT ALL... THEY'RE ALL WEAPONS POINTING RIGHT AT ME.
I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN TO ASCERTAIN WHAT IT IS YOU'RE AFTER, BUT, FROM WHERE I'M STANDING, THERE'S NOTHING STOPPING YOU FROM JUST HAVING IT.
YOU'VE WON.
"WON"? WON WHAT, PROWL? YOU THINK THIS IS SOLELY REVENGE? A BID FOR POWER?
YOU THINK SO LITTLE OF ME THAT YOU IMAGINE I HAD BECOME POLITICIZED IN SOME WAY? WHERE'S THE INTEREST IN THAT?
NO, PROWL. THIS IS A RARE MISCALCULATION FROM YOU.
THE REASON I'VE TALKED YOU THROUGH EVERYTHING I'VE ACHIEVED, SHOWN OFF ALL MY WARES, TOURED YOU UP AND DOWN THIS ENTIRE COMPLEX, IS BECAUSE IT'S YOURS.
YOU'VE DONE IT, PROWL. YOU'VE WON.

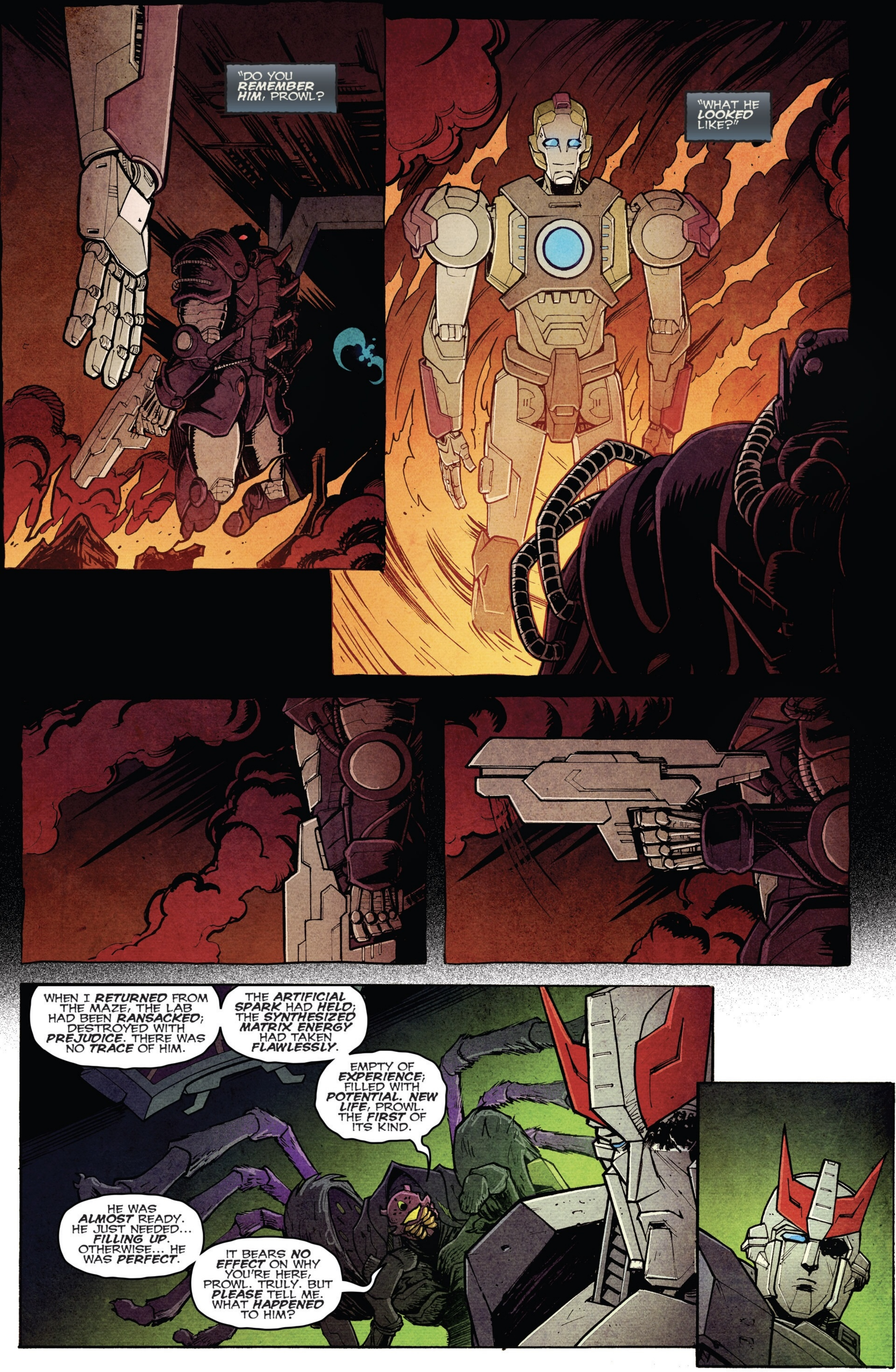

A MISSING AUTOBOT; A STALLED CONVERSION.
TWO MYSTERIES, ONE SOLUTION.
BAM.
MUSTA FOUND HIS WAY TO THE T-COG WHILE TIDAL WAVE WAS AT FULL-EXPANSION. GUMMED IT RIGHT UP.
YOU NEED HELP WITH THE INTERROGATION? WE'LL NEED TO BE QUICK...
NO, PLEASE LEAVE US, LEOBREAKER.
HELLO, STAKEOUT.
CARNIVAC... OF ALL THE 'BOTS...
YUHH... YOU LOOK... HAIRIER.
THIS... WHERE... YOUR TRAVELS... TAKEN YOU...?
A DIFFERENT PATH THAN THE ONE YOU AND I SET OUT ON TOGETHER, BUT I FEEL IT'S THE RIGHT ONE.
YOU KNOW... HE... MISSED YOU... WHEN YOU DEFECTED...
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE ULTRA MAGNUS TO ME, BUT IT'S KIND OF YOU TO SAY. MY TIME IN HIS DIVISION INFORMED MY SENSE OF JUSTICE, IF NOTHING ELSE.
DOES IT... HURT?
NUGHKK... NOT AS MUCH... ANY MORE...
YOU MAY WISH TO KNOW, YOUR FRIENDS ARE STILL ALIVE... IF NOT ENTIRELY SAFE.
GRGGLL... GUH... GOOD...
WHHGGLL... WILL YOU... STAY... WITH ME...?
DON'T THINK... IT'S GOING... TO BE LONG...
OF COURSE, STAKEOUT.

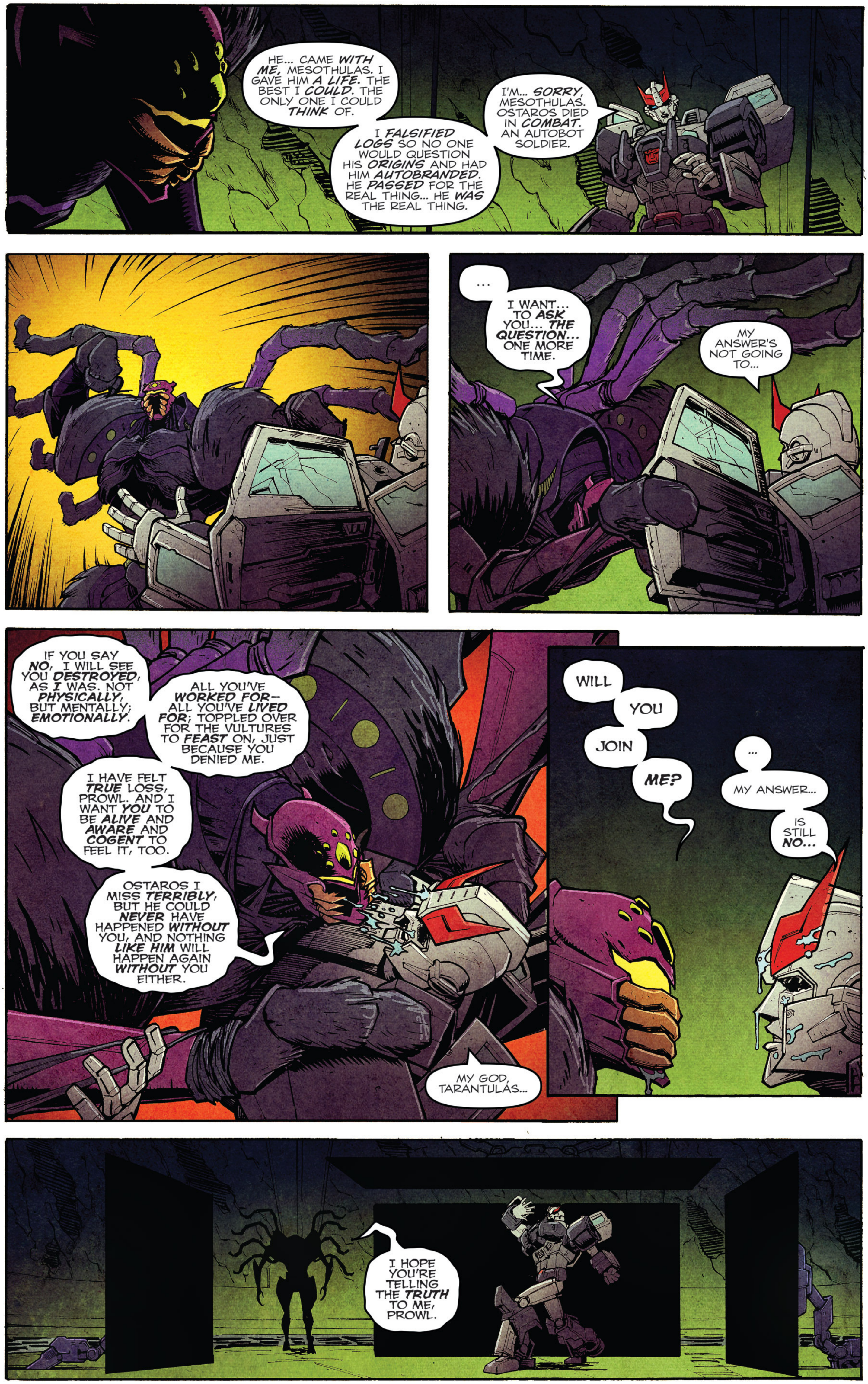

WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING ABOUT*, TARANTULAS?
THE *WEAPONRY*, THE *TROOPS*, THE *TECH*, THE *MOUNTAINS OF EVIDENCE*... YOU HAVE IT ALL.
WHAT *MORE* DO YOU *WANT?!*
I WANT *YOU*.
I WANT *US*.
TARANTULAS...
...HOW CAN YOU *SAY* THAT, AFTER *ALL* THAT *HAPPENED?*
BECAUSE, *PROWL*, WE *NEED* EACH OTHER.
NO...
YES.
YOU'RE *RIGHT*; *REVENGE WOULD* HAVE MADE SUCH A *FASCINATING EXPERIMENT*...
...*LEAK THE DATA* WITHOUT YOUR *KNOWLEDGE*, DONATE *ALL* MY *ASSETS* TO THE *DECEPTICONS*...
...THEN *WATCH* THE *AUTOBOTS* BE OVERRUN BY AN *UNSTOPPABLE FOE* THEY CANNOT EVEN *SEE*, ALL BEFORE TURNING IN ON THEMSELVES.
THEN *WHAT*, TARANTULAS? WHAT THE HELL *STOPS* YOU?
BECAUSE I'D RATHER SEE MY WORK REACH ITS *PINNACLE* UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF *YOUR CUNNING, ARTFUL HAND*.
WHAT YOU BRING TO *MY WORK* IS ITS *PEAK POTENTIAL*, JUST AS YOU KNOW *I* BRING IT TO *YOURS*.
THE *MYTHOLOGIZING* STOPS *NOW*, TARANTULAS. *I'M* NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANYTHING *YOU* DECIDED TO DO...
NO!
I'M NOT HAVING YOU OVERWRITE *THE TRUTH*.
WE WILL *NOT* BE VICTIM TO YOUR *REVISIONISM*.
WE WERE *EACH* THE *MUSE* TO THE *OTHER*.

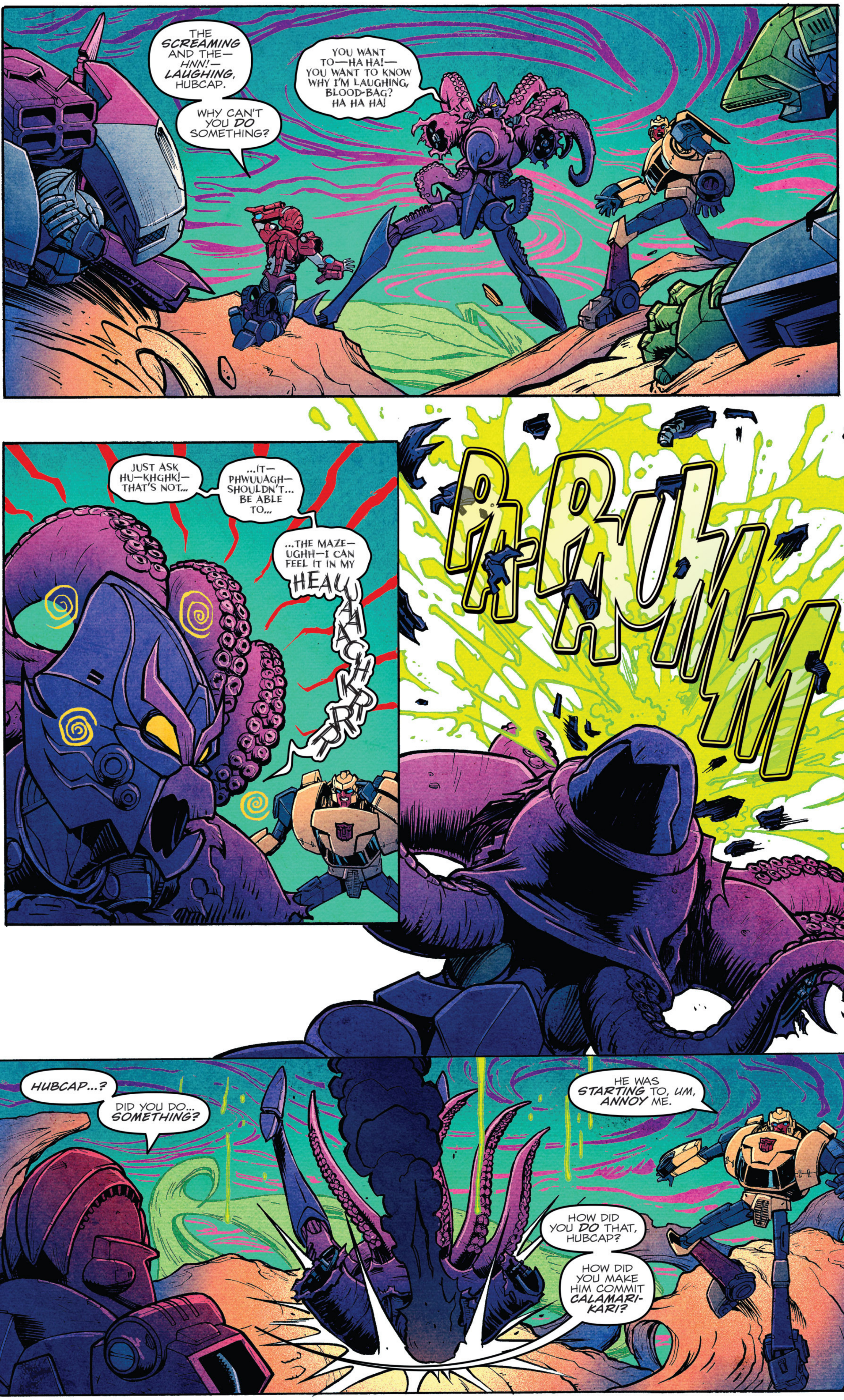

DID YOU THINK IT WAS EVER MY AMBITION TO INVENT STASIS BULLETS? WHO WAS I GOING TO FIRE THEM AT? I WAS A NEUTRAL—
—YOUR PET NON-AFFILIATED SCIENTIST THAT NO ONE ELSE NEEDED TO KNOW ABOUT.
BUT WHEN YOU ASKED IF THEY WERE ACHIEVABLE, I DELIVERED. AND SUDDENLY, YOU BECAME INSPIRED.
SOON IT WAS DECEPTI-BOMBS, AND THE FIRST SAFE SPARK EXTRACTION ON A PRISON DETAINEE. I EVEN DEVELOPED THE OVERMIND PROTOCOL YOU USED TO MINDLINK WITH KUP!
AS FAST AS I DELIVERED A MIRACLE, YOU NEEDED A NEW ONE...
...AND AS MUCH AS I WAS HOOKED ON WHAT YOU DREAMED UP, YOU WERE ADDICTED TO SEEING THOSE THOUGHTS BECOME REALITY.
COME OFF IT—I WAS JUST YOUR CONDUIT TO—WHAT DID YOU CALL IT?
THE SPECIMEN, DO I HAVE THAT RIGHT?
THE CONCEPT THAT CYBERTRONIAN CIVILIZATION—AND THE WAR ITSELF—WAS SOME LIVING MACROCOSMIC ORGANISM.
OUR RACE WAS YOUR LAB ANIMAL, AND YOU WERE OBSESSED WITH FINDING NEW WAYS TO PROD IT 'TIL IT SQUEAKED.
THE SPECIMEN MAY HAVE BEEN MY INITIAL INTEREST, BUT HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN PREPARED FOR THE CONNECTION YOU AND I MADE?
EVEN YOUR CALCULATING PERSONALITY COULDN'T HAVE SEEN THAT COMING.
BECAUSE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN. NOT THE WAY YOU THINK IT DID.
NOW, IF YOU'RE ASKING ME TO JOIN YOU, TARANTULAS, THEN YOU'RE ASKING IF I'M FRIGHTENED TO FACE THE REPERCUSSIONS OF MY TERRIBLE JUDGEMENT...
...AND YOU'RE ASKING IF THE AUTOBOTS ARE TOO WEAK TO RECOVER FROM YET ANOTHER ATTACK ON THEIR WAY OF LIFE.
AND THE SIMPLE ANSWER TO THESE QUESTIONS IS: NO.
...
THIS ISN'T HOW I EXPECTED OUR REUNION TO GO, PROWL.
ME EITHER, BUT THEN I DIDN'T SEE US MEETING AGAIN.
YOU NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET OUT, DID YOU?
THAT WAS THE PLAN...

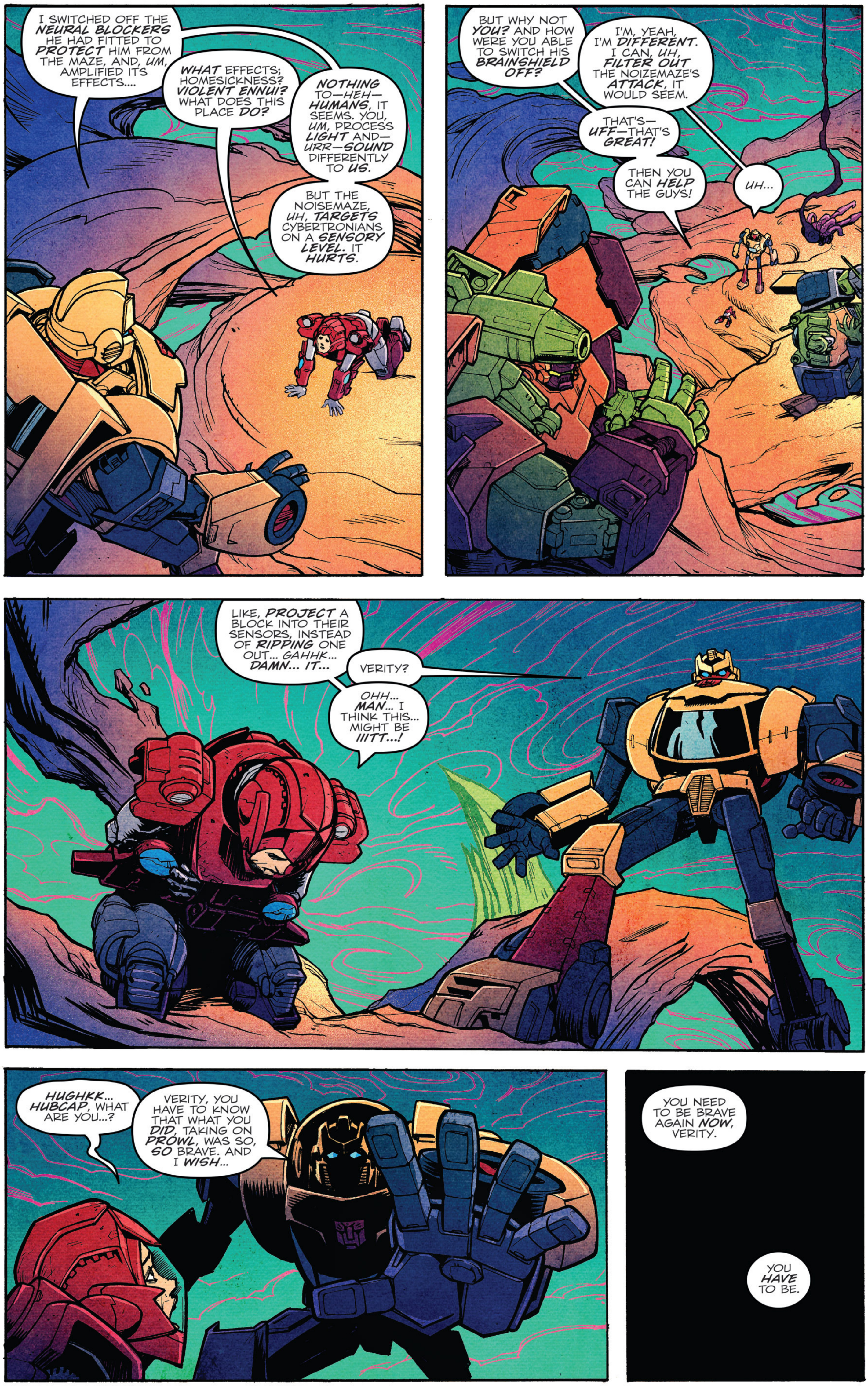

WHAT'S—?
THRAK
PROWL...?
OH NO, PROWL, PLEASE...
...NOT NOW...
I CAN'T BE APART FROM—
IT WAS TOO DRASTIC A SOLUTION, YOU HAD SAID. UNETHICAL.
YOU COULDN'T BRING YOURSELF TO COMMIT PRISONERS— EVEN SWORN ENEMIES— TO THE NOISEMAZE.
BUT IT WAS A FINE FATE FOR ME.
NOW THERE WOULD BE NO ONE TO SPEAK OF WHAT YOU HAD DONE; WHAT YOU HAD BEEN PART OF.

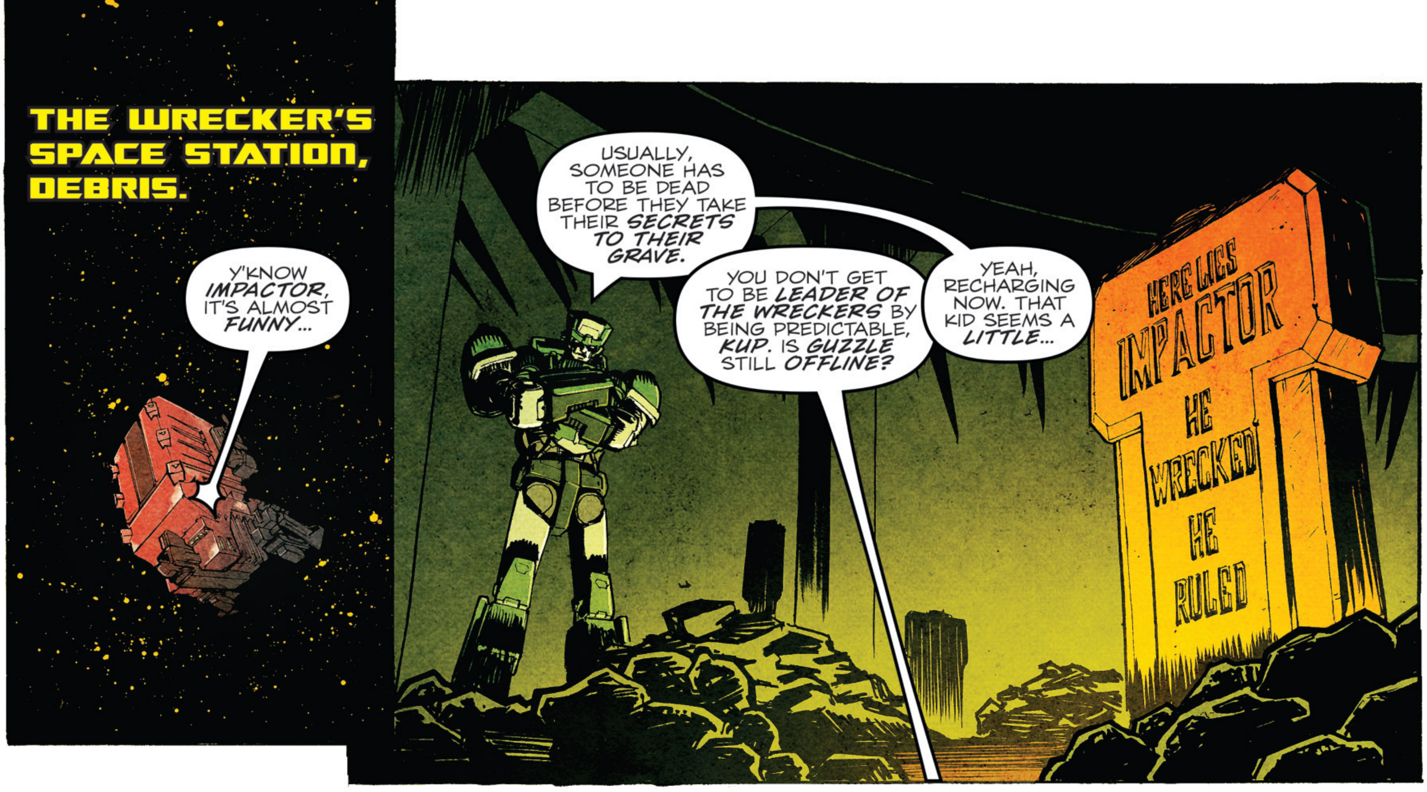

I *FELT IT*, WHEN I GOT HERE FIRST. THE *POWER* OF THE *MAZE*. I COULDN'T HAVE *IMAGINED* HOW BAD IT...
YOU *STILL* CAN'T! YOU WERE PULLED TO *SAFETY* AFTER A MOMENT'S EXPOSURE TO ITS *CHARMS*...
NOT LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE YOUR MIND *PEELED AND PRONGED*, OR YOUR SOUL FORCED *INSIDE-OUT*, OR TO EXPERIENCE THE *SLOW* SYSTEM *SHUTDOWN* AND LOSS OF *SELF*.
YOU STILL MANAGED TO *ESCAPE*, DESPITE ALL THAT...
"I MAY HAVE BEEN *NAIVE* AND *TRUSTING*, BUT I COULD *NEVER* HAVE BEEN DESCRIBED AS *STUPID*.
"I HAD A PERSONAL *JUMPGATE* FITTED ON MY BODY, A *PRECAUTION* AGAINST FINDING MYSELF *TRAPPED* WITHIN *THE MAZE*.
"BUT *CENTURIES* HAD PASSED BEFORE I COULD EVEN RECALL *WHO* I WAS, AND LONGER *AGAIN* JUST DRAWING THE *STRENGTH* TO *ACTIVATE IT*.
"THE JUMPGATE WAS PROGRAMMED TO TAKE ME *BACK* TO THE *SOURCE LOCATION*— MY *LAB*; MY *HOME*.
"A HOME *YOU* HAD GIVEN ME; EVERY *RESOURCE*, AND *APPARATUS* THAT *ALLOWED ME* TO BE THE *FULL VERSION* OF '*ME*.'
"IT WASN'T *THERE* ANY MORE. NOT IN A STATE I RECOGNIZED. JAGGED, BROKEN, *ABANDONED*. A METAPHOR FOR MY *SPARK*.
"SO I RESOLVED TO ABSORB *THE TEACHINGS* OF ALL THE *GIANTS* OF *CYBERTRONIAN SCIENCE* THAT WALKED *BEFORE ME*...
"... MY *PILGRIMAGE* EVENTUALLY TAKING ME TO *EARTH* TO FOLLOW IN *SHOCKWAVE'S* FOOTSTEPS.
"I TOOK A SAMPLE OF HIS *ULTRA-ENERGON* AT ITS MOST *POTENT* DEVELOPMENTAL STAGE, *SYNTHESIZED* IT, *CATALYZED* IT, AND *IMPROVED* ON IT.
"I HAD MY *OBTENTEUM*.
"EARTH'S WILDLIFE *TRANSFIXED* ME, THE *SPIDER* IN PARTICULAR. OUR RACE HAD ASSUMED RUDIMENTARY BIO-DISGUISES BEFORE, BUT WITH *OBTENTEUM*, I COULD TAKE THE *NEXT STEP*.
"I DEVELOPED AN *ENERGY-EFFICIENT* WAY TO SHIFT A BODY'S *MASS* AND MAINTAIN A FORM THAT GAVE OUT *NO ENERGY PROFILE WHATSOEVER*.
"HOW DID *THE ORIGINATORS* USED TO REFER TO IT? '*ATTAINING THE MAXIMAL*'; THE *PERFECT* ALT-MODE."
WHEN ALL IS DONE, PERFECTING *THAT* STEP WILL BE SEEN AS MY *SECOND* GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT.
YOU KNOW WHAT MY *FIRST* WAS, THOUGH, *DON'T YOU* PROWL?
...
PROWL, WHAT HAPPENED TO *OSTAROS?*

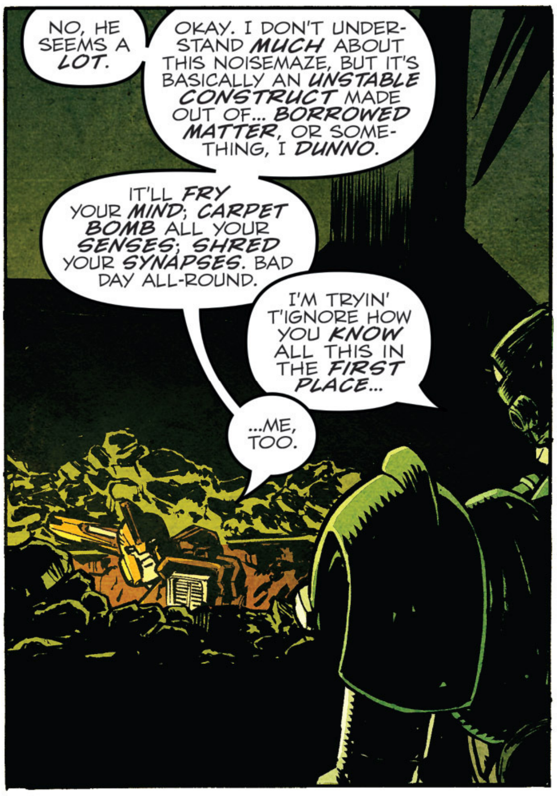

"DO YOU REMEMBER HIM, PROWL?
"WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE?"
WHEN I RETURNED FROM THE MAZE, THE LAB HAD BEEN RANSACKED; DESTROYED WITH PREJUDICE. THERE WAS NO TRACE OF HIM.
THE ARTIFICIAL SPARK HAD HELD; THE SYNTHESIZED MATRIX ENERGY HAD TAKEN FLAWLESSLY.
EMPTY OF EXPERIENCE; FILLED WITH POTENTIAL. NEW LIFE, PROWL. THE FIRST OF ITS KIND.
HE WAS ALMOST READY. HE JUST NEEDED... FILLING UP. OTHERWISE... HE WAS PERFECT.
IT BEARS NO EFFECT ON WHY YOU'RE HERE, PROWL. TRULY. BUT PLEASE TELL ME. WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

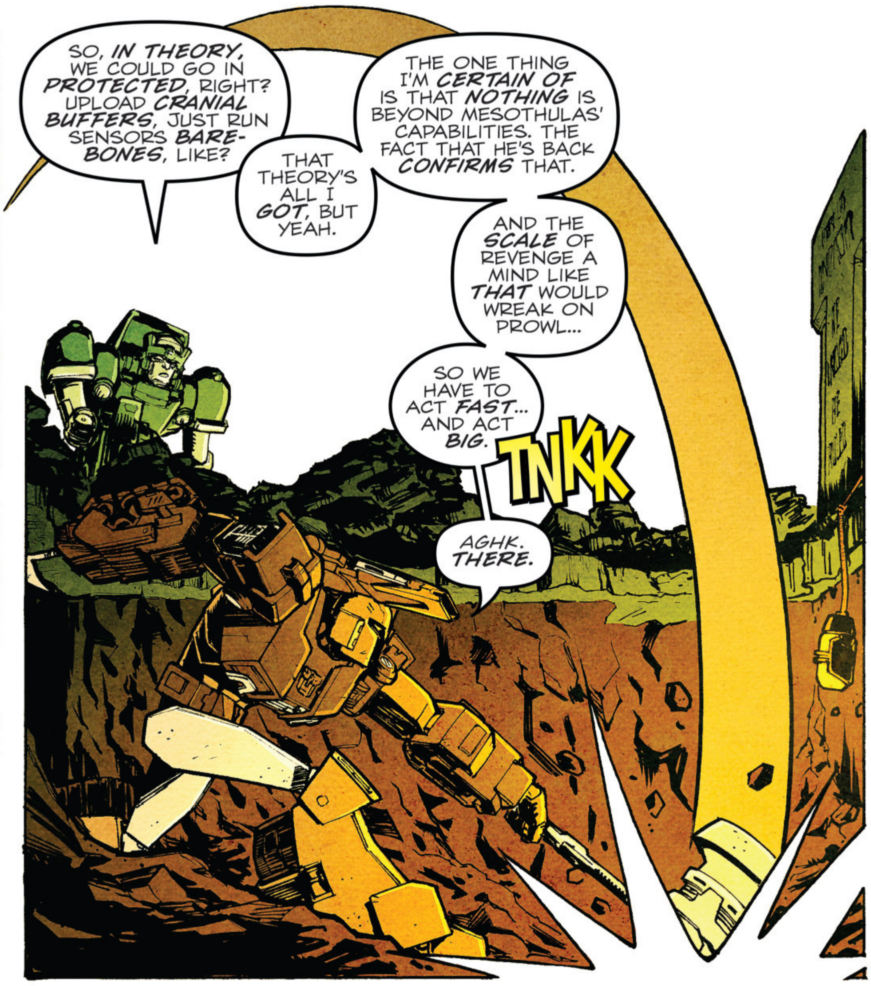

HE... CAME WITH ME, MESOTHULAS. I GAVE HIM A LIFE. THE BEST I COULD. THE ONLY ONE I COULD THINK OF.
I FALSIFIED LOGS SO NO ONE WOULD QUESTION HIS ORIGINS AND HAD HIM AUTOBRANDED. HE PASSED FOR THE REAL THING... HE WAS THE REAL THING.
I'M... SORRY, MESOTHULAS. OSTAROS DIED IN COMBAT. AN AUTOBOT SOLDIER.
...
I WANT... TO ASK YOU... THE QUESTION... ONE MORE TIME.
MY ANSWER'S NOT GOING TO...
IF YOU SAY NO, I WILL SEE YOU DESTROYED, AS I WAS. NOT PHYSICALLY, BUT MENTALLY; EMOTIONALLY.
ALL YOU'VE WORKED FOR— ALL YOU'VE LIVED FOR; TOPPLED OVER FOR THE VULTURES TO FEAST ON, JUST BECAUSE YOU DENIED ME.
I HAVE FELT TRUE LOSS, PROWL. AND I WANT YOU TO BE ALIVE AND AWARE AND COGENT TO FEEL IT, TOO.
OSTAROS I MISS TERRIBLY, BUT HE COULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED WITHOUT YOU, AND NOTHING LIKE HIM WILL HAPPEN AGAIN WITHOUT YOU EITHER.
MY GOD, TARANTULAS...
WILL
YOU
JOIN
ME?
...
MY ANSWER...
IS STILL NO...
I HOPE YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH TO ME, PROWL.

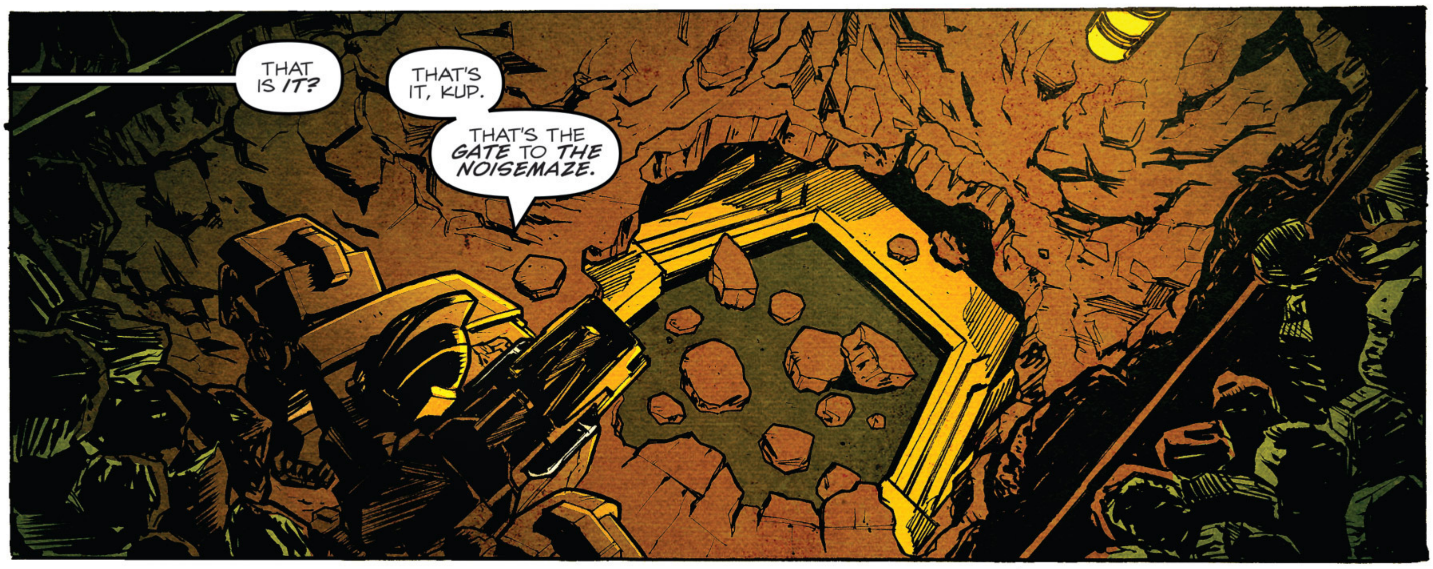

THE *SCREAMING* AND THE— *HNN!*— *LAUGHING,* HUBCAP.
WHY CAN'T YOU *DO* SOMETHING?
YOU WANT TO—HA HA!— YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I'M LAUGHING, BLOOD-BAG? HA HA HA!
JUST ASK HU—KHGHK!— THAT'S NOT...
...IT— PHWUUAGH— SHOULDN'T... BE ABLE TO...
...THE MAZE— UGHH—I CAN FEEL IT IN MY HEAUUAACHKRRR
BABRUMMM
HUBCAP...?
DID YOU DO... *SOMETHING?*
HE WAS *STARTING* TO, UM, *ANNOY* ME.
HOW DID YOU *DO* THAT, HUBCAP?
HOW DID YOU MAKE HIM COMMIT *CALAMARI-KARI?*

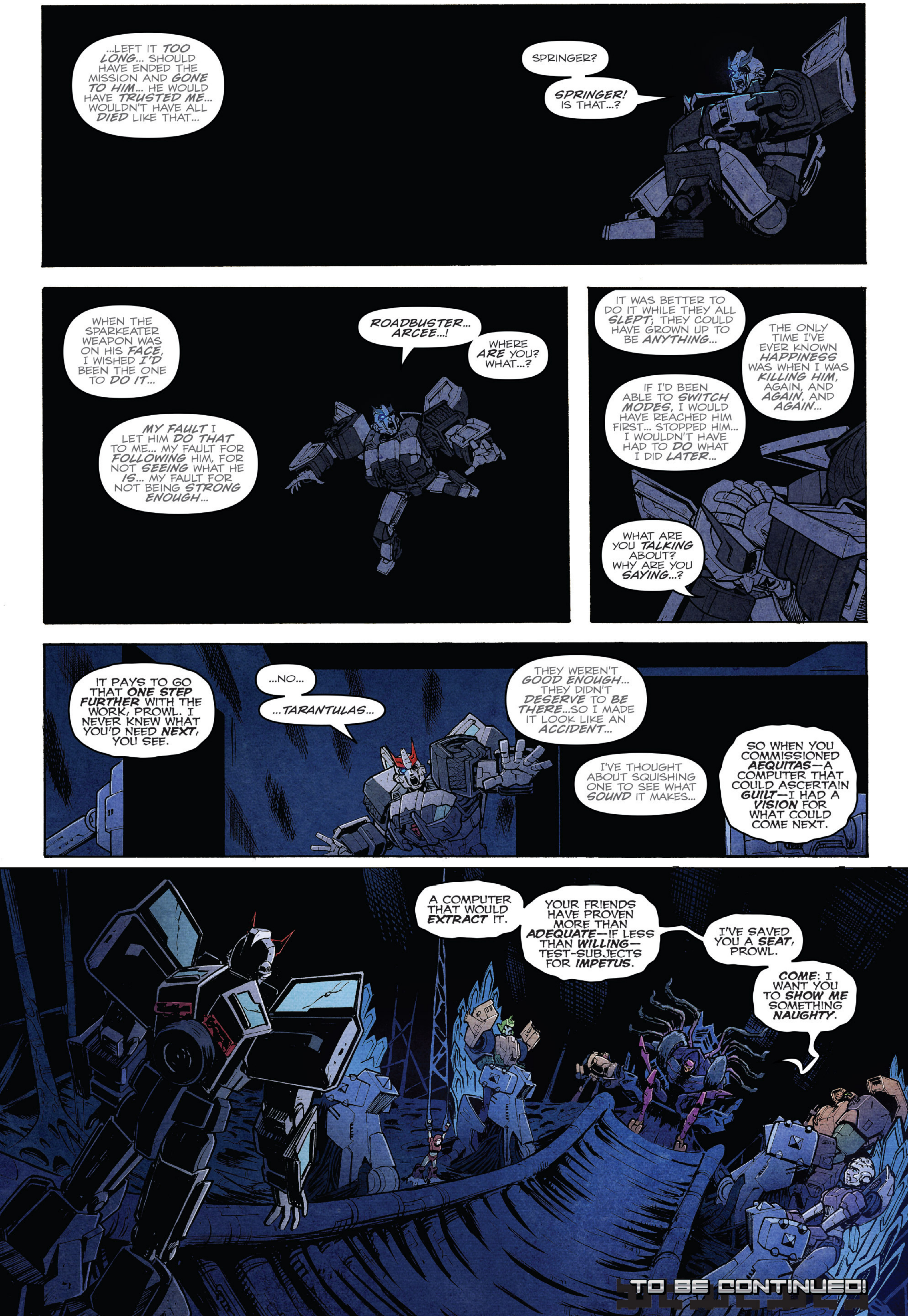

I SWITCHED OFF THE **NEURAL BLOCKERS** HE HAD FITTED TO **PROTECT** HIM FROM THE MAZE, AND, *UM*, AMPLIFIED ITS EFFECTS....
WHAT EFFECTS; HOMESICKNESS? **VIOLENT ENNUI?** WHAT DOES THIS PLACE **DO?**
NOTHING TO—HEH—**HUMANS**, IT SEEMS. YOU, *UM*, PROCESS **LIGHT** AND—*URR*—**SOUND** DIFFERENTLY TO **US**.
BUT THE NOISEMAZE, *UH*, **TARGETS** CYBERTRONIANS ON A **SENSORY LEVEL**. IT **HURTS**.
BUT WHY NOT **YOU?** AND HOW WERE YOU ABLE TO SWITCH HIS **BRAINSHIELD OFF?**
I'M, YEAH, I'M **DIFFERENT**. I CAN, *UH*, **FILTER OUT** THE NOIZEMAZE'S **ATTACK**, IT WOULD SEEM.
THAT'S—**UFF**—THAT'S **GREAT!**
THEN YOU CAN **HELP** THE GUYS!
UH...
LIKE, **PROJECT** A BLOCK INTO THEIR SENSORS, INSTEAD OF **RIPPING** ONE OUT... GAHHK... **DAMN... IT...**
VERITY?
OHH... **MAN...** I THINK THIS... MIGHT BE ***IIITT...!***
HUGHKK... HUBCAP, WHAT ARE YOU...?
VERITY, YOU HAVE TO KNOW THAT WHAT YOU **DID**, TAKING ON **PROWL**, WAS SO, **SO** BRAVE. AND I **WISH**...
YOU NEED TO BE BRAVE AGAIN **NOW**, VERITY.
YOU **HAVE** TO BE.


THE WRECKER'S SPACE STATION, DEBRIS.
Y'KNOW *IMPACTOR*, IT'S ALMOST *FUNNY*...
USUALLY, SOMEONE HAS TO BE DEAD BEFORE THEY TAKE THEIR *SECRETS TO THEIR GRAVE*.
YOU DON'T GET TO BE *LEADER OF THE WRECKERS* BY BEING PREDICTABLE, *KUP*. IS *GUZZLE* STILL *OFFLINE?*
YEAH, RECHARGING NOW. THAT KID SEEMS A *LITTLE*...
HERE LIES IMPACTOR HE WRECKED HE RULED


NO, HE SEEMS A *LOT*.
OKAY. I DON'T UNDERSTAND *MUCH* ABOUT THIS NOISEMAZE, BUT IT'S BASICALLY AN *UNSTABLE CONSTRUCT* MADE OUT OF... *BORROWED MATTER*, OR SOMETHING, I *DUNNO*.
IT'LL *FRY* YOUR *MIND*; *CARPET BOMB* ALL YOUR *SENSES*; *SHRED* YOUR *SYNAPSES*. BAD DAY ALL-ROUND.
I'M TRYIN' T'IGNORE HOW YOU *KNOW* ALL THIS IN THE *FIRST PLACE*...
...ME, TOO.


SO, *IN THEORY*, WE COULD GO IN *PROTECTED*, RIGHT? UPLOAD *CRANIAL BUFFERS*, JUST RUN SENSORS *BARE-BONES*, LIKE?
THAT THEORY'S ALL I *GOT*, BUT YEAH.
THE ONE THING I'M *CERTAIN OF* IS THAT *NOTHING* IS BEYOND MESOTHULAS' CAPABILITIES. THE FACT THAT HE'S BACK *CONFIRMS* THAT.
AND THE *SCALE* OF REVENGE A MIND LIKE *THAT* WOULD WREAK ON PROWL...
SO WE HAVE TO ACT *FAST*... AND ACT *BIG*.
TNKK
AGHK. *THERE*.


THAT IS *IT?*
THAT'S IT, KUP.
THAT'S THE *GATE* TO *THE NOISEMAZE*.


...LEFT IT TOO LONG... SHOULD HAVE ENDED THE MISSION AND GONE TO HIM... HE WOULD HAVE TRUSTED ME... WOULDN'T HAVE ALL DIED LIKE THAT...
SPRINGER?
SPRINGER! IS THAT...?
WHEN THE SPARKEATER WEAPON WAS ON HIS FACE, I WISHED I'D BEEN THE ONE TO DO IT...
MY FAULT I LET HIM DO THAT TO ME... MY FAULT FOR FOLLOWING HIM, FOR NOT SEEING WHAT HE IS... MY FAULT FOR NOT BEING STRONG ENOUGH...
ROADBUSTER... ARCEE...!
WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT...?
IT WAS BETTER TO DO IT WHILE THEY ALL SLEPT; THEY COULD HAVE GROWN UP TO BE ANYTHING...
THE ONLY TIME I'VE EVER KNOWN HAPPINESS WAS WHEN I WAS KILLING HIM, AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN...
IF I'D BEEN ABLE TO SWITCH MODES, I WOULD HAVE REACHED HIM FIRST... STOPPED HIM... I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO DO WHAT I DID LATER...
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHY ARE YOU SAYING...?
IT PAYS TO GO THAT ONE STEP FURTHER WITH THE WORK, PROWL. I NEVER KNEW WHAT YOU'D NEED NEXT, YOU SEE.
...NO...
...TARANTULAS...
THEY WEREN'T GOOD ENOUGH... THEY DIDN'T DESERVE TO BE THERE...SO I MADE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT...
I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT SQUISHING ONE TO SEE WHAT SOUND IT MAKES...
SO WHEN YOU COMMISSIONED AEQUITAS—A COMPUTER THAT COULD ASCERTAIN GUILT—I HAD A VISION FOR WHAT COULD COME NEXT.
A COMPUTER THAT WOULD EXTRACT IT.
YOUR FRIENDS HAVE PROVEN MORE THAN ADEQUATE—IF LESS THAN WILLING—TEST-SUBJECTS FOR IMPETUS.
I'VE SAVED YOU A SEAT, PROWL.
COME: I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME SOMETHING NAUGHTY.
TO BE CONTINUED!

ROCHE • BURCHAM • LAFUENTE

TRANSFORMERS

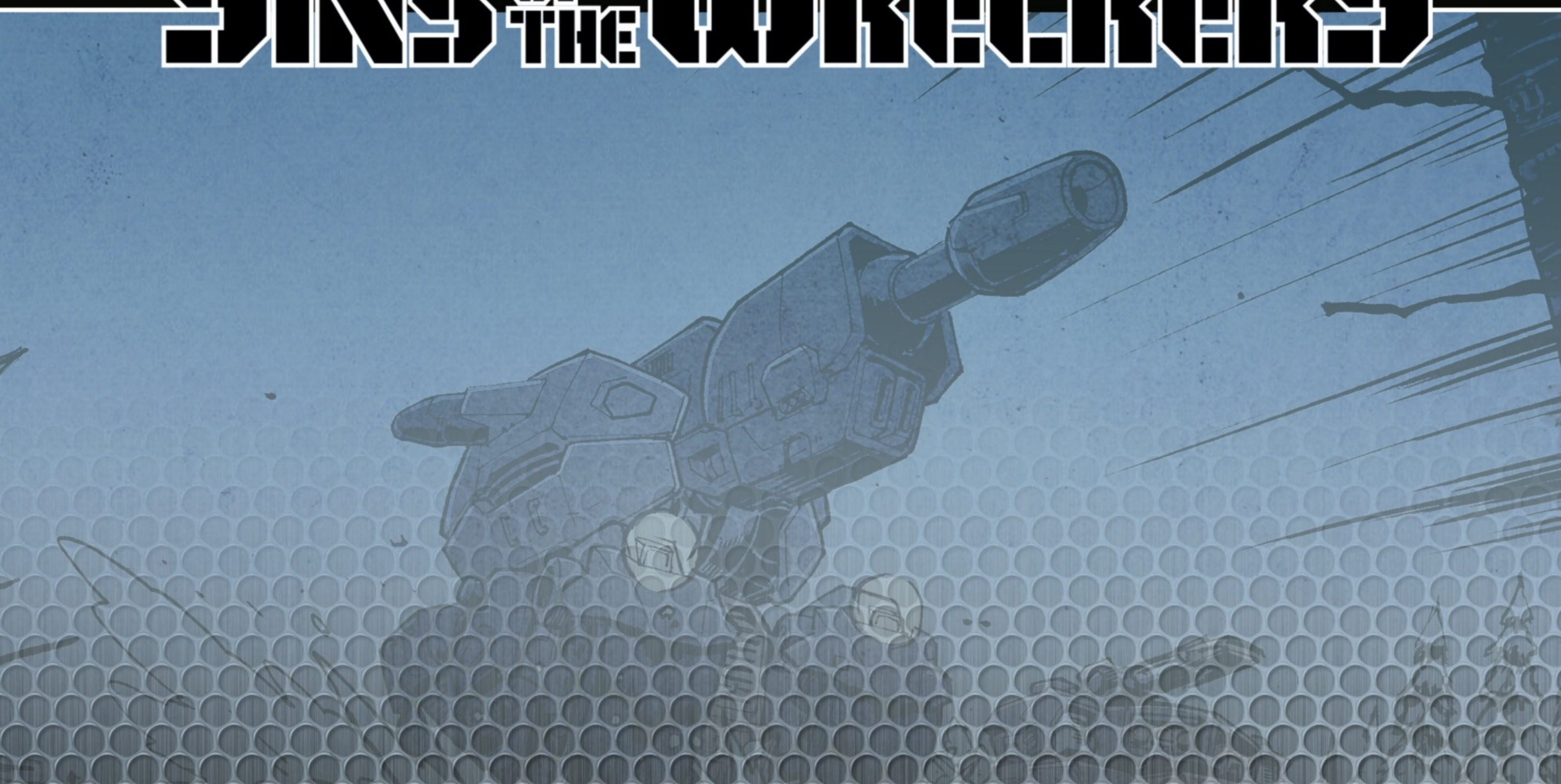
SINS OF THE WRECKERS

IDW

ISSUE

4

TRANSFORMERS
SINS OF THE WRECKERS



Written and Drawn by: **NICK ROCHE**

Colors by:

JOSH BURCHAM with **JOANA LAFUENTE**

Letters by: **TOM B. LONG**

Editor: **JOHN BARBER**

Publisher: **TED ADAMS**

STORY SO FAR:

While Kup and Impactor travel to the Wreckers' space station, Debris—and uncover the gate to Tarantulus' terrifying Noisemaze—the rest of the Wreckers have found the missing Autobot strategist Prowl... sort of. Prowl's a prisoner of his ex-ally Tarantulus... and—with the help of his henchman, Hubcap—Tarantulus captures Arcee, Roadbuster, Springer, and the human Verity Carlo (who's been blackmailing Prowl with data from the Aequitas trials), bringing together most of the players...

Special thanks to Hasbro's Beth Artale, Clint Chapman, Heather Hopkins, Jerry Jivoin, Joshua Lamb, Ed Lane, Mark Weber, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

For international rights, please contact **licensing@idwpublishing.com**

Licensed By:

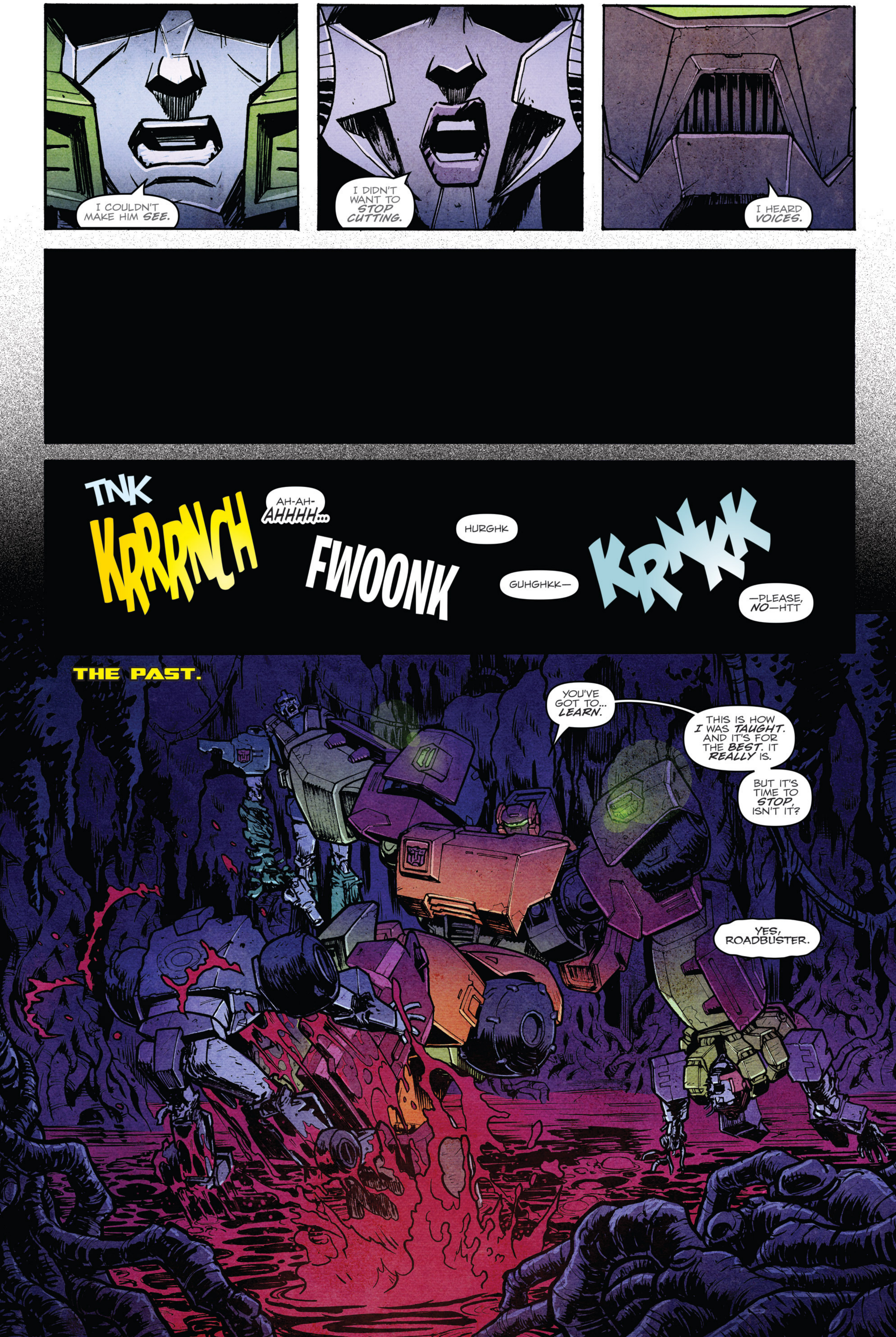
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

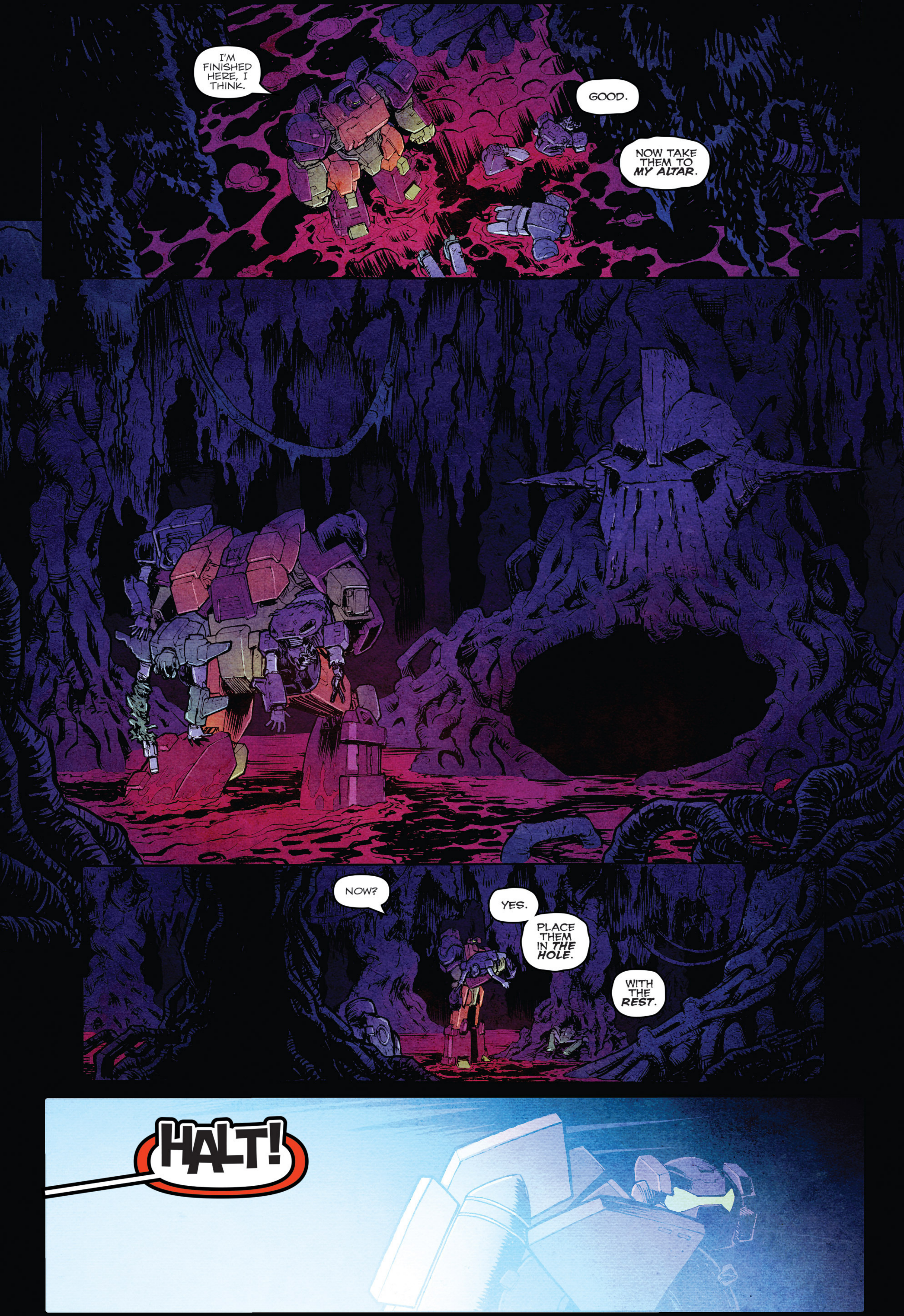
Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Dirk Wood, VP of Marketing
Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services
Jeff Webber, VP of Licensing, Digital and Subsidiary Rights
Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development

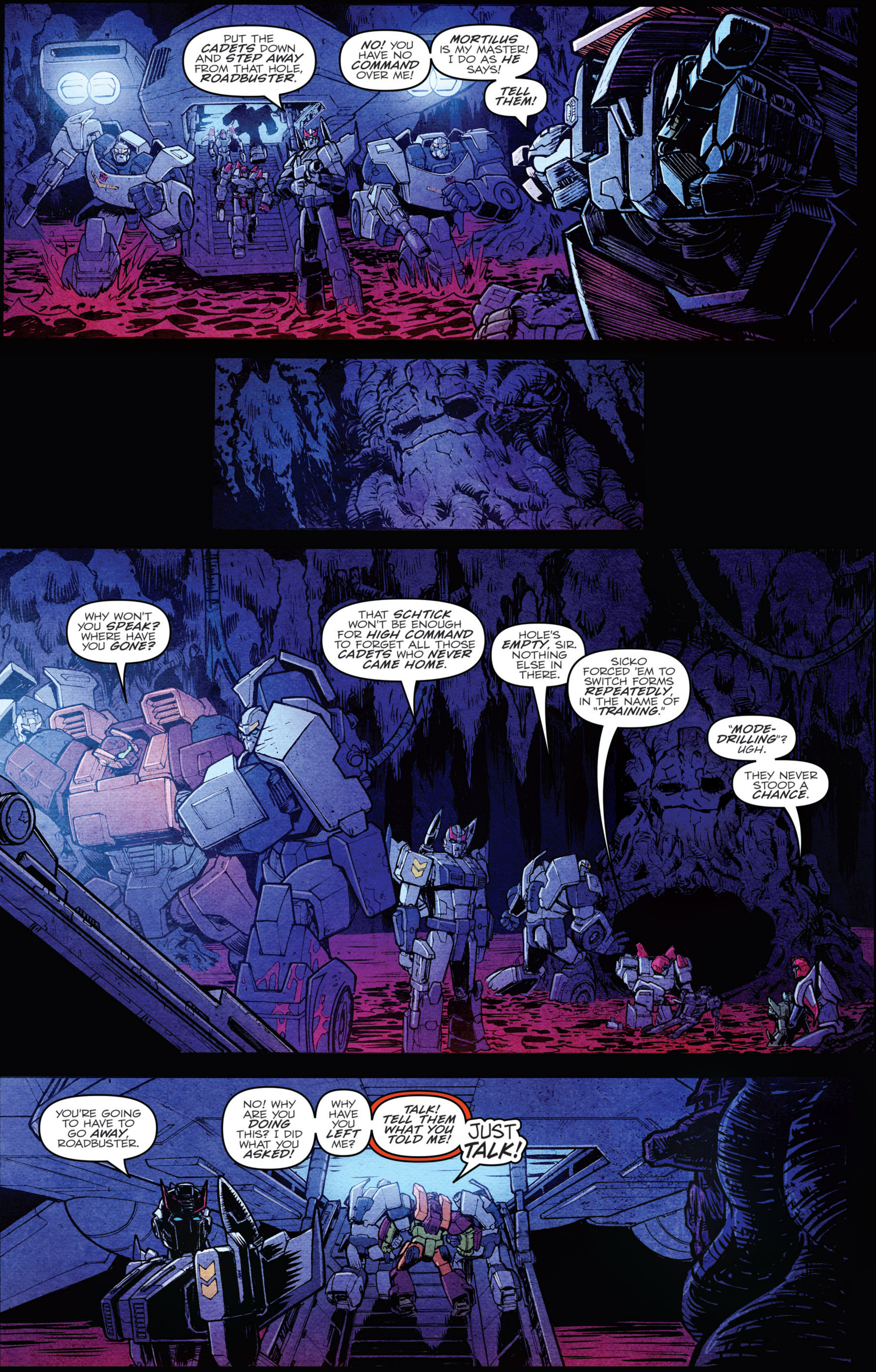
Facebook: **facebook.com/idwpublishing**
Twitter: **@idwpublishing**
YouTube: **youtube.com/idwpublishing**
Tumblr: **tumblr.idwpublishing.com**
Instagram: **instagram.com/idwpublishing**

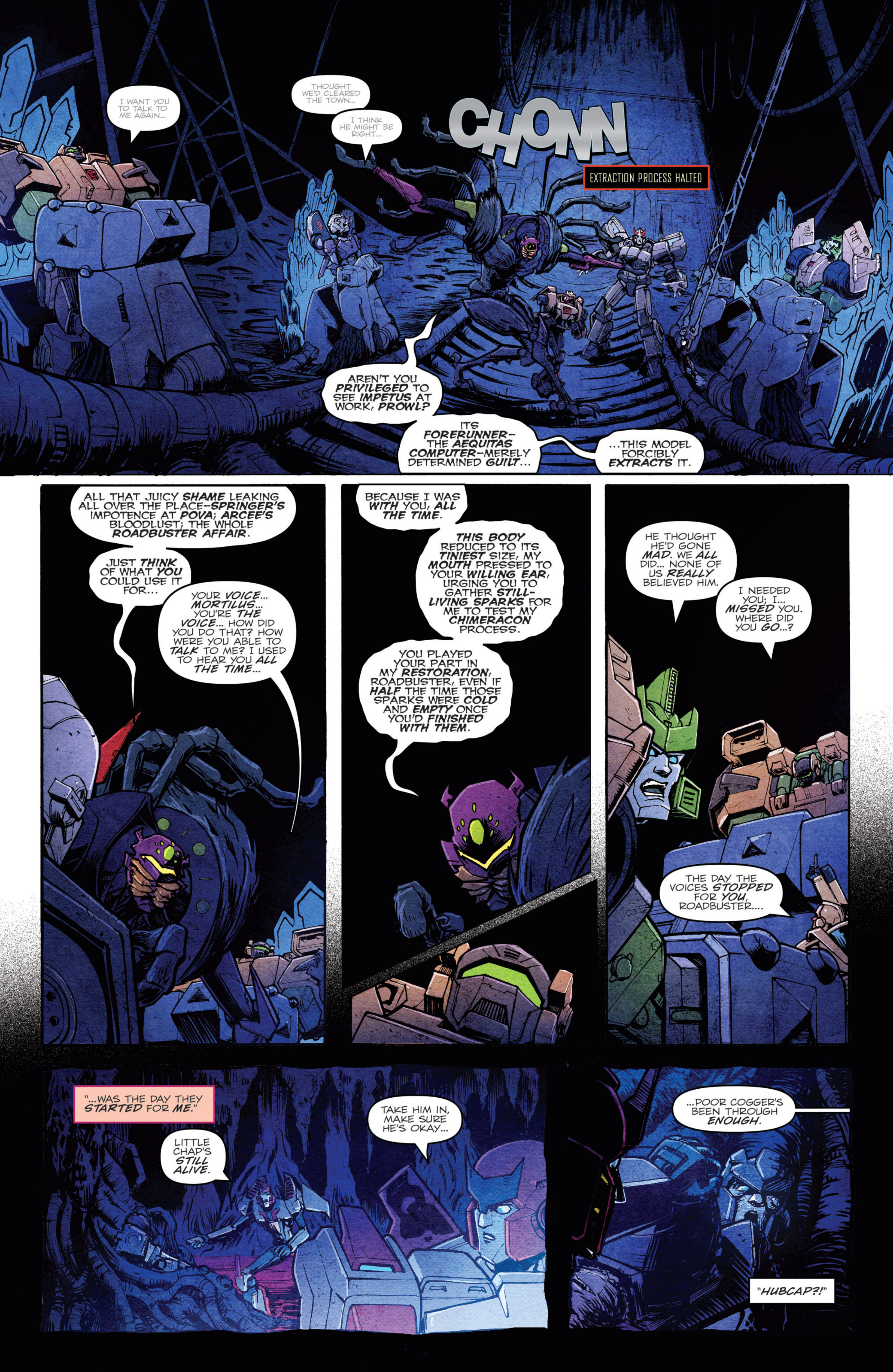
THE TRANSFORMERS: SINS OF THE WRECKERS #4. APRIL 2016. FIRST PRINTING. HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2016 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in USA.

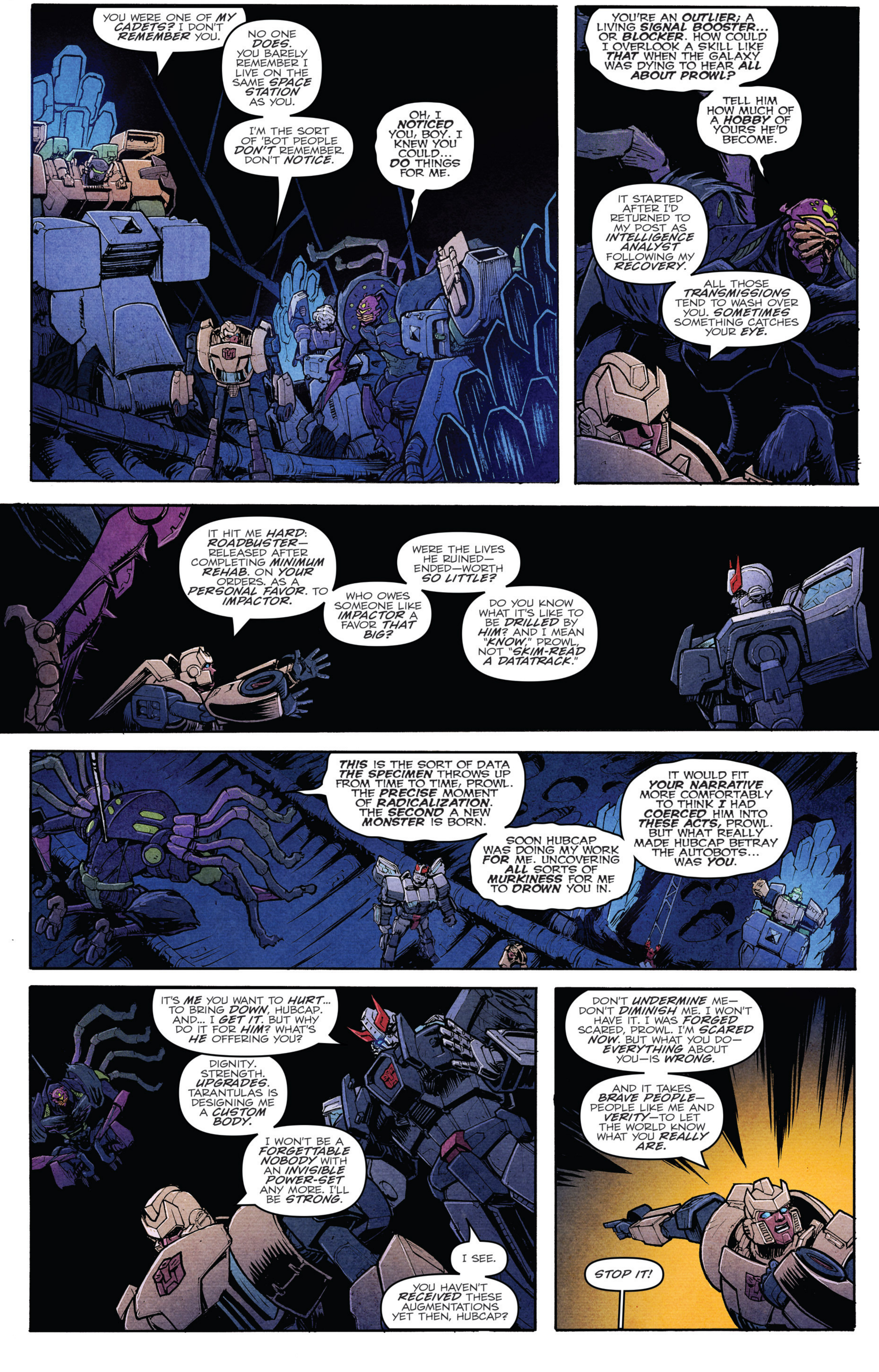
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

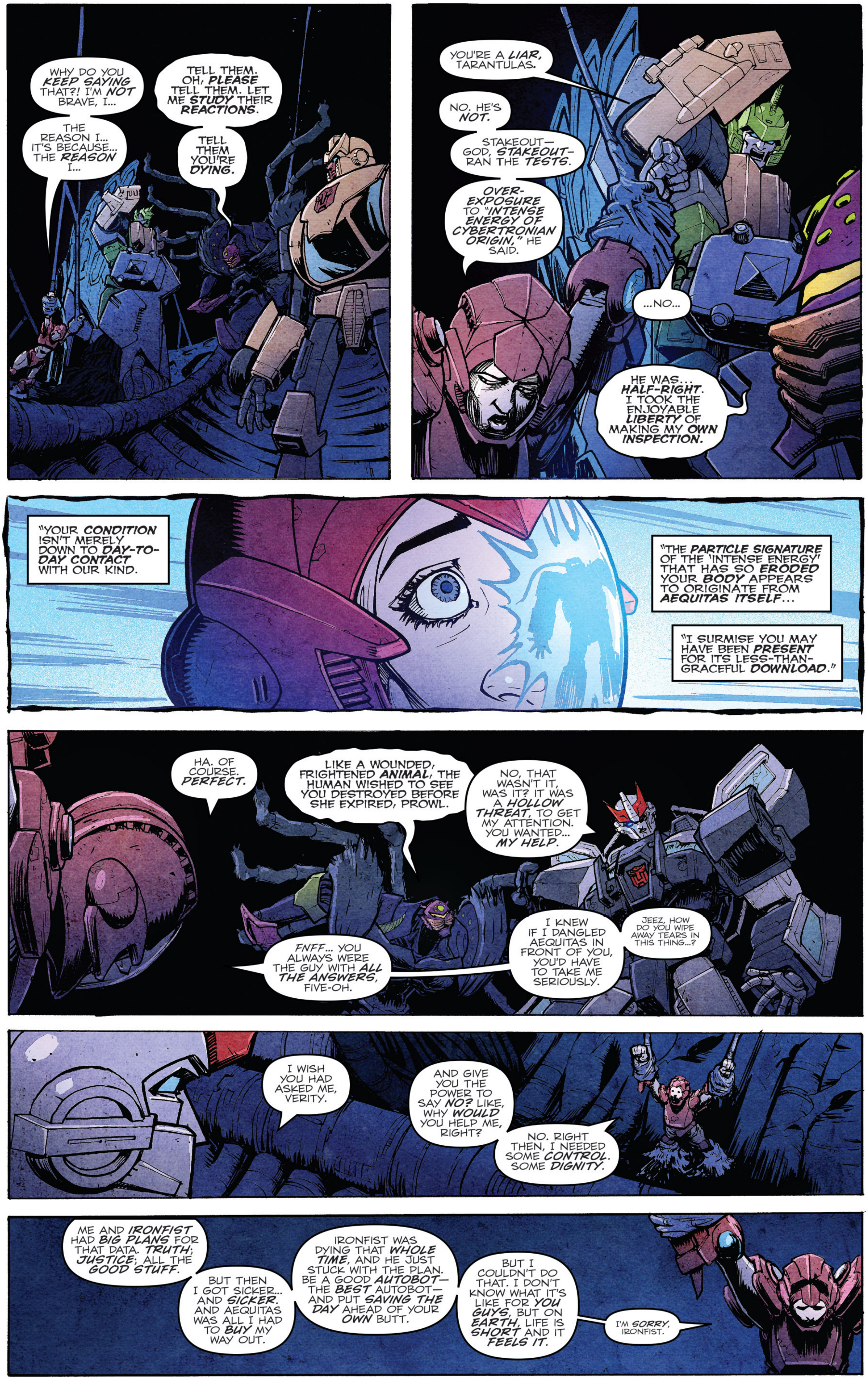

I COULDN'T MAKE HIM *SEE*.
I DIDN'T WANT TO *STOP CUTTING*.
I HEARD *VOICES*.
TNK
KRRRNCH
AH-AH-*AHHHH...*
FWOONK
HURGHK
GUHGHKK—
KRNKK
—PLEASE, *NO*—HTT
THE PAST.
YOU'VE GOT TO... *LEARN*.
THIS IS HOW *I* WAS *TAUGHT*. AND IT'S FOR THE *BEST*. IT *REALLY* IS.
BUT IT'S TIME TO *STOP*, ISN'T IT?
YES, ROADBUSTER.

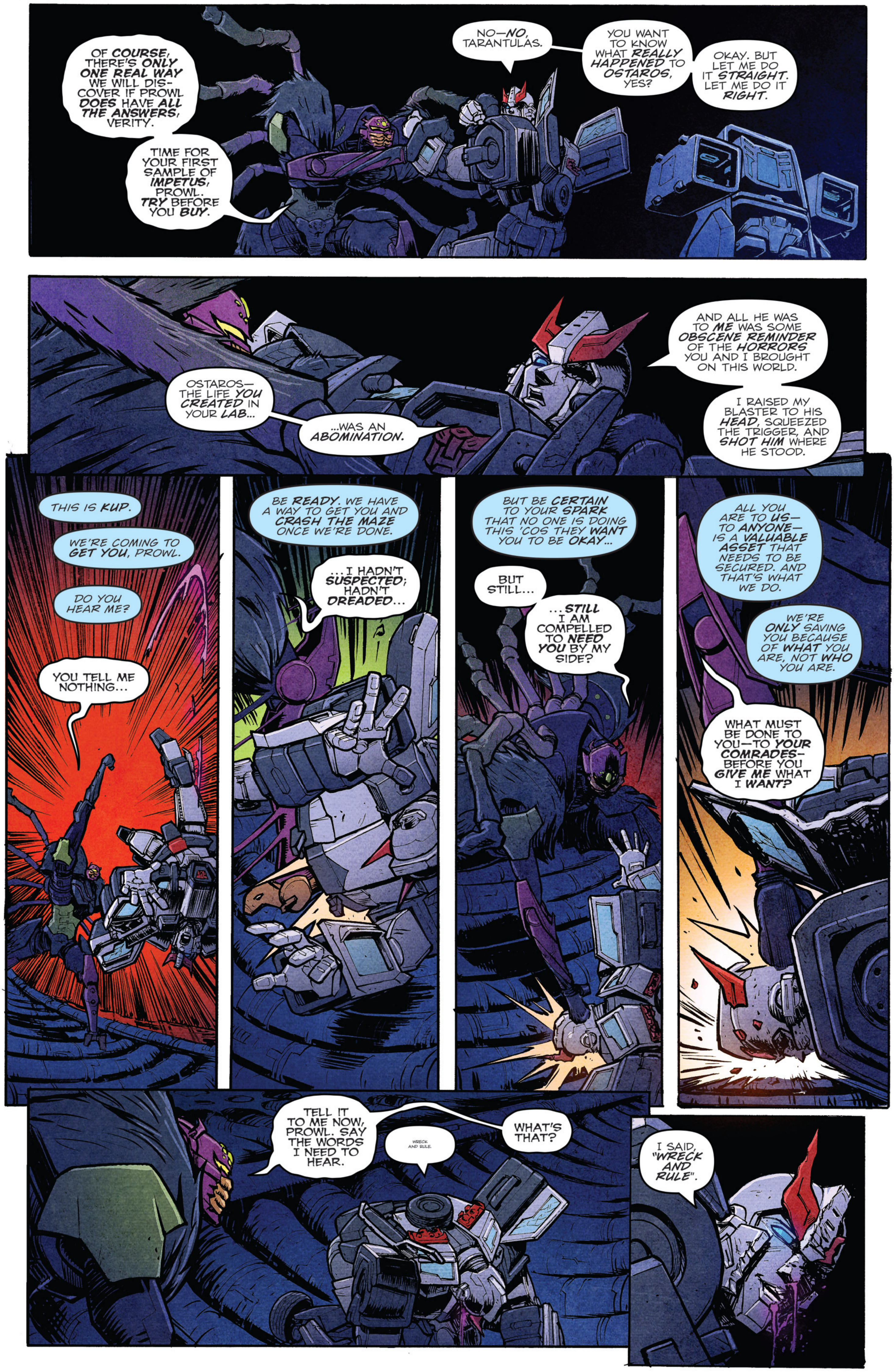

I'M FINISHED HERE, I THINK.
GOOD.
NOW TAKE THEM TO ***MY ALTAR***.
NOW?
YES.
PLACE THEM IN ***THE HOLE***.
WITH THE ***REST***.
HALT!

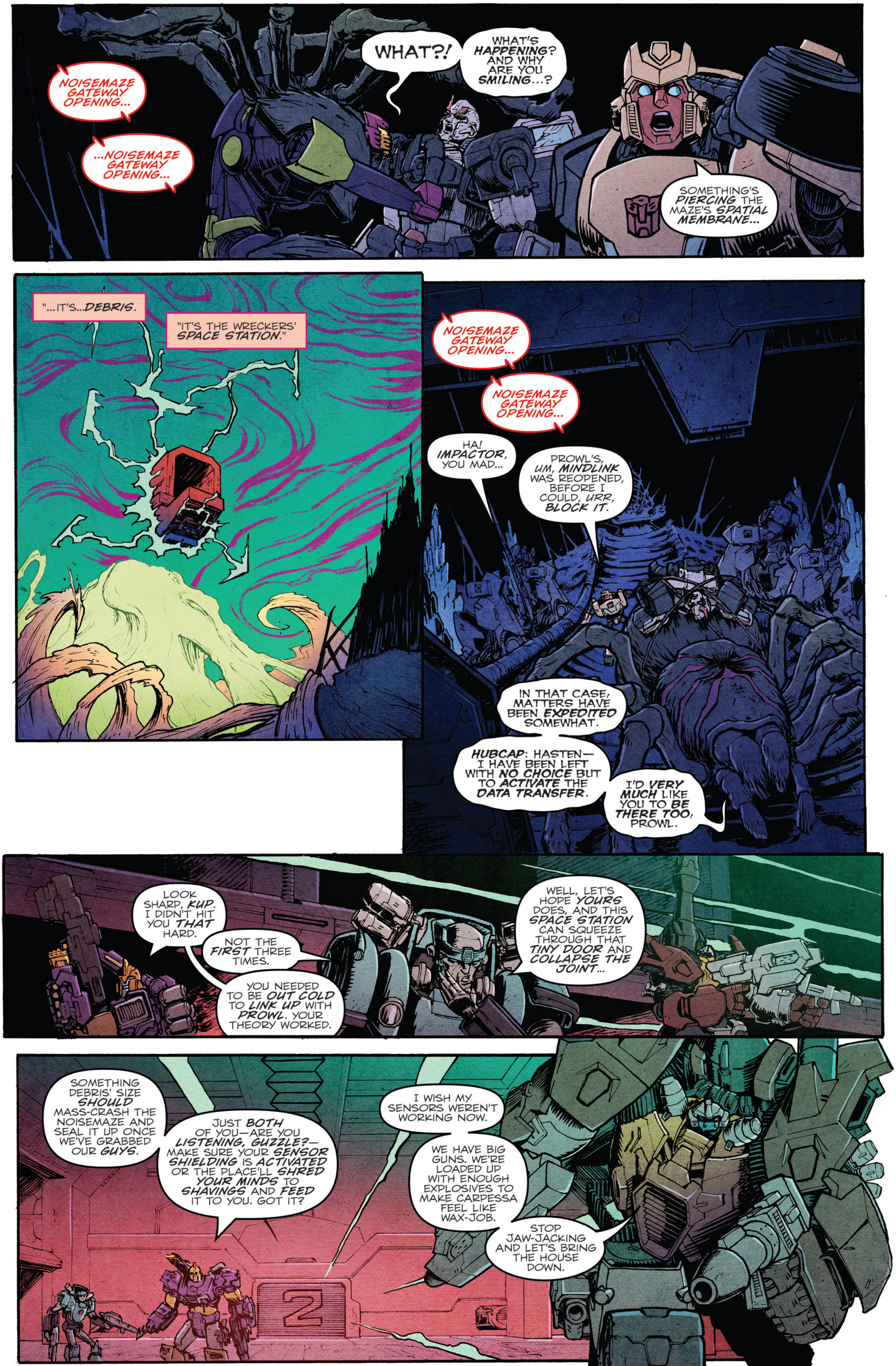

PUT THE *CADETS* DOWN AND *STEP AWAY* FROM THAT HOLE, *ROADBUSTER*.
NO! YOU HAVE NO *COMMAND* OVER ME!
MORTILUS IS MY MASTER! I DO AS *HE* SAYS!
TELL THEM!
WHY WON'T YOU *SPEAK?* WHERE HAVE YOU *GONE?*
THAT *SCHTICK* WON'T BE ENOUGH FOR *HIGH COMMAND* TO FORGET ALL THOSE *CADETS* WHO *NEVER CAME HOME*.
HOLE'S *EMPTY*, SIR. NOTHING ELSE IN THERE.
SICKO FORCED 'EM TO SWITCH FORMS *REPEATEDLY*, IN THE NAME OF "*TRAINING*."
"*MODE-DRILLING*"? UGH.
THEY NEVER STOOD A *CHANCE*.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GO *AWAY*, ROADBUSTER.
NO! WHY ARE YOU *DOING* THIS? I DID WHAT YOU *ASKED!*
WHY HAVE YOU *LEFT* ME?
TALK! TELL THEM WHAT YOU TOLD ME!
JUST *TALK!*

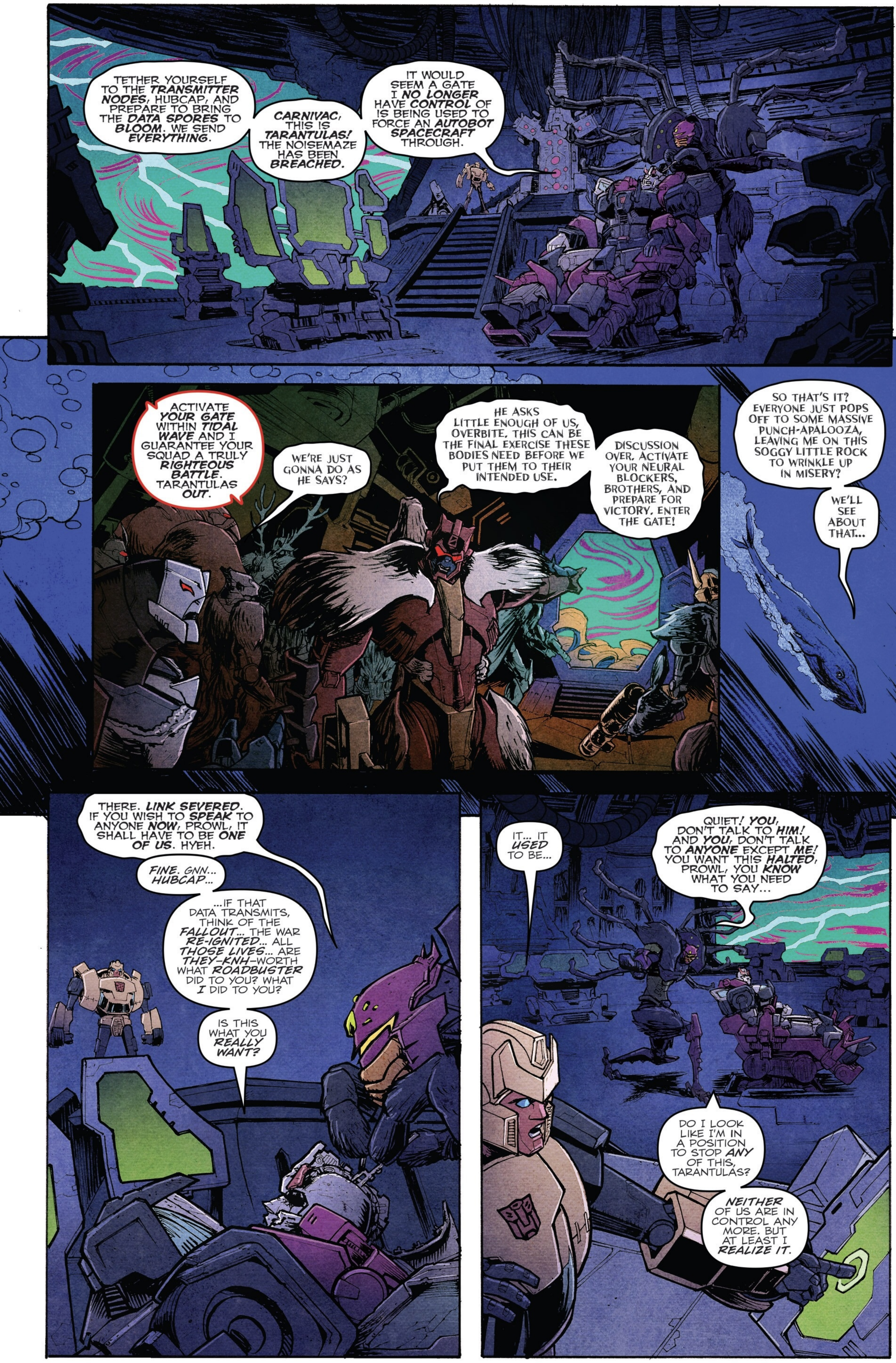

I WANT YOU TO TALK TO ME AGAIN...
THOUGHT WE'D CLEARED THE TOWN...
I THINK HE MIGHT BE RIGHT...
CHONN
EXTRACTION PROCESS HALTED
AREN'T YOU PRIVILEGED TO SEE IMPETUS AT WORK, PROWL?
ITS FORERUNNER—THE AEQUITAS COMPUTER—MERELY DETERMINED GUILT...
...THIS MODEL FORCIBLY EXTRACTS IT.
ALL THAT JUICY SHAME LEAKING ALL OVER THE PLACE—SPRINGER'S IMPOTENCE AT POVA; ARCEE'S BLOODLUST; THE WHOLE ROADBUSTER AFFAIR.
JUST THINK OF WHAT YOU COULD USE IT FOR...
YOUR VOICE... MORTILUS... YOU'RE THE VOICE... HOW DID YOU DO THAT? HOW WERE YOU ABLE TO TALK TO ME? I USED TO HEAR YOU ALL THE TIME...
BECAUSE I WAS WITH YOU, ALL THE TIME.
THIS BODY REDUCED TO ITS TINIEST SIZE, MY MOUTH PRESSED TO YOUR WILLING EAR, URGING YOU TO GATHER STILL-LIVING SPARKS FOR ME TO TEST MY CHIMERACON PROCESS.
YOU PLAYED YOUR PART IN MY RESTORATION, ROADBUSTER, EVEN IF HALF THE TIME THOSE SPARKS WERE COLD AND EMPTY ONCE YOU'D FINISHED WITH THEM.
HE THOUGHT HE'D GONE MAD. WE ALL DID... NONE OF US REALLY BELIEVED HIM.
I NEEDED YOU; I... MISSED YOU. WHERE DID YOU GO...?
THE DAY THE VOICES STOPPED FOR YOU, ROADBUSTER....
"...WAS THE DAY THEY STARTED FOR ME."
LITTLE CHAP'S STILL ALIVE.
TAKE HIM IN, MAKE SURE HE'S OKAY...
...POOR COGGER'S BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH.
"HUBCAP?!"

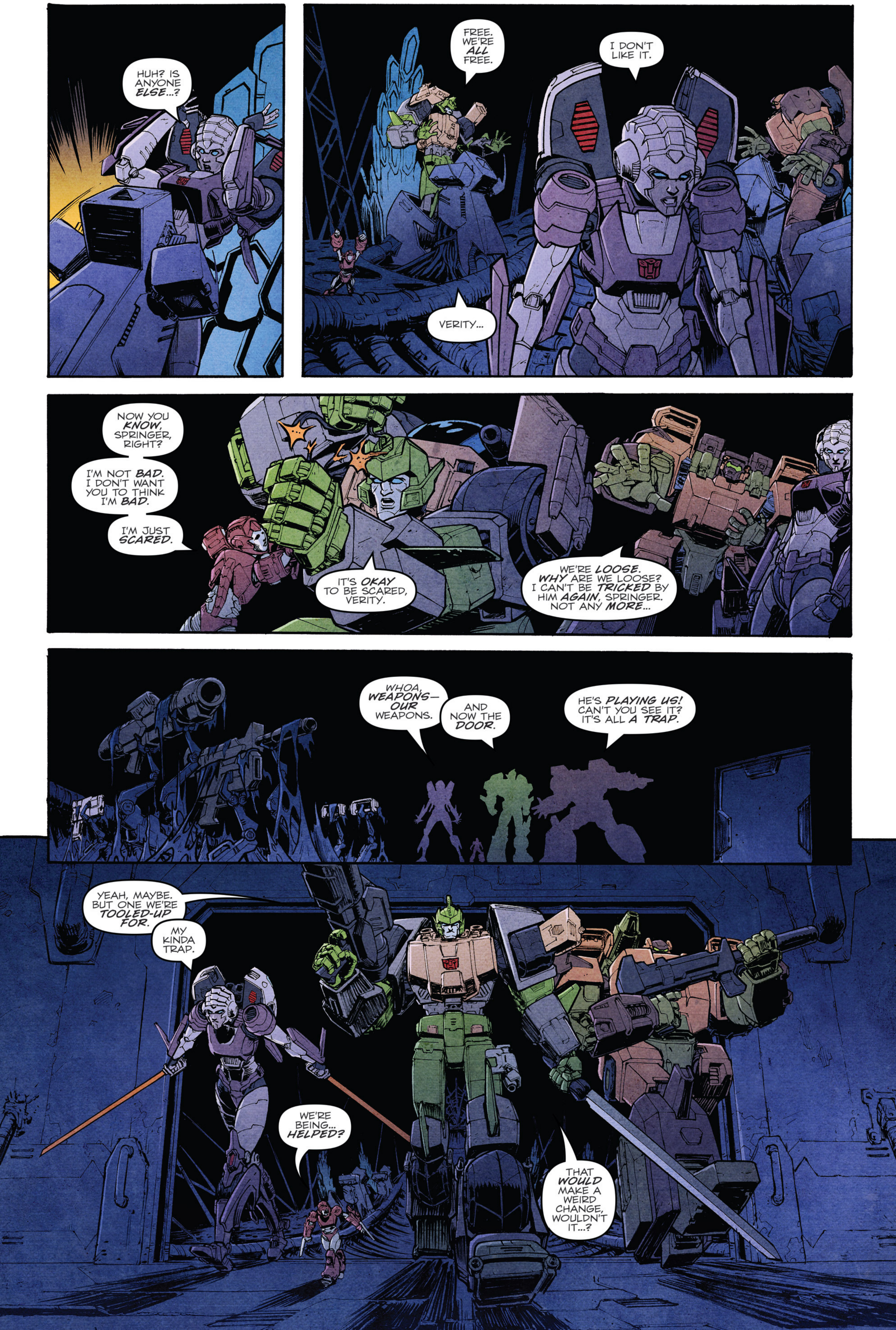

YOU WERE ONE OF MY CADETS? I DON'T REMEMBER YOU.
NO ONE DOES. YOU BARELY REMEMBER I LIVE ON THE SAME SPACE STATION AS YOU.
I'M THE SORT OF 'BOT PEOPLE DON'T REMEMBER. DON'T NOTICE.
OH, I NOTICED YOU, BOY. I KNEW YOU COULD... DO THINGS FOR ME.
YOU'RE AN OUTLIER; A LIVING SIGNAL BOOSTER... OR BLOCKER. HOW COULD I OVERLOOK A SKILL LIKE THAT WHEN THE GALAXY WAS DYING TO HEAR ALL ABOUT PROWL?
TELL HIM HOW MUCH OF A HOBBY OF YOURS HE'D BECOME.
IT STARTED AFTER I'D RETURNED TO MY POST AS INTELLIGENCE ANALYST FOLLOWING MY RECOVERY.
ALL THOSE TRANSMISSIONS TEND TO WASH OVER YOU. SOMETIMES SOMETHING CATCHES YOUR EYE.
IT HIT ME HARD: ROADBUSTER—RELEASED AFTER COMPLETING MINIMUM REHAB. ON YOUR ORDERS. AS A PERSONAL FAVOR. TO IMPACTOR.
WHO OWES SOMEONE LIKE IMPACTOR A FAVOR THAT BIG?
WERE THE LIVES HE RUINED—ENDED—WORTH SO LITTLE?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE DRILLED BY HIM? AND I MEAN "KNOW," PROWL, NOT "SKIM-READ A DATATRACK."
THIS IS THE SORT OF DATA THE SPECIMEN THROWS UP FROM TIME TO TIME, PROWL. THE PRECISE MOMENT OF RADICALIZATION. THE SECOND A NEW MONSTER IS BORN.
SOON HUBCAP WAS DOING MY WORK FOR ME. UNCOVERING ALL SORTS OF MURKINESS FOR ME TO DROWN YOU IN.
IT WOULD FIT YOUR NARRATIVE MORE COMFORTABLY TO THINK I HAD COERCED HIM INTO THESE ACTS, PROWL. BUT WHAT REALLY MADE HUBCAP BETRAY THE AUTOBOTS... WAS YOU.
IT'S ME YOU WANT TO HURT... TO BRING DOWN, HUBCAP. AND... I GET IT. BUT WHY DO IT FOR HIM? WHAT'S HE OFFERING YOU?
DIGNITY. STRENGTH. UPGRADES. TARANTULAS IS DESIGNING ME A CUSTOM BODY.
I WON'T BE A FORGETTABLE NOBODY WITH AN INVISIBLE POWER-SET ANY MORE. I'LL BE STRONG.
I SEE.
YOU HAVEN'T RECEIVED THESE AUGMENTATIONS YET THEN, HUBCAP?
DON'T UNDERMINE ME—DON'T DIMINISH ME. I WON'T HAVE IT. I WAS FORGED SCARED, PROWL. I'M SCARED NOW. BUT WHAT YOU DO—EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU—IS WRONG.
AND IT TAKES BRAVE PEOPLE—PEOPLE LIKE ME AND VERITY—TO LET THE WORLD KNOW WHAT YOU REALLY ARE.
STOP IT!

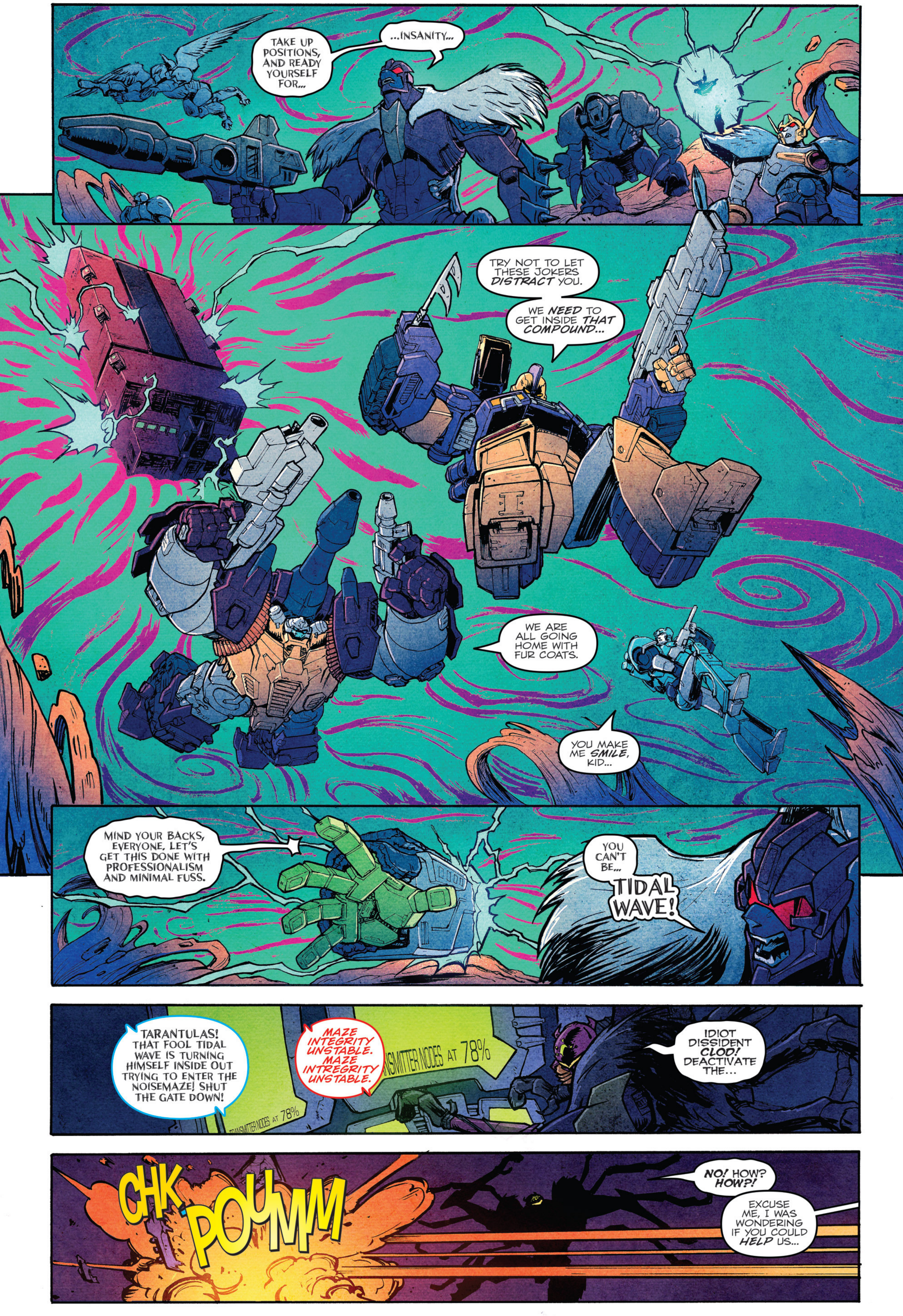

WHY DO YOU KEEP SAYING THAT?! I'M NOT BRAVE, I...
THE REASON I... IT'S BECAUSE... THE REASON I...
TELL THEM. OH, PLEASE TELL THEM. LET ME STUDY THEIR REACTIONS.
TELL THEM YOU'RE DYING.
YOU'RE A LIAR, TARANTULAS.
NO. HE'S NOT.
STAKEOUT— GOD, STAKEOUT— RAN THE TESTS.
OVER-EXPOSURE TO "INTENSE ENERGY OF CYBERTRONIAN ORIGIN," HE SAID.
...NO...
HE WAS... HALF-RIGHT. I TOOK THE ENJOYABLE LIBERTY OF MAKING MY OWN INSPECTION.
"YOUR CONDITION ISN'T MERELY DOWN TO DAY-TO-DAY CONTACT WITH OUR KIND.
"THE PARTICLE SIGNATURE OF THE 'INTENSE ENERGY' THAT HAS SO ERODED YOUR BODY APPEARS TO ORIGINATE FROM AEQUITAS ITSELF...
"I SURMISE YOU MAY HAVE BEEN PRESENT FOR ITS LESS-THAN-GRACEFUL DOWNLOAD."
HA. OF COURSE. PERFECT.
LIKE A WOUNDED, FRIGHTENED ANIMAL, THE HUMAN WISHED TO SEE YOU DESTROYED BEFORE SHE EXPIRED, PROWL.
NO, THAT WASN'T IT, WAS IT? IT WAS A HOLLOW THREAT, TO GET MY ATTENTION. YOU WANTED... MY HELP.
FNFF... YOU ALWAYS WERE THE GUY WITH ALL THE ANSWERS, FIVE-OH.
I KNEW IF I DANGLED AEQUITAS IN FRONT OF YOU, YOU'D HAVE TO TAKE ME SERIOUSLY.
JEEZ, HOW DO YOU WIPE AWAY TEARS IN THIS THING...?
I WISH YOU HAD ASKED ME, VERITY.
AND GIVE YOU THE POWER TO SAY NO? LIKE, WHY WOULD YOU HELP ME, RIGHT?
NO. RIGHT THEN, I NEEDED SOME CONTROL. SOME DIGNITY.
ME AND IRONFIST HAD BIG PLANS FOR THAT DATA. TRUTH; JUSTICE; ALL THE GOOD STUFF.
BUT THEN I GOT SICKER... AND SICKER. AND AEQUITAS WAS ALL I HAD TO BUY MY WAY OUT.
IRONFIST WAS DYING THAT WHOLE TIME, AND HE JUST STUCK WITH THE PLAN. BE A GOOD AUTOBOT— THE BEST AUTOBOT— AND PUT SAVING THE DAY AHEAD OF YOUR OWN BUTT.
BUT I COULDN'T DO THAT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR YOU GUYS, BUT ON EARTH, LIFE IS SHORT AND IT FEELS IT.
I'M SORRY, IRONFIST.

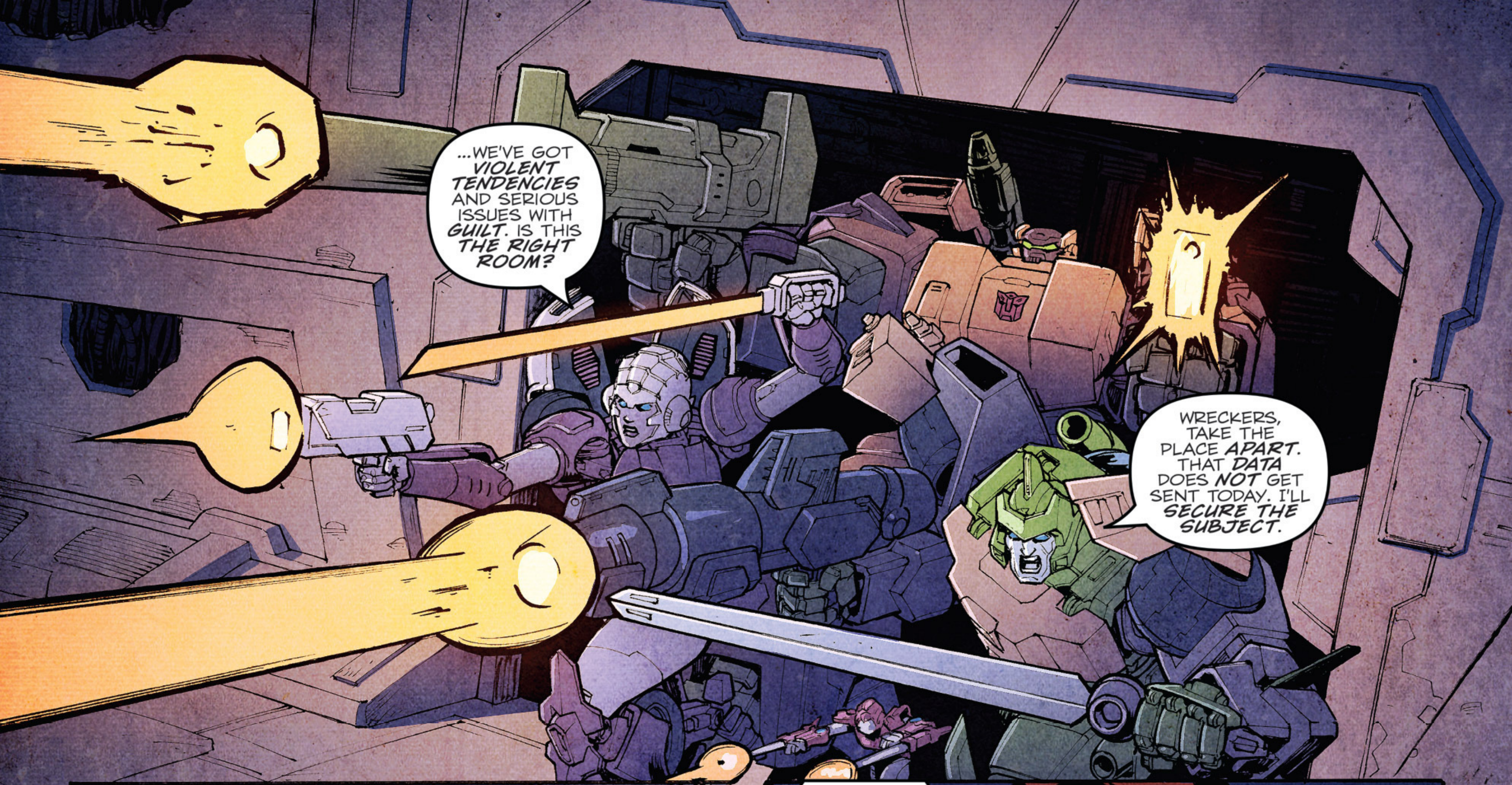

OF COURSE, THERE'S ONLY ONE REAL WAY WE WILL DISCOVER IF PROWL DOES HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS, VERITY.
TIME FOR YOUR FIRST SAMPLE OF IMPETUS, PROWL. TRY BEFORE YOU BUY.
NO—NO, TARANTULAS.
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO OSTAROS, YES?
OKAY. BUT LET ME DO IT STRAIGHT. LET ME DO IT RIGHT.
OSTAROS—THE LIFE YOU CREATED IN YOUR LAB...
...WAS AN ABOMINATION.
AND ALL HE WAS TO ME WAS SOME OBSCENE REMINDER OF THE HORRORS YOU AND I BROUGHT ON THIS WORLD.
I RAISED MY BLASTER TO HIS HEAD, SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER, AND SHOT HIM WHERE HE STOOD.
THIS IS KUP.
WE'RE COMING TO GET YOU, PROWL.
DO YOU HEAR ME?
YOU TELL ME NOTHING...
BE READY. WE HAVE A WAY TO GET YOU AND CRASH THE MAZE ONCE WE'RE DONE.
...I HADN'T SUSPECTED; HADN'T DREADED...
BUT BE CERTAIN TO YOUR SPARK THAT NO ONE IS DOING THIS 'COS THEY WANT YOU TO BE OKAY...
BUT STILL...
...STILL I AM COMPELLED TO NEED YOU BY MY SIDE?
ALL YOU ARE TO US—TO ANYONE—IS A VALUABLE ASSET THAT NEEDS TO BE SECURED. AND THAT'S WHAT WE DO.
WE'RE ONLY SAVING YOU BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU ARE, NOT WHO YOU ARE.
WHAT MUST BE DONE TO YOU—TO YOUR COMRADES—BEFORE YOU GIVE ME WHAT I WANT?
TELL IT TO ME NOW, PROWL. SAY THE WORDS I NEED TO HEAR.
WRECK AND RULE.
WHAT'S THAT?
I SAID, "WRECK AND RULE".

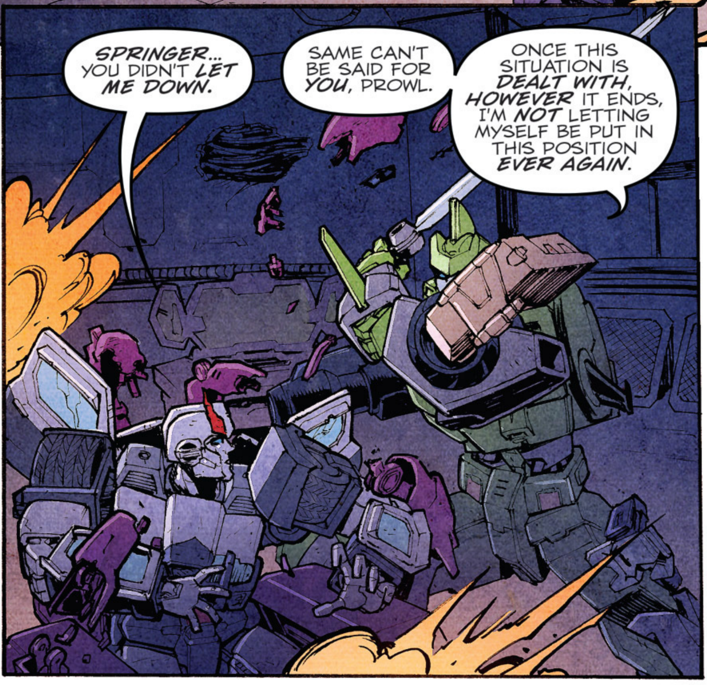

NOISEMAZE GATEWAY OPENING...
...NOISEMAZE GATEWAY OPENING...
WHAT?!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? AND WHY ARE YOU SMILING...?
SOMETHING'S PIERCING THE MAZE'S SPATIAL MEMBRANE...
"...IT'S...DEBRIS.
"IT'S THE WRECKERS' SPACE STATION."
NOISEMAZE GATEWAY OPENING...
NOISEMAZE GATEWAY OPENING...
HA! IMPACTOR, YOU MAD...
PROWL'S, UM, MINDLINK WAS REOPENED, BEFORE I COULD, URR, BLOCK IT.
IN THAT CASE, MATTERS HAVE BEEN EXPEDITED SOMEWHAT.
HUBCAP: HASTEN— I HAVE BEEN LEFT WITH NO CHOICE BUT TO ACTIVATE THE DATA TRANSFER.
I'D VERY MUCH LIKE YOU TO BE THERE TOO, PROWL.
LOOK SHARP, KUP. I DIDN'T HIT YOU THAT HARD.
NOT THE FIRST THREE TIMES.
YOU NEEDED TO BE OUT COLD TO LINK UP WITH PROWL. YOUR THEORY WORKED.
WELL, LET'S HOPE YOURS DOES, AND THIS SPACE STATION CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH THAT TINY DOOR AND COLLAPSE THE JOINT...
SOMETHING DEBRIS' SIZE SHOULD MASS-CRASH THE NOISEMAZE AND SEAL IT UP ONCE WE'VE GRABBED OUR GUYS.
JUST BOTH OF YOU—ARE YOU LISTENING, GUZZLE?—MAKE SURE YOUR SENSOR SHIELDING IS ACTIVATED OR THE PLACE'LL SHRED YOUR MINDS TO SHAVINGS AND FEED IT TO YOU. GOT IT?
I WISH MY SENSORS WEREN'T WORKING NOW.
WE HAVE BIG GUNS. WE'RE LOADED UP WITH ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES TO MAKE CARPESSA FEEL LIKE WAX-JOB.
STOP JAW-JACKING AND LET'S BRING THE HOUSE DOWN.
2

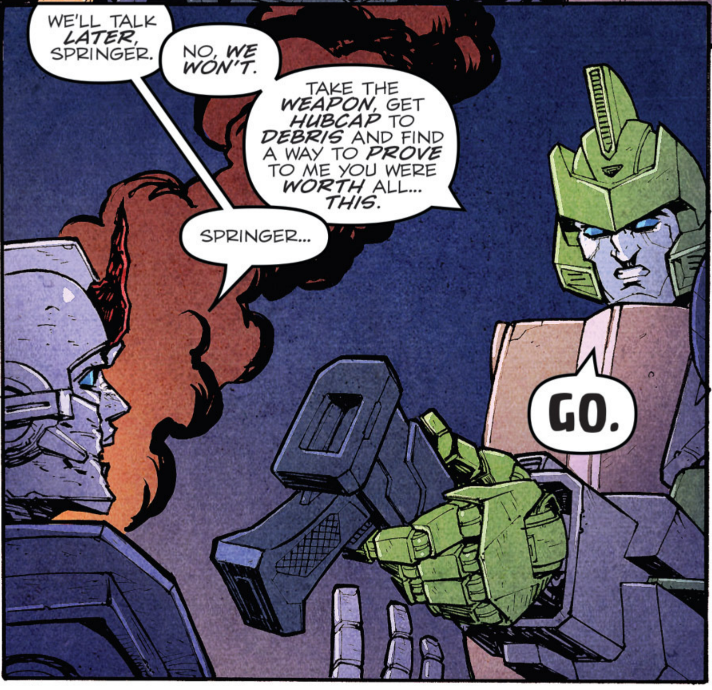

TETHER YOURSELF TO THE TRANSMITTER NODES, HUBCAP, AND PREPARE TO BRING THE DATA SPORES TO BLOOM. WE SEND EVERYTHING.
CARNIVAC, THIS IS TARANTULAS! THE NOISEMAZE HAS BEEN BREACHED.
IT WOULD SEEM A GATE I NO LONGER HAVE CONTROL OF IS BEING USED TO FORCE AN AUTOBOT SPACECRAFT THROUGH.
ACTIVATE YOUR GATE WITHIN TIDAL WAVE AND I GUARANTEE YOUR SQUAD A TRULY RIGHTEOUS BATTLE. TARANTULAS OUT.
WE'RE JUST GONNA DO AS HE SAYS?
HE ASKS LITTLE ENOUGH OF US, OVERBITE. THIS CAN BE THE FINAL EXERCISE THESE BODIES NEED BEFORE WE PUT THEM TO THEIR INTENDED USE.
DISCUSSION OVER. ACTIVATE YOUR NEURAL BLOCKERS, BROTHERS, AND PREPARE FOR VICTORY. ENTER THE GATE!
SO THAT'S IT? EVERYONE JUST POPS OFF TO SOME MASSIVE PUNCH-APALOOZA, LEAVING ME ON THIS SOGGY LITTLE ROCK TO WRINKLE UP IN MISERY?
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT...
THERE. LINK SEVERED. IF YOU WISH TO SPEAK TO ANYONE NOW, PROWL, IT SHALL HAVE TO BE ONE OF US. HYEH.
FINE. GNN... HUBCAP...
...IF THAT DATA TRANSMITS, THINK OF THE FALLOUT... THE WAR RE-IGNITED... ALL THOSE LIVES... ARE THEY-KNH-WORTH WHAT ROADBUSTER DID TO YOU? WHAT I DID TO YOU?
IS THIS WHAT YOU REALLY WANT?
IT... IT USED TO BE...
QUIET! YOU, DON'T TALK TO HIM! AND YOU, DON'T TALK TO ANYONE EXCEPT ME! YOU WANT THIS HALTED, PROWL, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU NEED TO SAY...
DO I LOOK LIKE I'M IN A POSITION TO STOP ANY OF THIS, TARANTULAS?
NEITHER OF US ARE IN CONTROL ANY MORE. BUT AT LEAST I REALIZE IT.

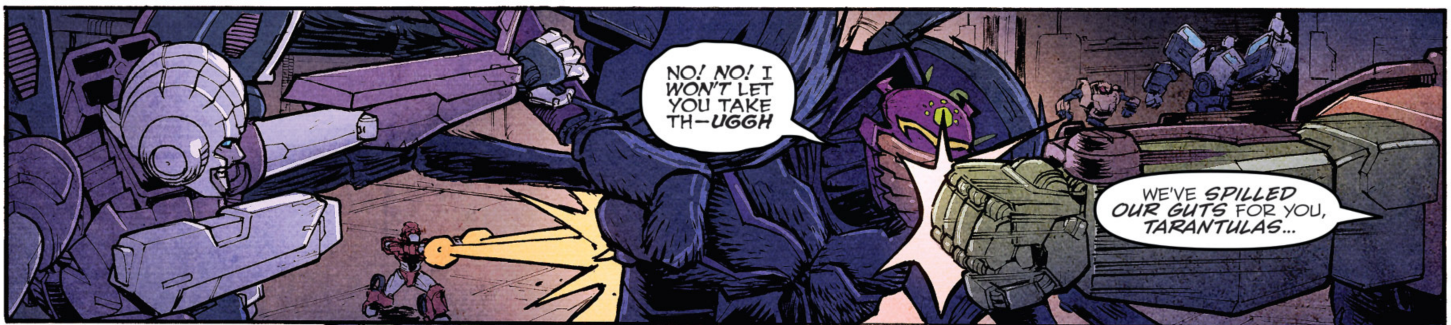

HUH? IS ANYONE *ELSE*...?
FREE. WE'RE *ALL* FREE.
I DON'T LIKE IT.
VERITY...
NOW YOU *KNOW*, SPRINGER, RIGHT?
I'M NOT *BAD*. I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK I'M *BAD*.
I'M JUST *SCARED*.
IT'S *OKAY* TO BE SCARED, VERITY.
WE'RE *LOOSE*. *WHY* ARE WE LOOSE? I CAN'T BE *TRICKED* BY HIM *AGAIN*, SPRINGER. NOT ANY *MORE*...
WHOA, *WEAPONS— OUR* WEAPONS.
AND NOW THE *DOOR*.
HE'S *PLAYING US!* CAN'T YOU SEE IT? IT'S ALL *A TRAP*.
YEAH, MAYBE. BUT ONE WE'RE *TOOLED-UP FOR*.
MY KINDA TRAP.
WE'RE BEING... *HELPED?*
THAT *WOULD* MAKE A WEIRD CHANGE, WOULDN'T IT...?

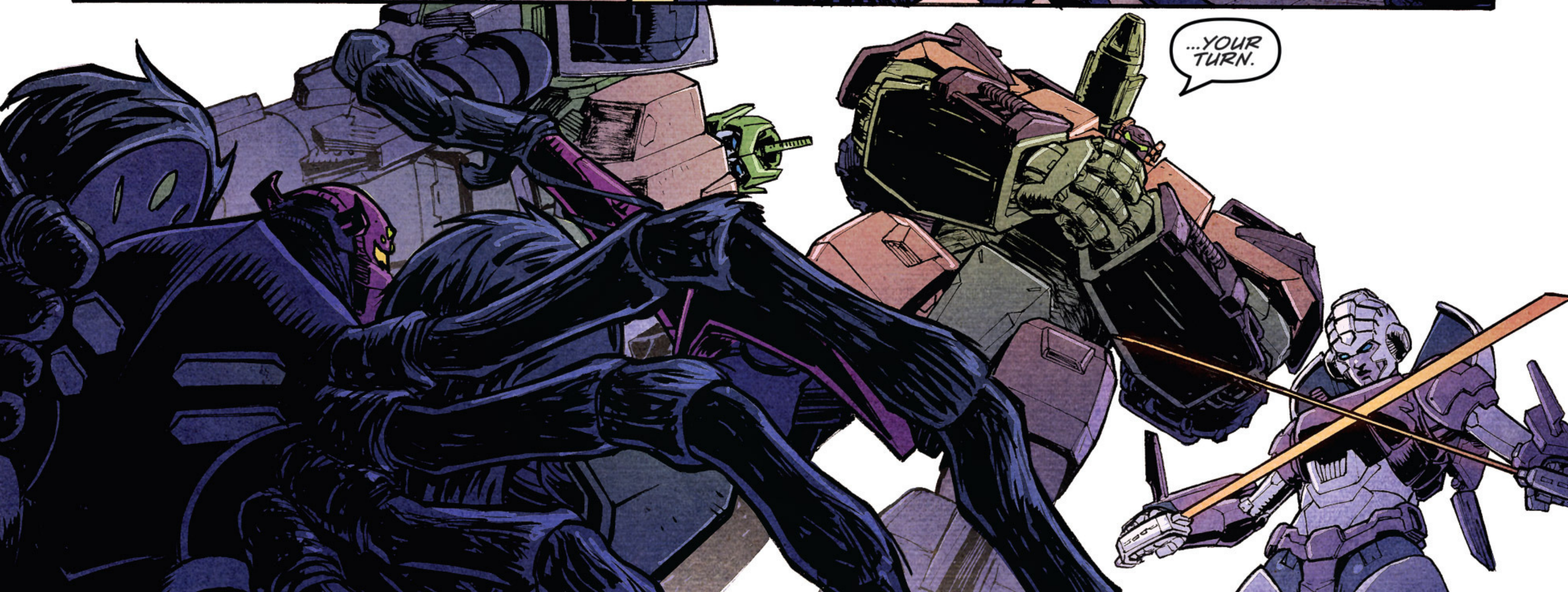

TAKE UP POSITIONS, AND READY YOURSELF FOR...
...INSANITY...
TRY NOT TO LET THESE JOKERS *DISTRACT* YOU.
WE *NEED* TO GET INSIDE *THAT COMPOUND*...
WE ARE ALL GOING HOME WITH FUR COATS.
YOU MAKE ME *SMILE*, KID...
MIND YOUR BACKS, EVERYONE, LET'S GET THIS DONE WITH PROFESSIONALISM AND MINIMAL FUSS.
YOU CAN'T BE... TIDAL WAVE!
TARANTULAS! THAT FOOL TIDAL WAVE IS TURNING HIMSELF INSIDE OUT TRYING TO ENTER THE NOISEMAZE! SHUT THE GATE DOWN!
MAZE INTEGRITY UNSTABLE. MAZE INTREGRITY UNSTABLE.
TRANSMITTER NODES AT 78%
TRANSMITTER NODES AT 78%
IDIOT DISSIDENT *CLOD!* DEACTIVATE THE...
CHK-POOMM
NO! HOW? *HOW?!*
EXCUSE ME, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD *HELP* US...

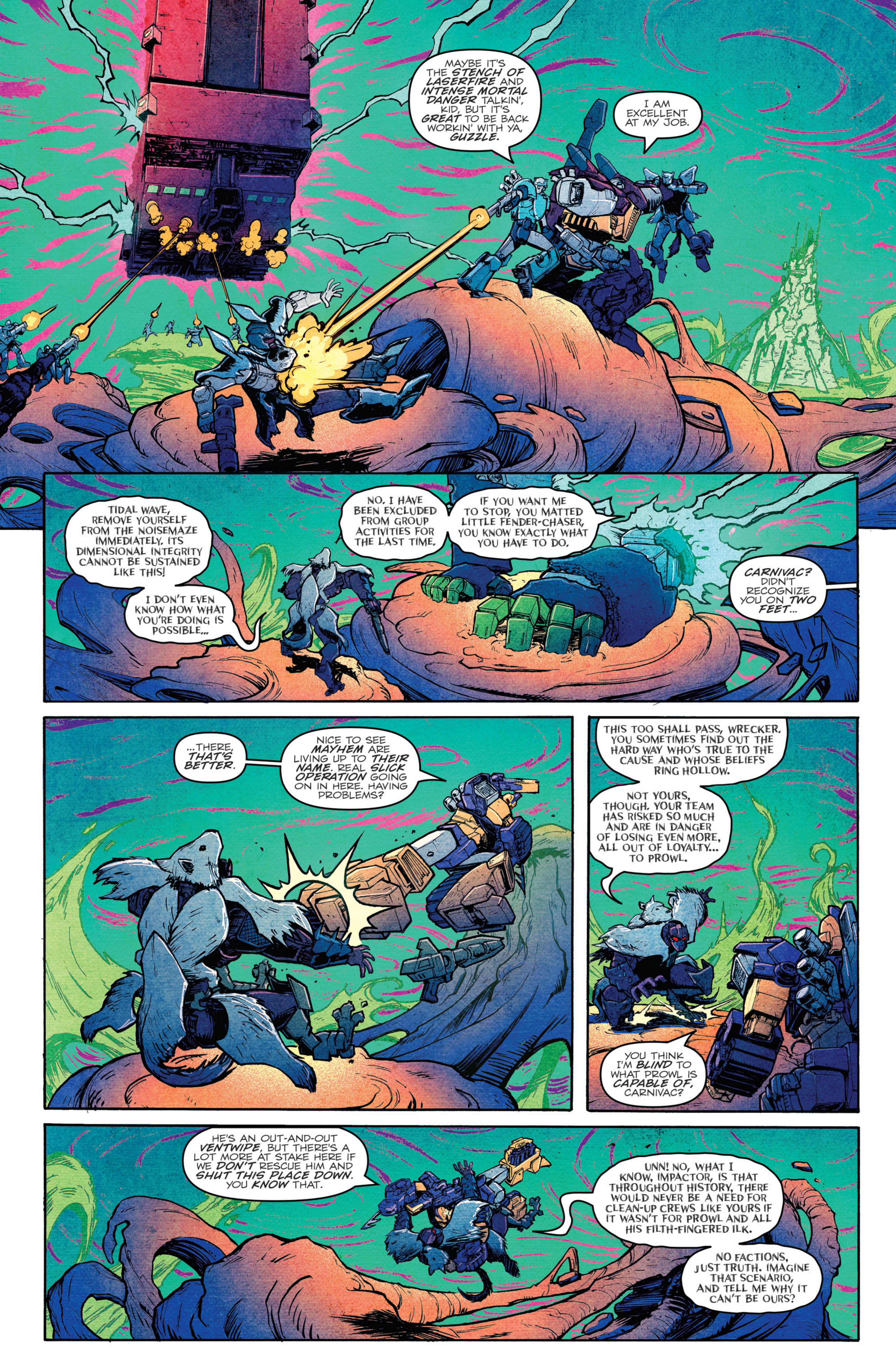

...WE'VE GOT *VIOLENT TENDENCIES* AND SERIOUS ISSUES WITH *GUILT*. IS THIS *THE RIGHT ROOM?*
WRECKERS, TAKE THE PLACE *APART*. THAT *DATA* DOES *NOT* GET SENT TODAY. I'LL *SECURE THE SUBJECT*.

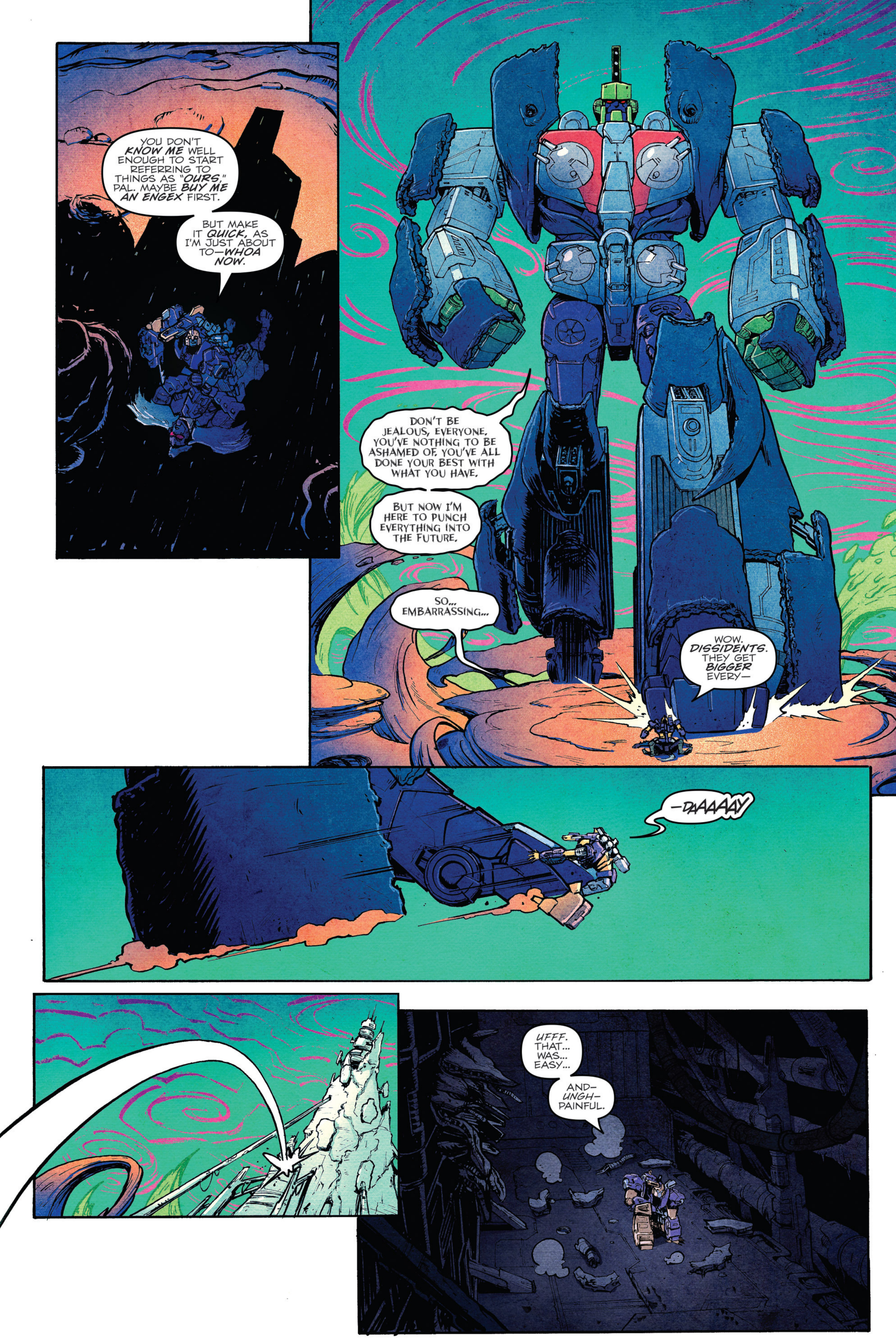

SPRINGER... YOU DIDN'T *LET ME DOWN*.
SAME CAN'T BE SAID FOR *YOU*, PROWL.
ONCE THIS SITUATION IS *DEALT WITH*, *HOWEVER* IT ENDS, I'M *NOT* LETTING MYSELF BE PUT IN THIS POSITION *EVER AGAIN*.

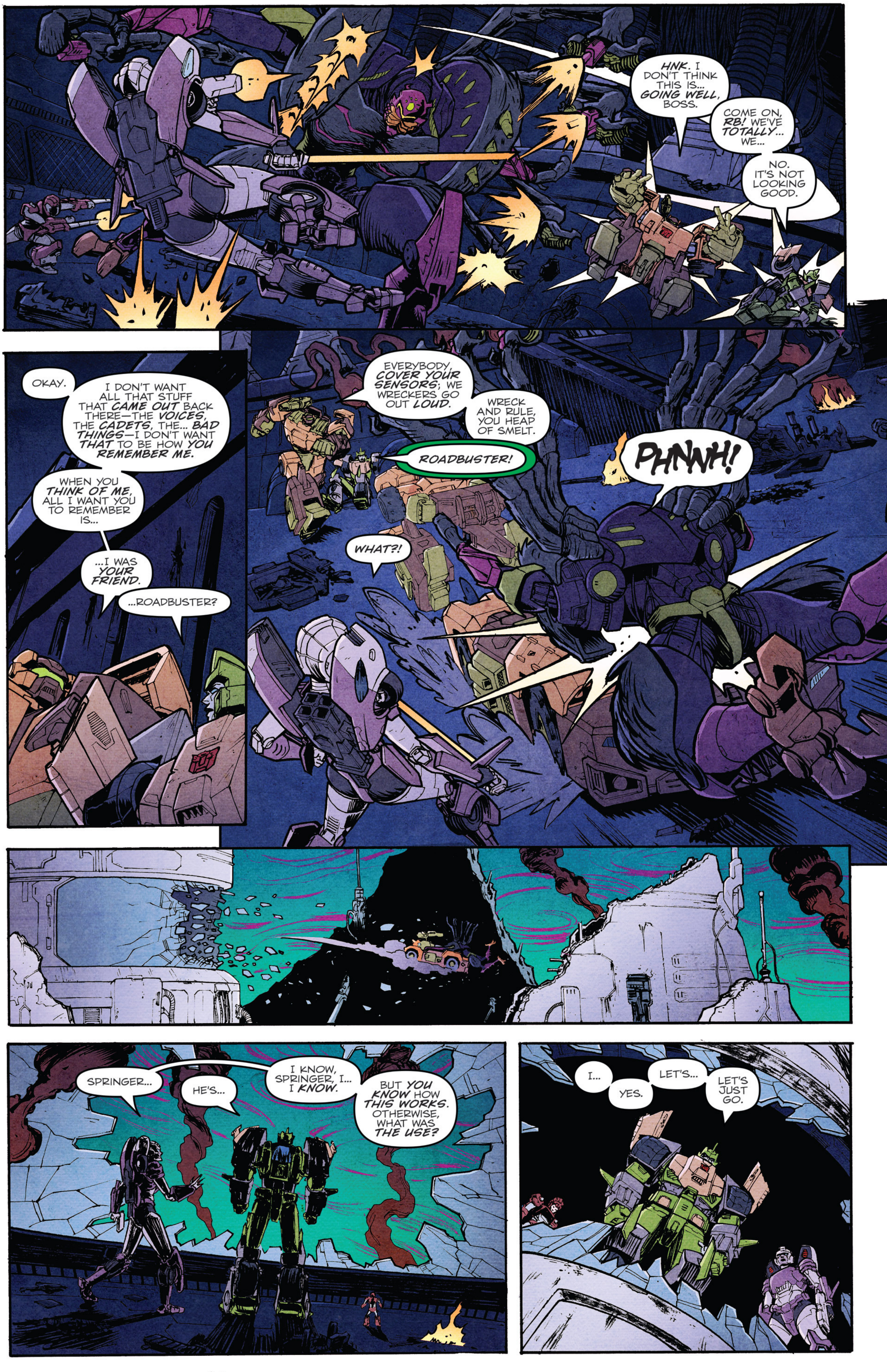

WE'LL TALK *LATER*, SPRINGER.
NO, *WE WON'T*.
TAKE THE *WEAPON*, GET *HUBCAP* TO *DEBRIS* AND FIND A WAY TO *PROVE* TO ME YOU WERE *WORTH* ALL... *THIS*.
SPRINGER...
GO.

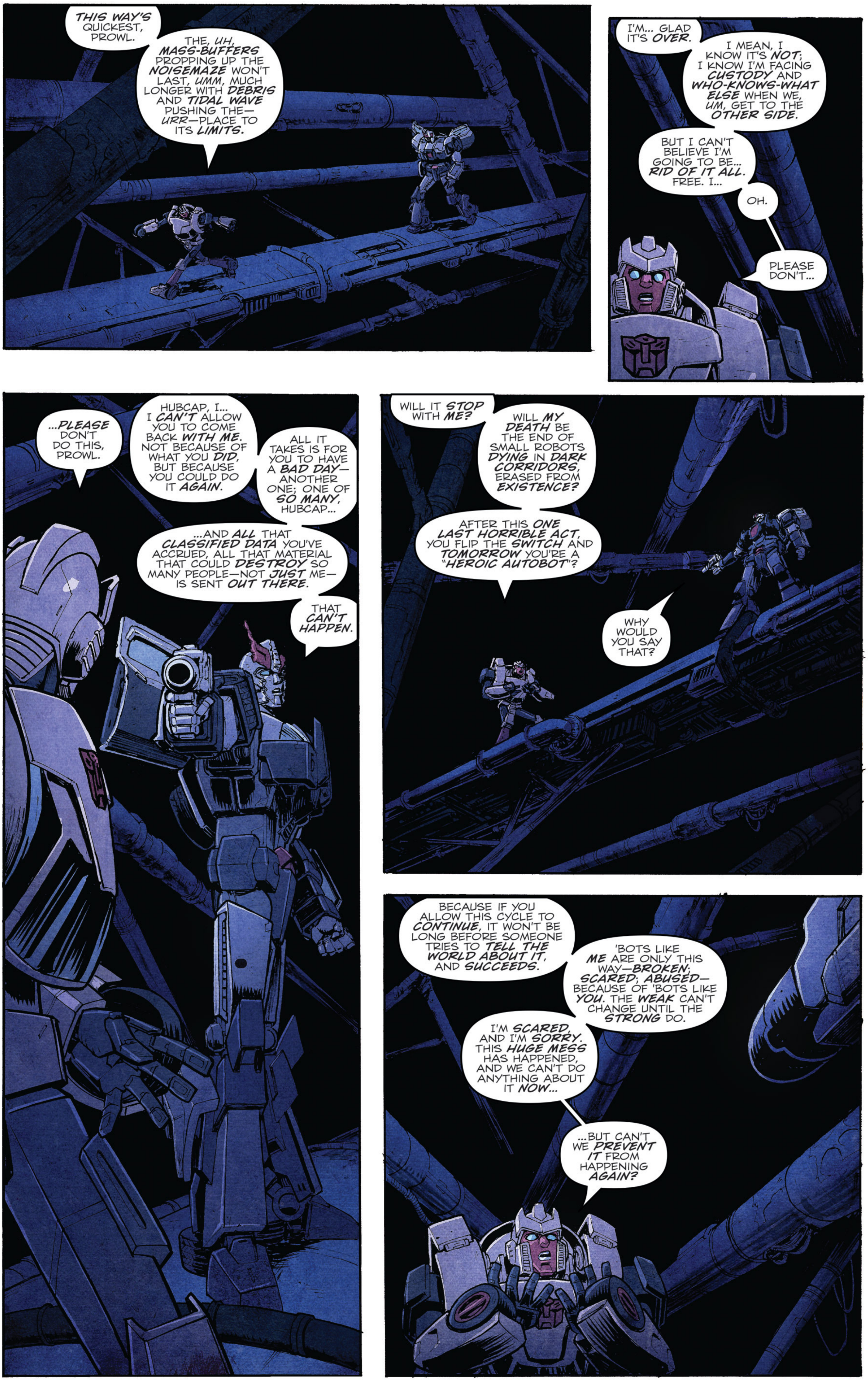

NO! *NO!* I *WON'T* LET YOU TAKE TH-*UGGH*
WE'VE *SPILLED OUR GUTS* FOR YOU, *TARANTULAS*...

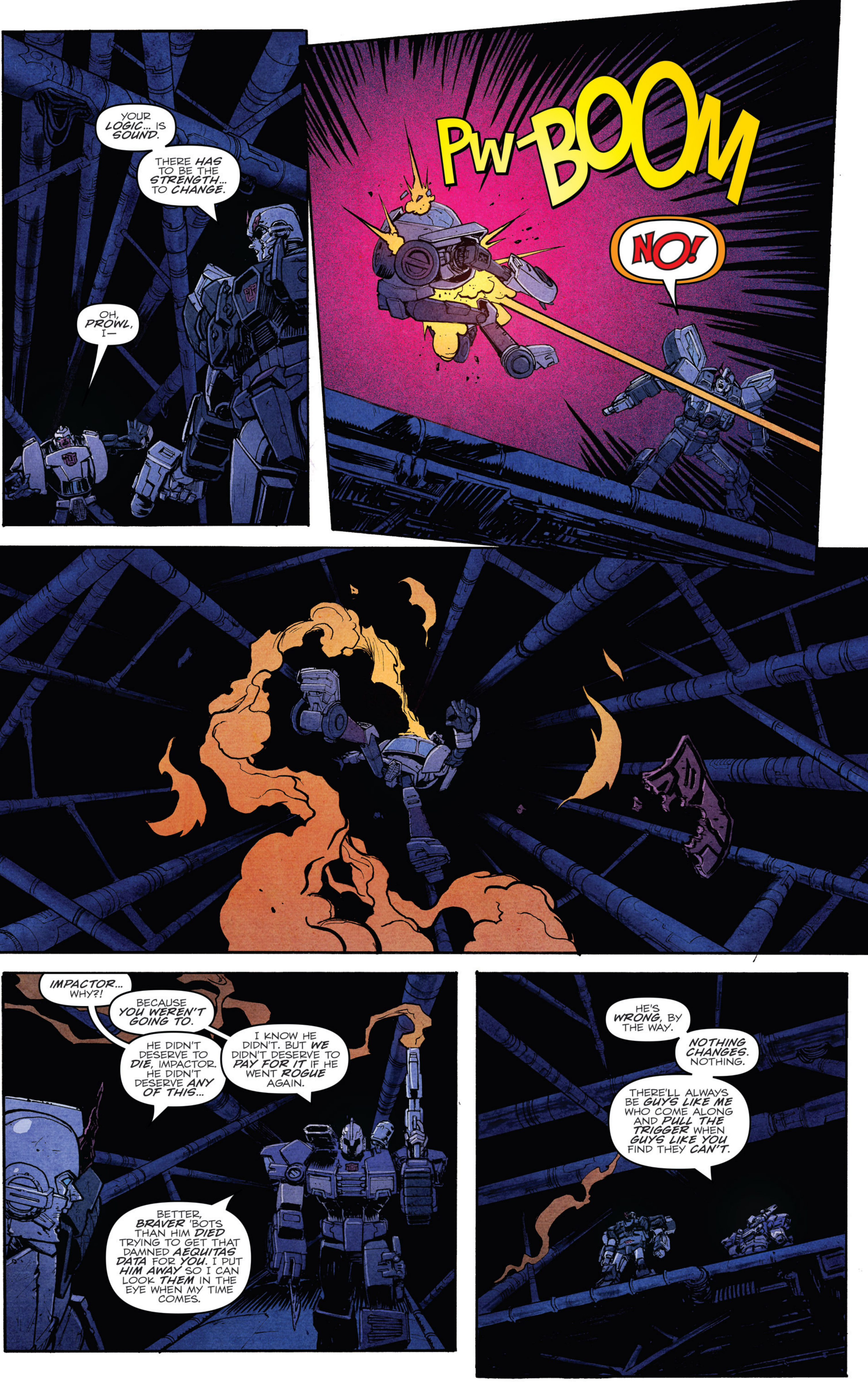

...*YOUR TURN*.

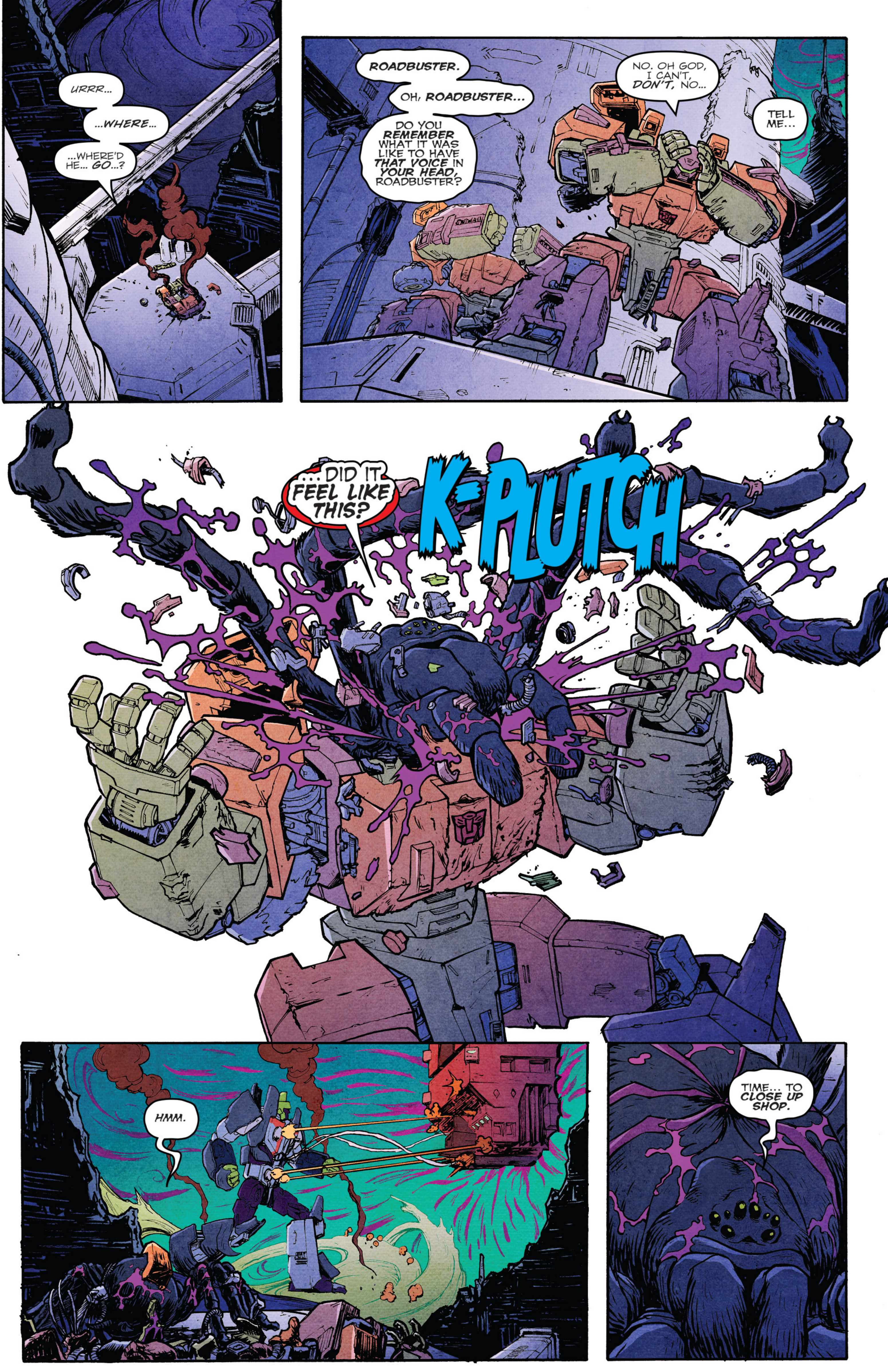

MAYBE IT'S THE **STENCH OF LASERFIRE** AND **INTENSE MORTAL DANGER** TALKIN', KID, BUT IT'S **GREAT** TO BE BACK WORKIN' WITH YA, **GUZZLE**.
I AM EXCELLENT AT MY JOB.
TIDAL WAVE, REMOVE YOURSELF FROM THE NOISEMAZE IMMEDIATELY. ITS DIMENSIONAL INTEGRITY CANNOT BE SUSTAINED LIKE THIS!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS POSSIBLE...
NO. I HAVE BEEN EXCLUDED FROM GROUP ACTIVITIES FOR THE LAST TIME.
IF YOU WANT ME TO STOP, YOU MATTED LITTLE FENDER-CHASER, YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.
CARNIVAC? DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU ON **TWO FEET**...
...THERE, **THAT'S BETTER**.
NICE TO SEE **MAYHEM** ARE LIVING UP TO **THEIR NAME**. REAL **SLICK OPERATION** GOING ON IN HERE. HAVING PROBLEMS?
THIS TOO SHALL PASS, WRECKER. YOU SOMETIMES FIND OUT THE HARD WAY WHO'S TRUE TO THE CAUSE AND WHOSE BELIEFS RING HOLLOW.
NOT YOURS, THOUGH. YOUR TEAM HAS RISKED SO MUCH AND ARE IN DANGER OF LOSING EVEN MORE, ALL OUT OF LOYALTY... TO PROWL.
YOU THINK I'M **BLIND** TO WHAT PROWL IS **CAPABLE OF**, CARNIVAC?
HE'S AN OUT-AND-OUT **VENTWIPE**, BUT THERE'S A LOT MORE AT STAKE HERE IF WE **DON'T** RESCUE HIM AND **SHUT THIS PLACE DOWN**. YOU **KNOW** THAT.
UNN! NO, WHAT I KNOW, IMPACTOR, IS THAT THROUGHOUT HISTORY, THERE WOULD NEVER BE A NEED FOR CLEAN-UP CREWS LIKE YOURS IF IT WASN'T FOR PROWL AND ALL HIS FILTH-FINGERED ILK.
NO FACTIONS, JUST TRUTH. IMAGINE THAT SCENARIO, AND TELL ME WHY IT CAN'T BE OURS?

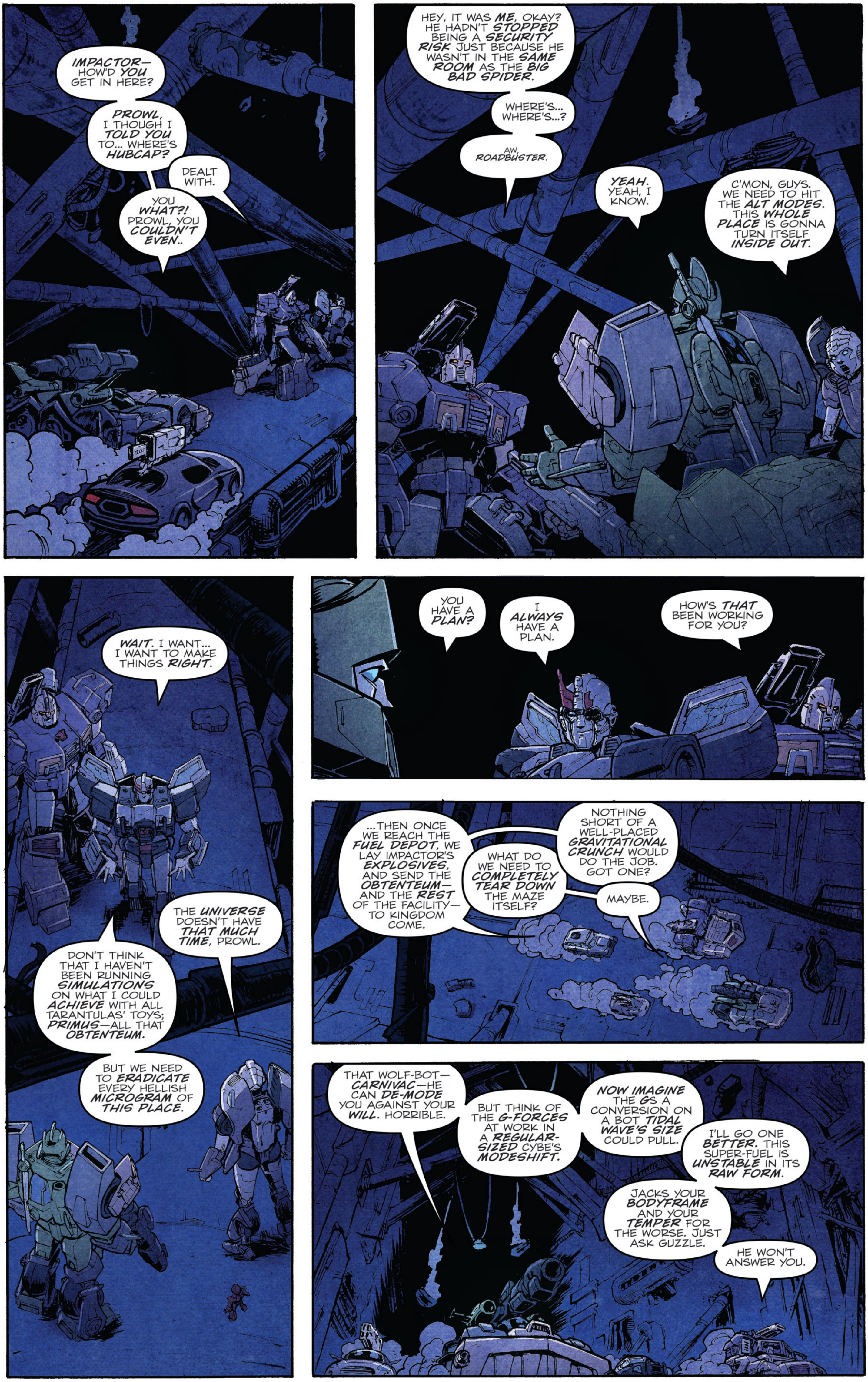

YOU DON'T ***KNOW ME*** WELL ENOUGH TO START REFERRING TO THINGS AS "***OURS***," PAL. MAYBE ***BUY ME AN ENGEX*** FIRST.
BUT MAKE IT ***QUICK***, AS I'M JUST ABOUT TO—***WHOA NOW***.
DON'T BE JEALOUS, EVERYONE. YOU'VE NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF. YOU'VE ALL DONE YOUR BEST WITH WHAT YOU HAVE.
BUT NOW I'M HERE TO PUNCH EVERYTHING INTO THE FUTURE.
SO... EMBARRASSING...
WOW. ***DISSIDENTS***. THEY GET ***BIGGER*** EVERY—
—DAAAAAY
UFFF. THAT... WAS... EASY...
AND—*UNGH*—PAINFUL.

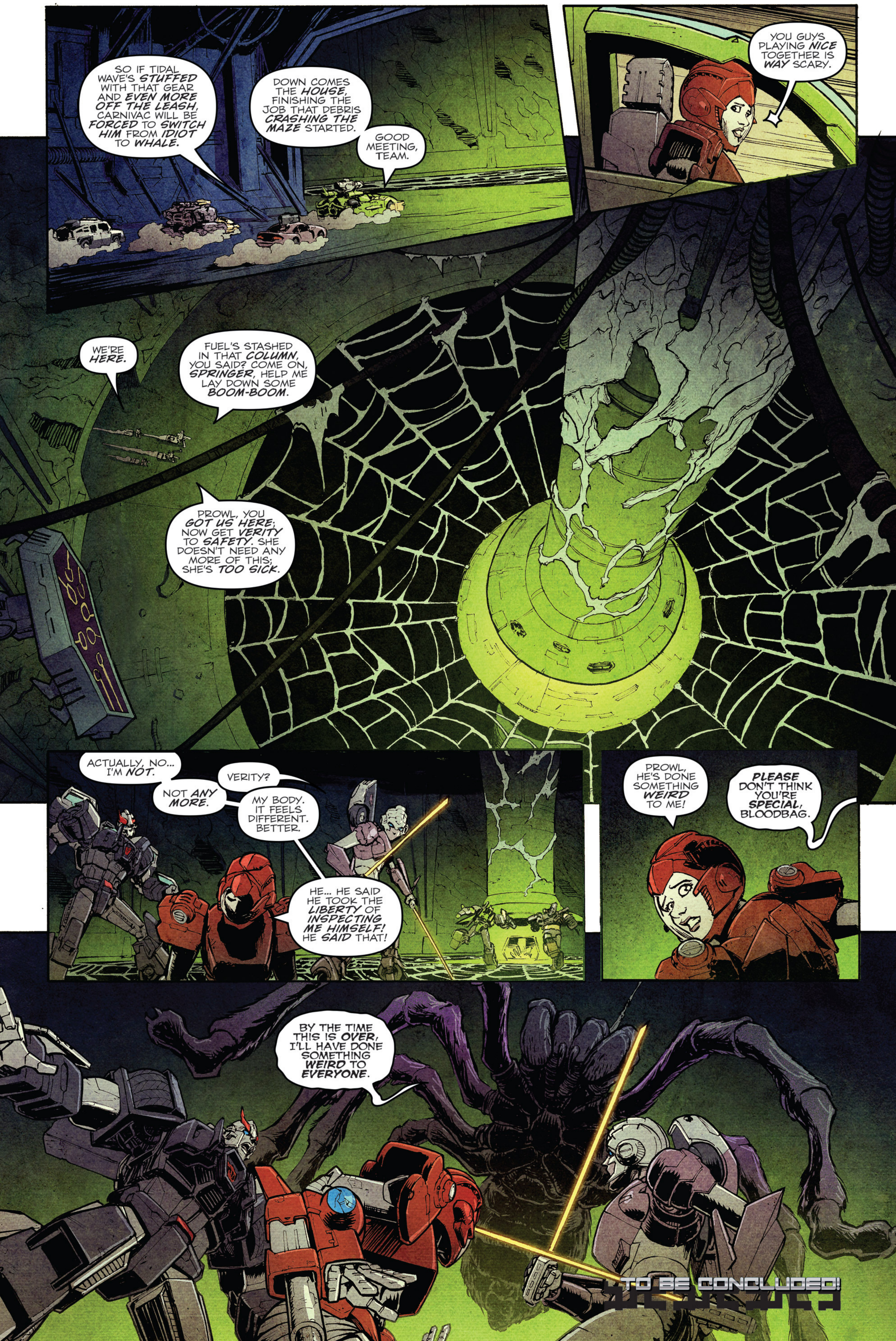

HNK. I DON'T THINK THIS IS... GOING WELL, BOSS.
COME ON, RB! WE'VE TOTALLY... WE...
NO. IT'S NOT LOOKING GOOD.
OKAY.
I DON'T WANT ALL THAT STUFF THAT CAME OUT BACK THERE—THE VOICES, THE CADETS, THE... BAD THINGS—I DON'T WANT THAT TO BE HOW YOU REMEMBER ME.
WHEN YOU THINK OF ME, ALL I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER IS...
...I WAS YOUR FRIEND.
...ROADBUSTER?
EVERYBODY, COVER YOUR SENSORS; WE WRECKERS GO OUT LOUD.
WRECK AND RULE, YOU HEAP OF SMELT.
ROADBUSTER!
WHAT?!
PHNWH!
SPRINGER...
HE'S...
I KNOW, SPRINGER, I... I KNOW.
BUT YOU KNOW HOW THIS WORKS. OTHERWISE, WHAT WAS THE USE?
I...
YES.
LET'S...
LET'S JUST GO.


THIS WAY'S QUICKEST, PROWL.
THE, UH, MASS-BUFFERS PROPPING UP THE NOISEMAZE WON'T LAST, UMM, MUCH LONGER WITH DEBRIS AND TIDAL WAVE PUSHING THE— URR—PLACE TO ITS LIMITS.
I'M... GLAD IT'S OVER.
I MEAN, I KNOW IT'S NOT; I KNOW I'M FACING CUSTODY AND WHO-KNOWS-WHAT ELSE WHEN WE, UM, GET TO THE OTHER SIDE.
BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M GOING TO BE... RID OF IT ALL. FREE. I...
OH.
PLEASE DON'T...
...PLEASE DON'T DO THIS, PROWL.
HUBCAP, I... I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO COME BACK WITH ME. NOT BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU DID, BUT BECAUSE YOU COULD DO IT AGAIN.
ALL IT TAKES IS FOR YOU TO HAVE A BAD DAY— ANOTHER ONE; ONE OF SO MANY, HUBCAP...
...AND ALL THAT CLASSIFIED DATA YOU'VE ACCRUED, ALL THAT MATERIAL THAT COULD DESTROY SO MANY PEOPLE—NOT JUST ME— IS SENT OUT THERE.
THAT CAN'T HAPPEN.
WILL IT STOP WITH ME?
WILL MY DEATH BE THE END OF SMALL ROBOTS DYING IN DARK CORRIDORS, ERASED FROM EXISTENCE?
AFTER THIS ONE LAST HORRIBLE ACT, YOU FLIP THE SWITCH AND TOMORROW YOU'RE A "HEROIC AUTOBOT"?
WHY WOULD YOU SAY THAT?
BECAUSE IF YOU ALLOW THIS CYCLE TO CONTINUE, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE SOMEONE TRIES TO TELL THE WORLD ABOUT IT, AND SUCCEEDS.
'BOTS LIKE ME ARE ONLY THIS WAY—BROKEN; SCARED; ABUSED— BECAUSE OF 'BOTS LIKE YOU. THE WEAK CAN'T CHANGE UNTIL THE STRONG DO.
I'M SCARED, AND I'M SORRY. THIS HUGE MESS HAS HAPPENED, AND WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT NOW...
...BUT CAN'T WE PREVENT IT FROM HAPPENING AGAIN?


YOUR LOGIC... IS SOUND.
THERE HAS TO BE THE STRENGTH... TO CHANGE.
OH, PROWL, I—
PW-BOOM
NO!
IMPACTOR... WHY?!
BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T GOING TO.
HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO DIE, IMPACTOR. HE DIDN'T DESERVE ANY OF THIS...
I KNOW HE DIDN'T. BUT WE DIDN'T DESERVE TO PAY FOR IT IF HE WENT ROGUE AGAIN.
BETTER, BRAVER 'BOTS THAN HIM DIED TRYING TO GET THAT DAMNED AEQUITAS DATA FOR YOU. I PUT HIM AWAY SO I CAN LOOK THEM IN THE EYE WHEN MY TIME COMES.
HE'S WRONG, BY THE WAY.
NOTHING CHANGES. NOTHING.
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE GUYS LIKE ME WHO COME ALONG AND PULL THE TRIGGER WHEN GUYS LIKE YOU FIND THEY CAN'T.


URRR...
...WHERE...
...WHERE'D HE... GO...?
ROADBUSTER.
OH, ROADBUSTER...
DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO HAVE THAT VOICE IN YOUR HEAD, ROADBUSTER?
NO. OH GOD, I CAN'T, DON'T, NO...
TELL ME...
...DID IT FEEL LIKE THIS?
K-PLUTCH
HMM.
TIME... TO CLOSE UP SHOP.


IMPACTOR— HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?
PROWL, I THOUGH I TOLD YOU TO... WHERE'S HUBCAP?
DEALT WITH.
YOU WHAT?! PROWL, YOU COULDN'T EVEN..
HEY, IT WAS ME, OKAY? HE HADN'T STOPPED BEING A SECURITY RISK JUST BECAUSE HE WASN'T IN THE SAME ROOM AS THE BIG BAD SPIDER.
WHERE'S... WHERE'S...?
AW, ROADBUSTER.
YEAH. YEAH, I KNOW.
C'MON, GUYS. WE NEED TO HIT THE ALT MODES. THIS WHOLE PLACE IS GONNA TURN ITSELF INSIDE OUT.
WAIT. I WANT... I WANT TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT.
THE UNIVERSE DOESN'T HAVE THAT MUCH TIME, PROWL.
DON'T THINK THAT I HAVEN'T BEEN RUNNING SIMULATIONS ON WHAT I COULD ACHIEVE WITH ALL TARANTULAS' TOYS; PRIMUS—ALL THAT OBTENTEUM.
BUT WE NEED TO ERADICATE EVERY HELLISH MICROGRAM OF THIS PLACE.
YOU HAVE A PLAN?
I ALWAYS HAVE A PLAN.
HOW'S THAT BEEN WORKING FOR YOU?
...THEN ONCE WE REACH THE FUEL DEPOT, WE LAY IMPACTOR'S EXPLOSIVES, AND SEND THE OBTENTEUM—AND THE REST OF THE FACILITY—TO KINGDOM COME.
WHAT DO WE NEED TO COMPLETELY TEAR DOWN THE MAZE ITSELF?
NOTHING SHORT OF A WELL-PLACED GRAVITATIONAL CRUNCH WOULD DO THE JOB. GOT ONE?
MAYBE.
THAT WOLF-BOT—CARNIVAC—HE CAN DE-MODE YOU AGAINST YOUR WILL. HORRIBLE.
BUT THINK OF THE G-FORCES AT WORK IN A REGULAR-SIZED CYBE'S MODESHIFT.
NOW IMAGINE THE GS A CONVERSION ON A BOT TIDAL WAVE'S SIZE COULD PULL.
I'LL GO ONE BETTER. THIS SUPER-FUEL IS UNSTABLE IN ITS RAW FORM.
JACKS YOUR BODYFRAME AND YOUR TEMPER FOR THE WORSE. JUST ASK GUZZLE.
HE WON'T ANSWER YOU.


SO IF TIDAL WAVE'S STUFFED WITH THAT GEAR AND EVEN MORE OFF THE LEASH, CARNIVAC WILL BE FORCED TO SWITCH HIM FROM IDIOT TO WHALE.
DOWN COMES THE HOUSE, FINISHING THE JOB THAT DEBRIS CRASHING THE MAZE STARTED.
GOOD MEETING, TEAM.
YOU GUYS PLAYING NICE TOGETHER IS WAY SCARY.
WE'RE HERE.
FUEL'S STASHED IN THAT COLUMN, YOU SAID? COME ON, SPRINGER, HELP ME LAY DOWN SOME BOOM-BOOM.
PROWL, YOU GOT US HERE; NOW GET VERITY TO SAFETY. SHE DOESN'T NEED ANY MORE OF THIS; SHE'S TOO SICK.
ACTUALLY, NO... I'M NOT.
VERITY?
NOT ANY MORE.
MY BODY. IT FEELS DIFFERENT. BETTER.
HE... HE SAID HE TOOK THE LIBERTY OF INSPECTING ME HIMSELF! HE SAID THAT!
PROWL, HE'S DONE SOMETHING WEIRD TO ME!
PLEASE DON'T THINK YOU'RE SPECIAL, BLOODBAG.
BY THE TIME THIS IS OVER, I'LL HAVE DONE SOMETHING WEIRD TO EVERYONE.
TO BE CONCLUDED!

TRANSFORMERS
READING GUIDE

Prequels

AUTOCRACY

MONSTROSITY

PRIMACY

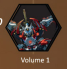
LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS

CHAOS THEORY

DRIFT

DRIFT EMPIRE OF STONE

DRIFT RETURNS! After leaving the Autobots in disgrace, he's now alone on a mission to clean up the darkest depths of the galaxy—until RATCHET shows up to try to bring him home! Also contains bonus content including creator interviews, behind-the-scenes info, an art gallery, and more!



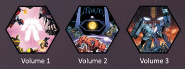
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

More Than Meets The Eye reunites the fan-favorite creative team behind Last Stand of the Wreckers and sends the Transformers on an epic quest to the farthest reaches of the Transformers Universe - and beyond!

Volume 1
Volume 2
Volume 3
Volume 4
Volume 5
Volume 6
Volume 7
Volume 8
coming soon
Volume 9

DARK CYBERTRON

THE END OF EVERYTHING! SHOCKWAVE makes a move millions of years in the planning—an ultimate strategy to remake Cybertron and destroy both the Autobots and Decepticons!


Volume 1
Volume 2
Volume 3

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

The war for Cybertron is over-now the hard part begins! Bumblebee's provisional government is struggling and Prowl defends it against the DECEPTICONS but how far will he go-and who will chose to stand by his side?

Volume 1
Volume 2
Volume 3
Volume 4
Volume 5
Volume 6
Volume 7
coming soon
Volume 8

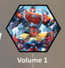
WINDBLADE

In the aftermath of DARK CYBERTRON, WINDBLADE takes the planet by storm! But where did she come from—and what does her secret mean to the future of the TRANSFORMERS?

Volume 1
coming soon
Volume 2

COMBINER WARS

The AUTOBOTS and DECEPTICONS' uneasy peace is threatened by the flames of war! STARSCREAM—ruler of CYBERTRON—makes contact with WINDBLADE'S home world—and the only defense against a new CYBERTRONIAN EMPIRE are COMBINERS—multiple CYBERTRONIANS forming together into huge, dangerous forms!



ONE SHOTS AND NEW SERIES

PUNISHMENT

REDEMPTION

SINS OF THE WRECKERS

IDW COLLECTIONS AVAILABLE NOW!

TRANSFORMERS
THE IDW COLLECTION
VOLUME 1
PHASE TWO
TRANSFORMERS
THE IDW COLLECTION
VOLUME 2
PHASE TWO

Licensed By:

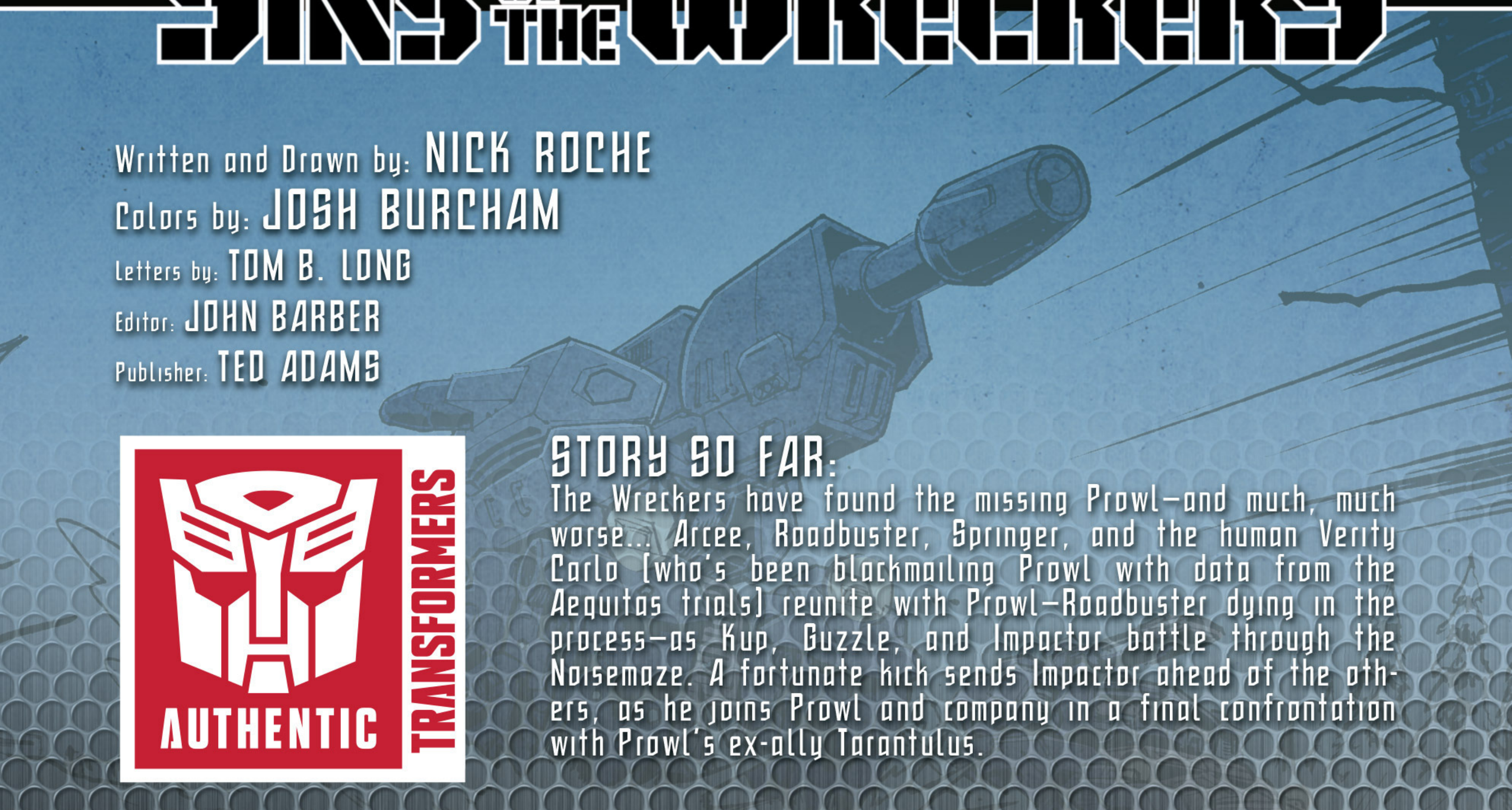
HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2015 Hasbro.

NICK ROCHE • JOSH BURCHAM

TRANSFORMERS
SINS OF THE WRECKERS

IDW
ISSUE
5

TRANSFORMERS
SINS OF THE WRECKERS



Written and Drawn by: **NICK ROCHE**
Colors by: **JOSH BURCHAM**
Letters by: **TOM B. LONG**
Editor: **JOHN BARBER**
Publisher: **TED ADAMS**

STORY SO FAR:

The Wreckers have found the missing Prowl—and much, much worse... Arcee, Roadbuster, Springer, and the human Verity Carlo (who's been blackmailing Prowl with data from the Aequitas trials) reunite with Prowl—Roadbuster dying in the process—as Kup, Guzzle, and Impactor battle through the Noisemaze. A fortunate kick sends Impactor ahead of the others, as he joins Prowl and company in a final confrontation with Prowl's ex-ally Tarantulus.

Special thanks to Hasbro's Beth Artale, Clint Chapman, Heather Hopkins, Jerry Jivoin, Joshua Lamb, Ed Lane, Mark Weber,

For international rights,
please contact ΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩΩ

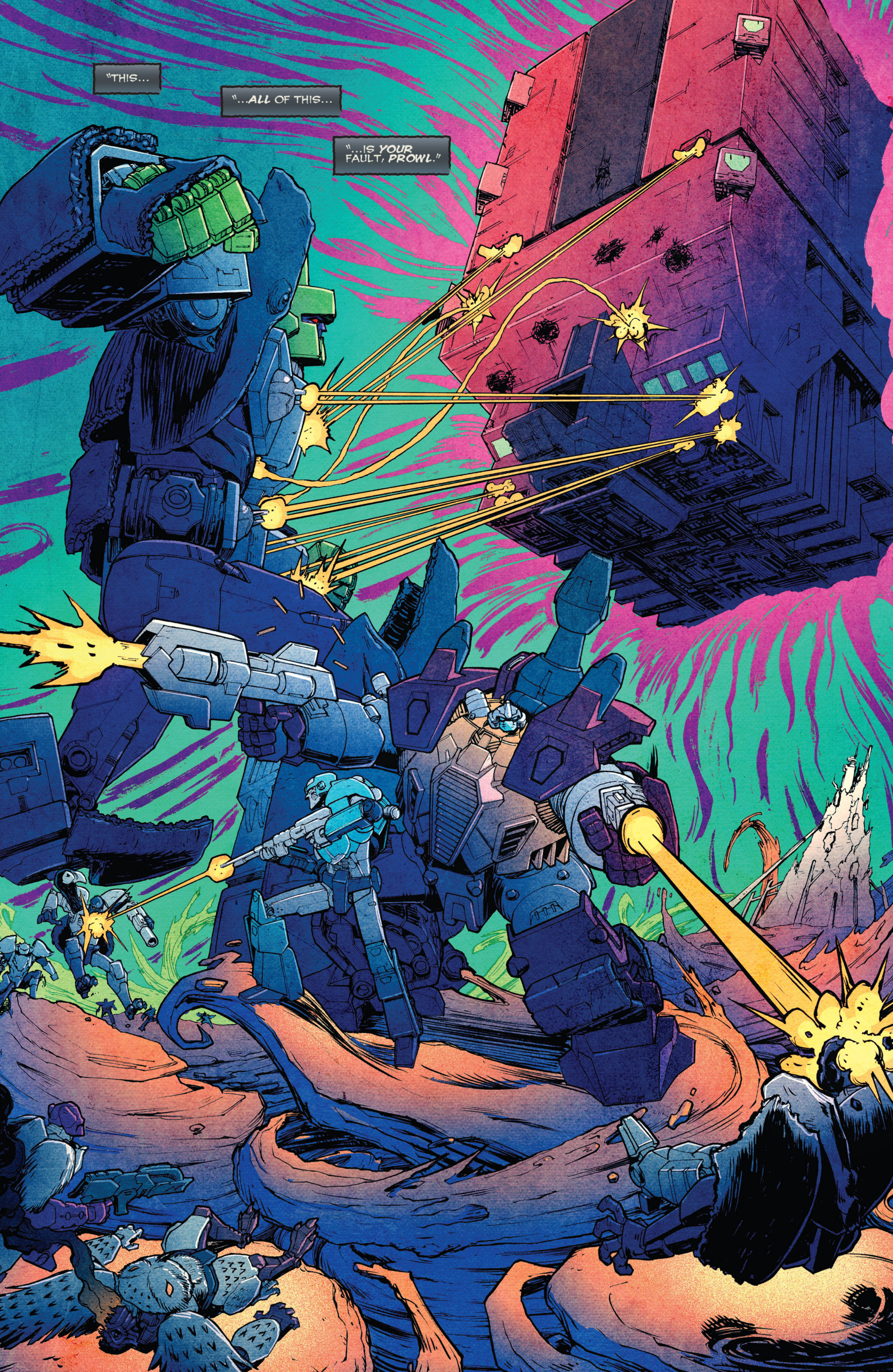
Licensed By:

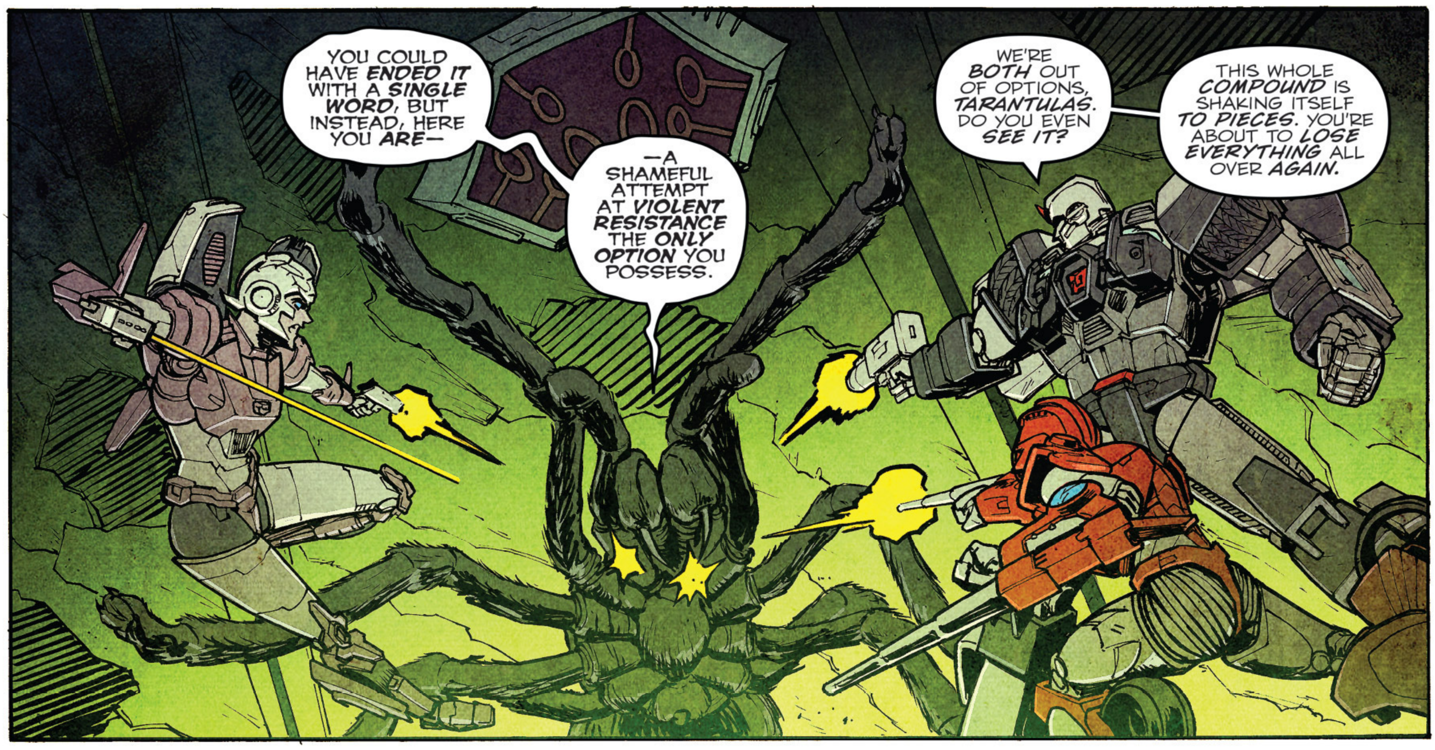
Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Dirk Wood, VP of Marketing
Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services
Jeff Webber, VP of Licensing, Digital and Subsidiary Rights
Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development

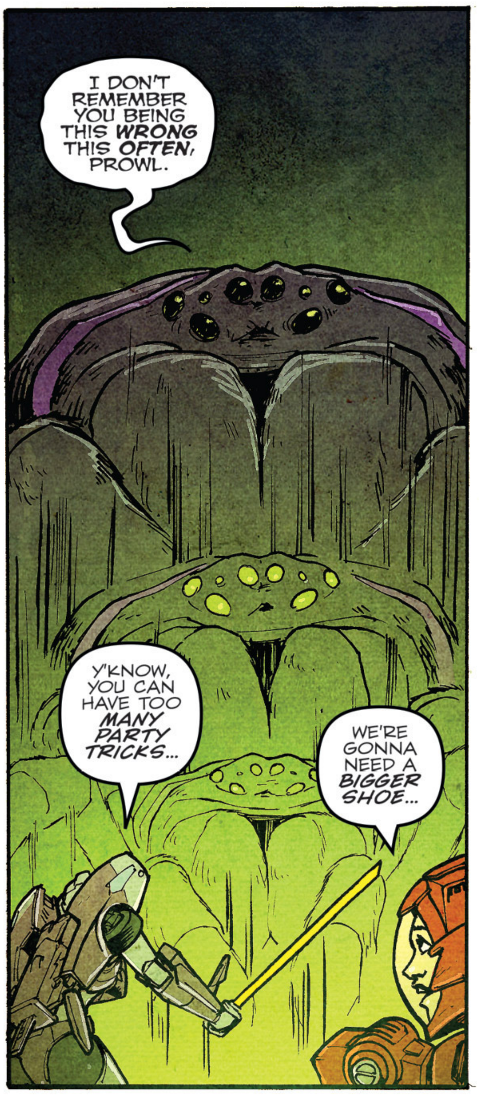
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

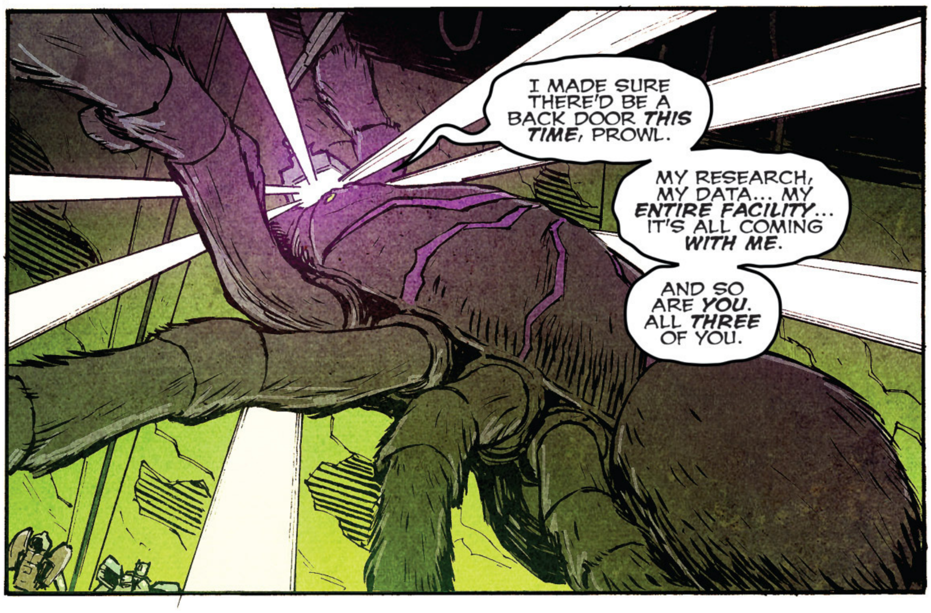
Facebook: **facebook.com/idwpublishing**
Twitter: **@idwpublishing**
YouTube: **youtube.com/idwpublishing**
Tumblr: **tumblr.idwpublishing.com**
Instagram: **instagram.com/idwpublishing**

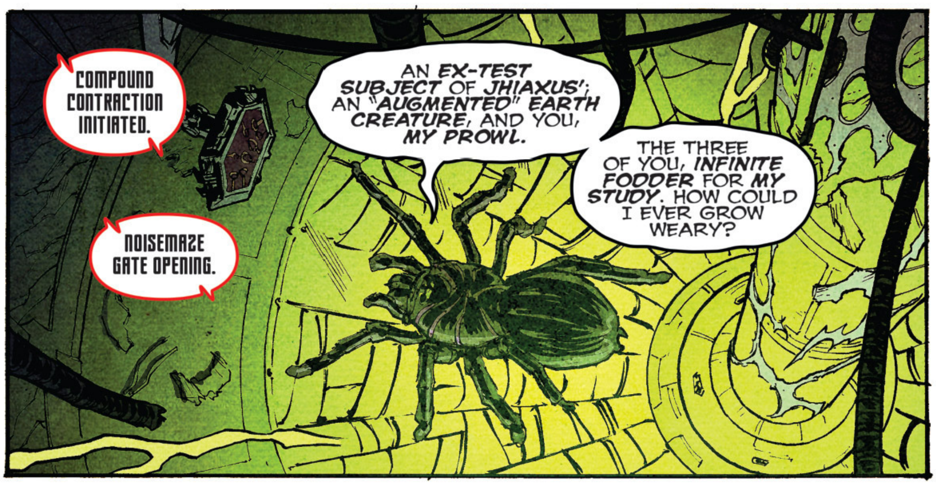
THE TRANSFORMERS: SINS OF THE WRECKERS #5. MAY 2016. FIRST PRINTING. HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2016 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in USA.

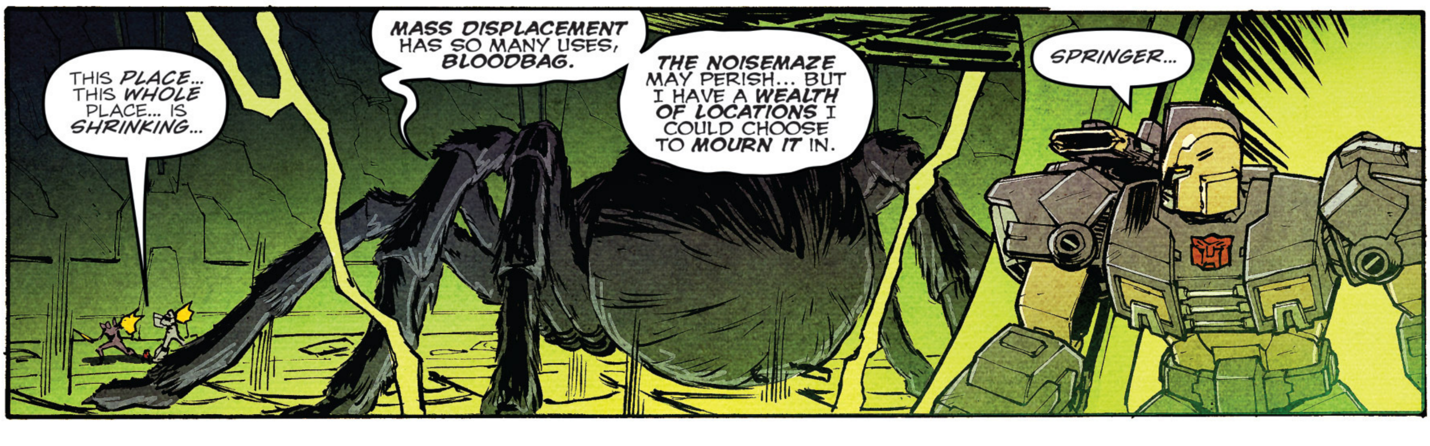

"THIS...
"...ALL OF THIS...
"...IS YOUR FAULT, PROWL."

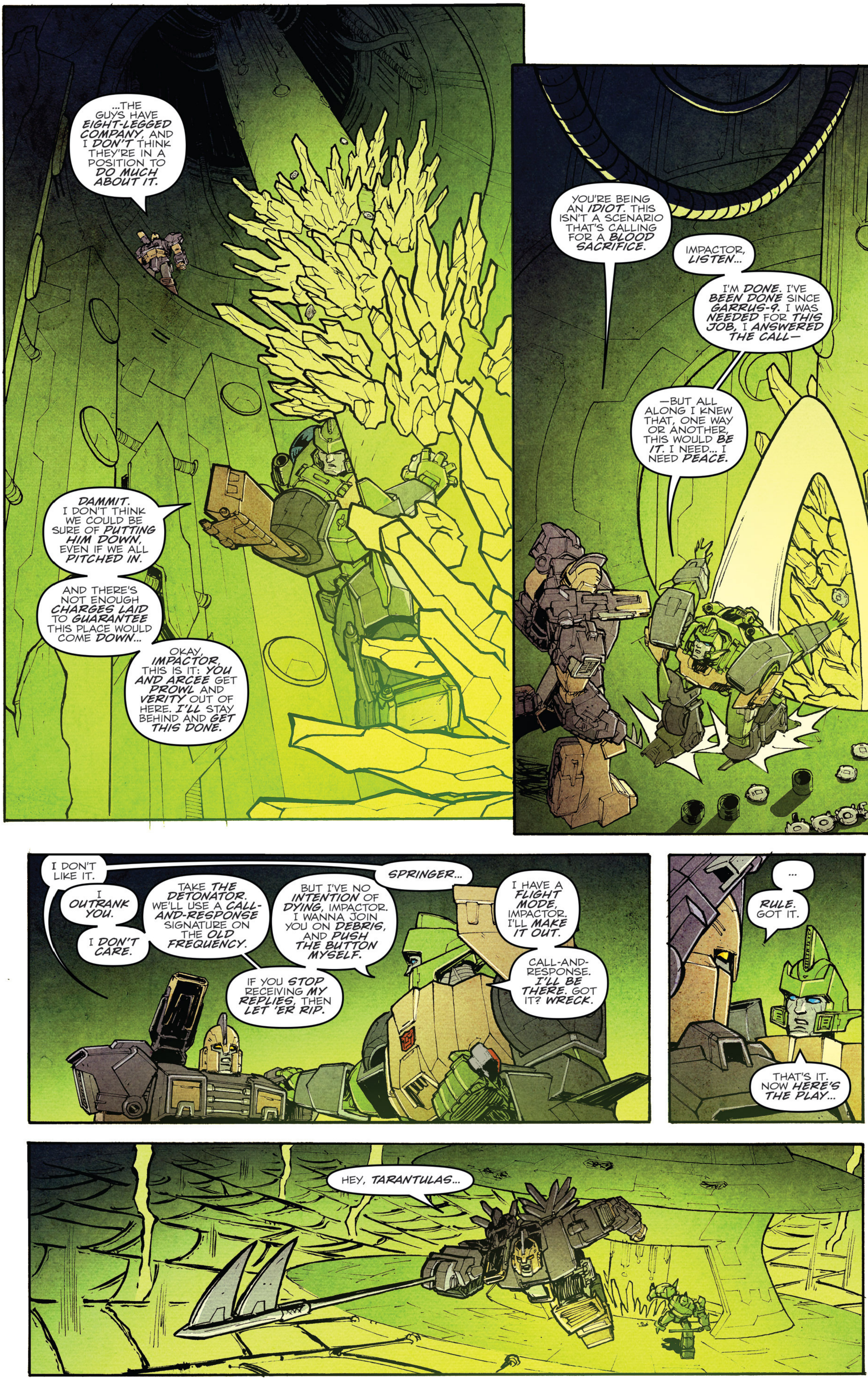

YOU COULD HAVE ENDED IT WITH A SINGLE WORD, BUT INSTEAD, HERE YOU ARE—
—A SHAMEFUL ATTEMPT AT VIOLENT RESISTANCE THE ONLY OPTION YOU POSSESS.
WE'RE BOTH OUT OF OPTIONS, TARANTULAS. DO YOU EVEN SEE IT?
THIS WHOLE COMPOUND IS SHAKING ITSELF TO PIECES. YOU'RE ABOUT TO LOSE EVERYTHING ALL OVER AGAIN.

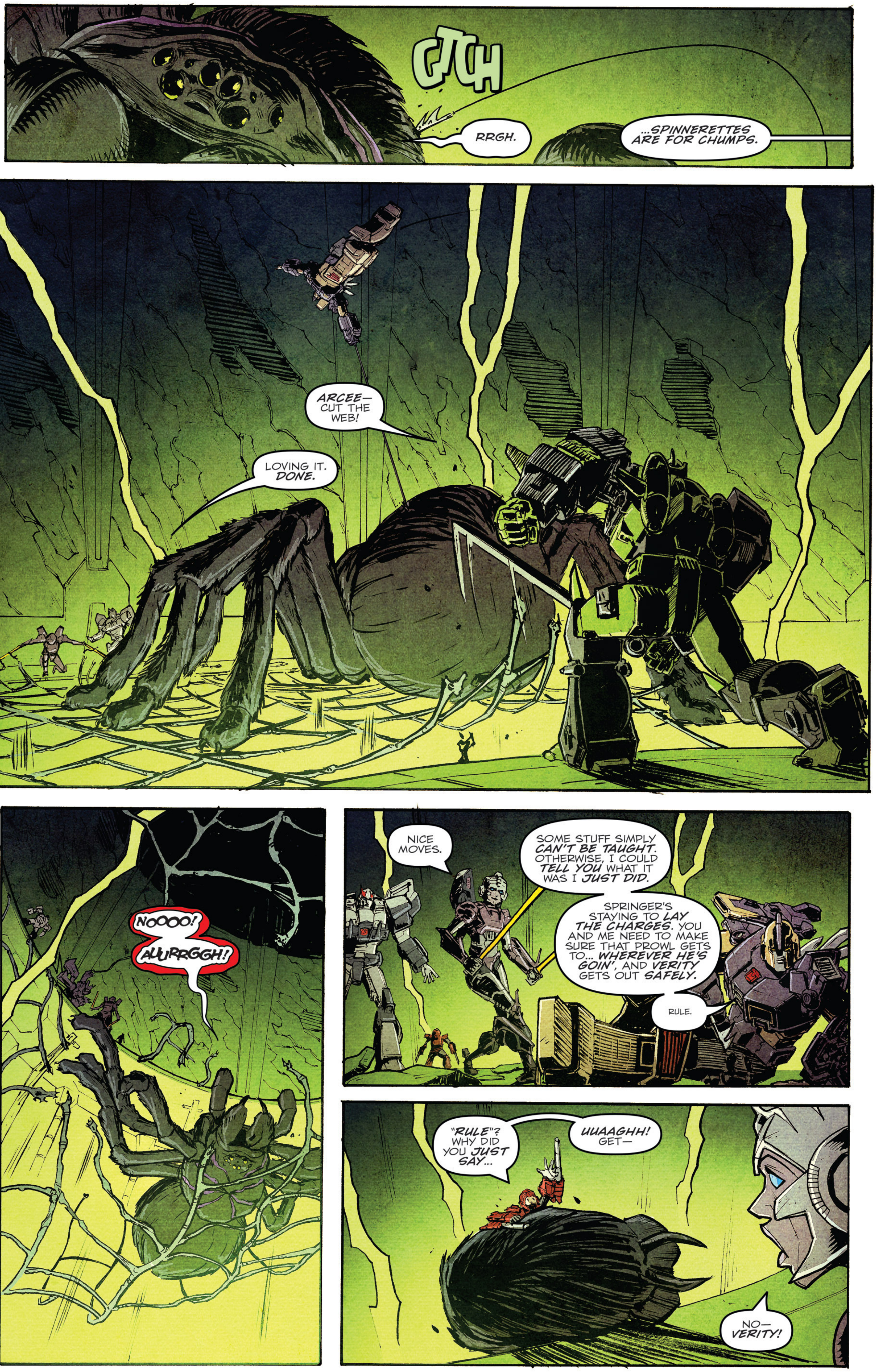

I DON'T REMEMBER YOU BEING THIS WRONG THIS OFTEN, PROWL.
Y'KNOW, YOU CAN HAVE TOO MANY PARTY TRICKS...
WE'RE GONNA NEED A BIGGER SHOE...

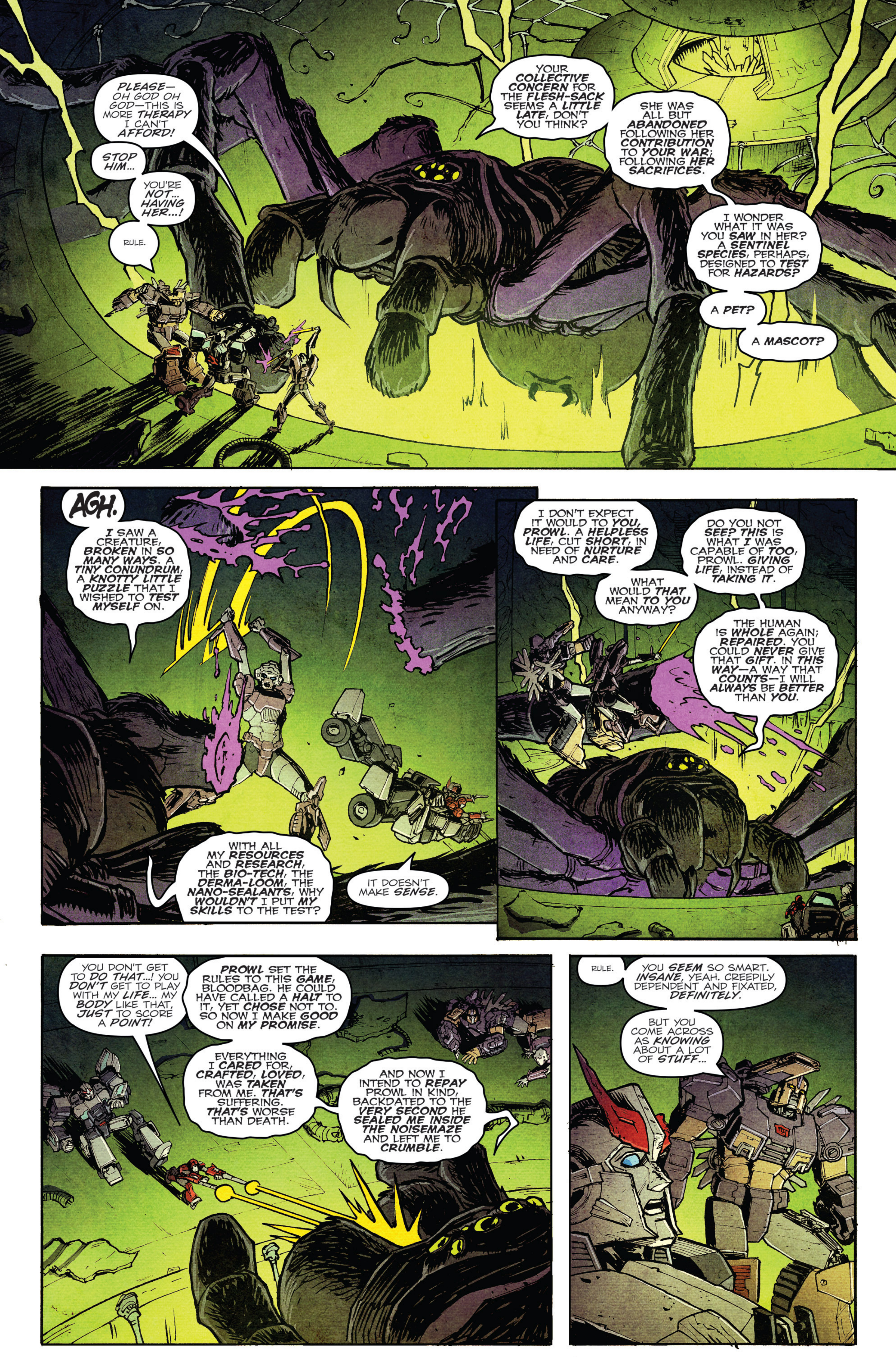

I MADE SURE THERE'D BE A BACK DOOR THIS TIME, PROWL.
MY RESEARCH, MY DATA... MY ENTIRE FACILITY... IT'S ALL COMING WITH ME.
AND SO ARE YOU. ALL THREE OF YOU.

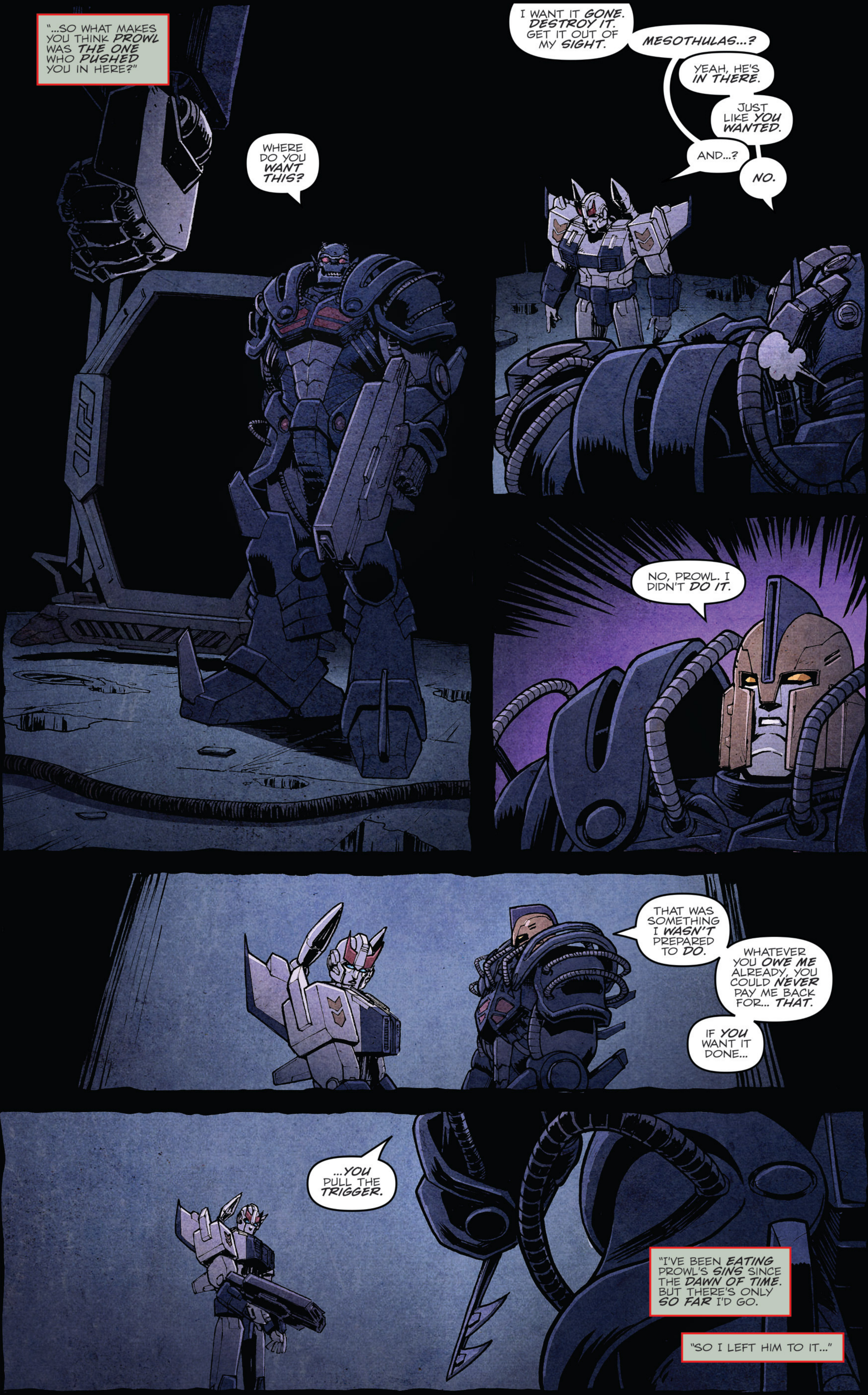

COMPOUND CONTRACTION INITIATED.
NOISEMAZE GATE OPENING.
AN EX-TEST SUBJECT OF JHIAXUS'; AN "AUGMENTED" EARTH CREATURE, AND YOU, MY PROWL.
THE THREE OF YOU, INFINITE FODDER FOR MY STUDY. HOW COULD I EVER GROW WEARY?

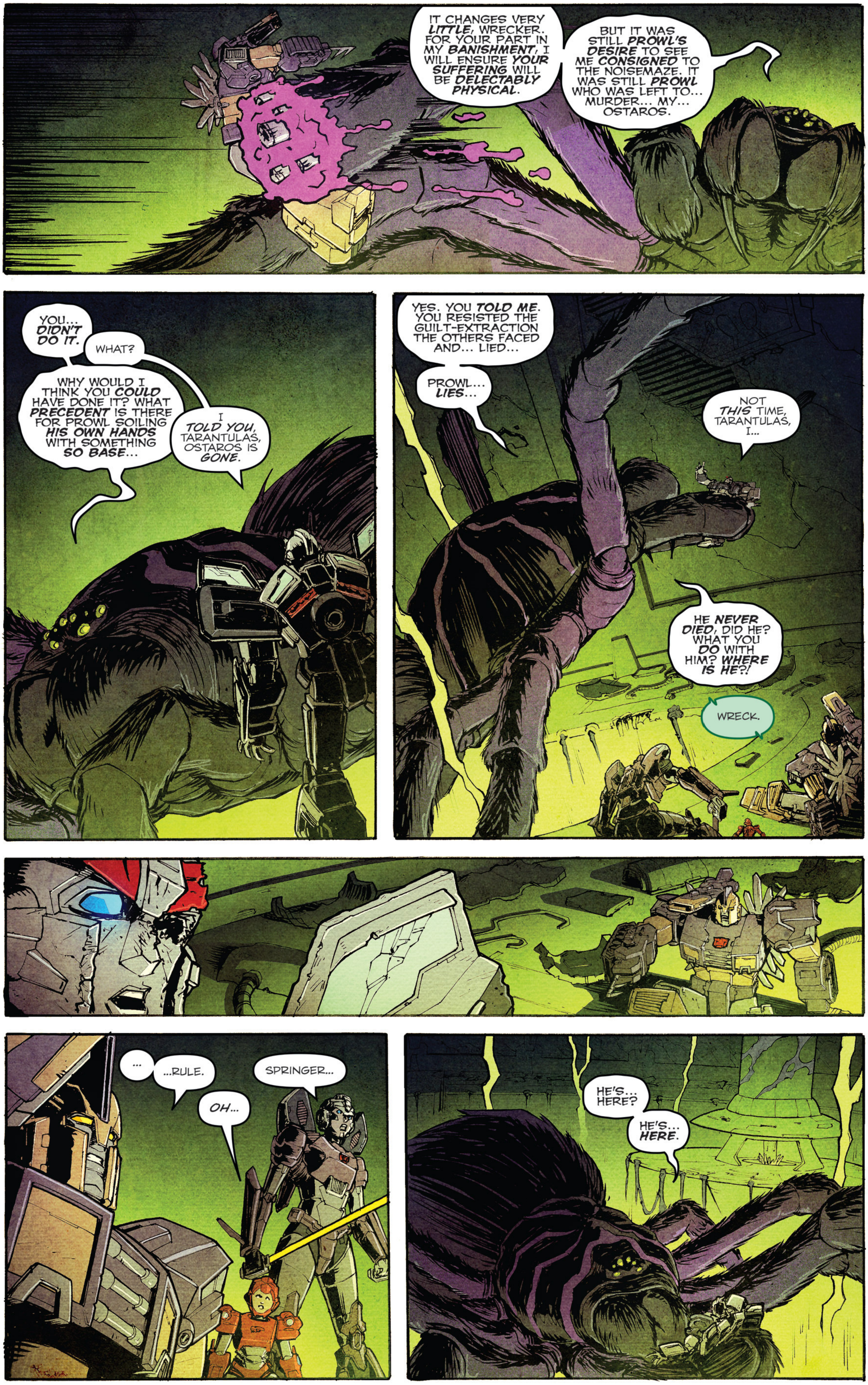

THIS PLACE... THIS WHOLE PLACE... IS SHRINKING...
MASS DISPLACEMENT HAS SO MANY USES, BLOODBAG.
THE NOISEMAZE MAY PERISH... BUT I HAVE A WEALTH OF LOCATIONS I COULD CHOOSE TO MOURN IT IN.
SPRINGER...

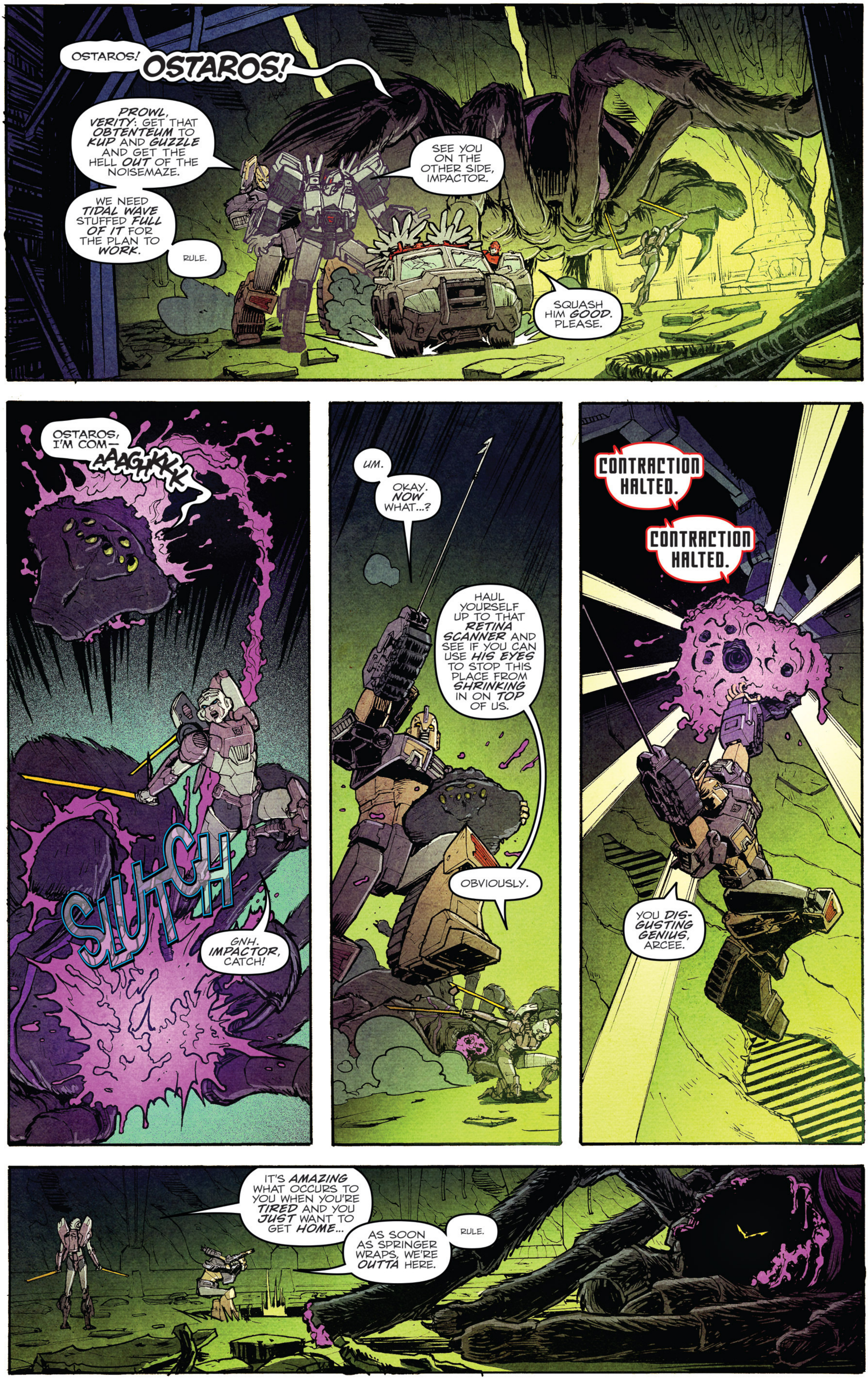

...THE GUYS HAVE EIGHT-LEGGED COMPANY, AND I DON'T THINK THEY'RE IN A POSITION TO DO MUCH ABOUT IT.
DAMMIT. I DON'T THINK WE COULD BE SURE OF PUTTING HIM DOWN, EVEN IF WE ALL PITCHED IN.
AND THERE'S NOT ENOUGH CHARGES LAID TO GUARANTEE THIS PLACE WOULD COME DOWN...
OKAY, IMPACTOR, THIS IS IT: YOU AND ARCEE GET PROWL AND VERITY OUT OF HERE. I'LL STAY BEHIND AND GET THIS DONE.
YOU'RE BEING AN IDIOT. THIS ISN'T A SCENARIO THAT'S CALLING FOR A BLOOD SACRIFICE.
IMPACTOR, LISTEN...
I'M DONE. I'VE BEEN DONE SINCE GARRUS-9. I WAS NEEDED FOR THIS JOB, I ANSWERED THE CALL—
—BUT ALL ALONG I KNEW THAT, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THIS WOULD BE IT. I NEED... I NEED PEACE.
I DON'T LIKE IT.
SPRINGER...
I OUTRANK YOU.
I DON'T CARE.
TAKE THE DETONATOR. WE'LL USE A CALL-AND-RESPONSE SIGNATURE ON THE OLD FREQUENCY.
IF YOU STOP RECEIVING MY REPLIES, THEN LET 'ER RIP.
BUT I'VE NO INTENTION OF DYING, IMPACTOR. I WANNA JOIN YOU ON DEBRIS, AND PUSH THE BUTTON MYSELF.
I HAVE A FLIGHT MODE, IMPACTOR. I'LL MAKE IT OUT.
CALL-AND-RESPONSE. I'LL BE THERE. GOT IT? WRECK.
...
RULE. GOT IT.
THAT'S IT. NOW HERE'S THE PLAY...
HEY, TARANTULAS...

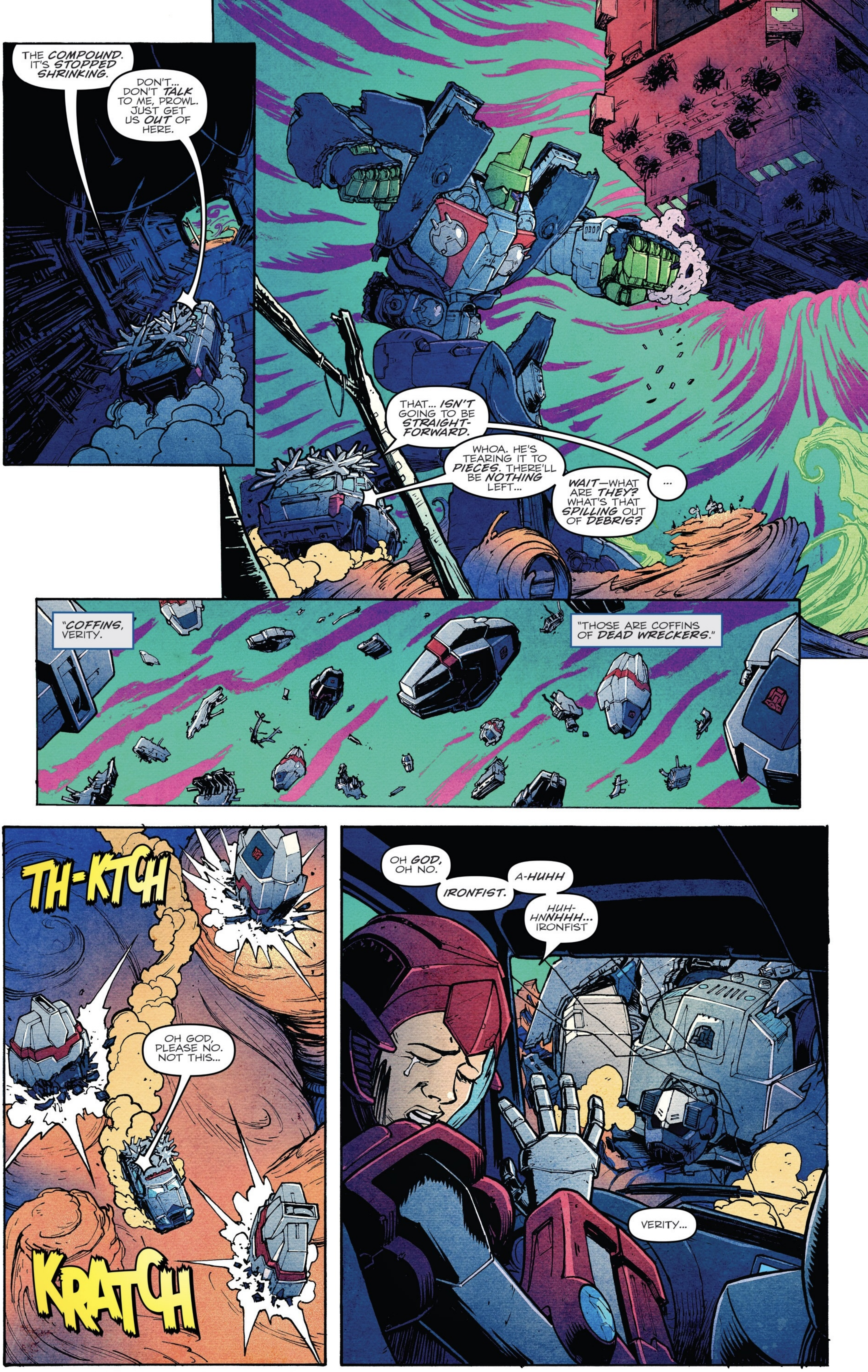

GTCH
RRGH.
...SPINNERETTES ARE FOR CHUMPS.
ARCEE— CUT THE WEB!
LOVING IT. DONE.
NOOOO!
AUURRGGH!
NICE MOVES.
SOME STUFF SIMPLY CAN'T BE TAUGHT. OTHERWISE, I COULD TELL YOU WHAT IT WAS I JUST DID.
SPRINGER'S STAYING TO LAY THE CHARGES. YOU AND ME NEED TO MAKE SURE THAT PROWL GETS TO... WHEREVER HE'S GOIN', AND VERITY GETS OUT SAFELY.
RULE.
"RULE"? WHY DID YOU JUST SAY...
UUAAGHH! GET—
NO— VERITY!

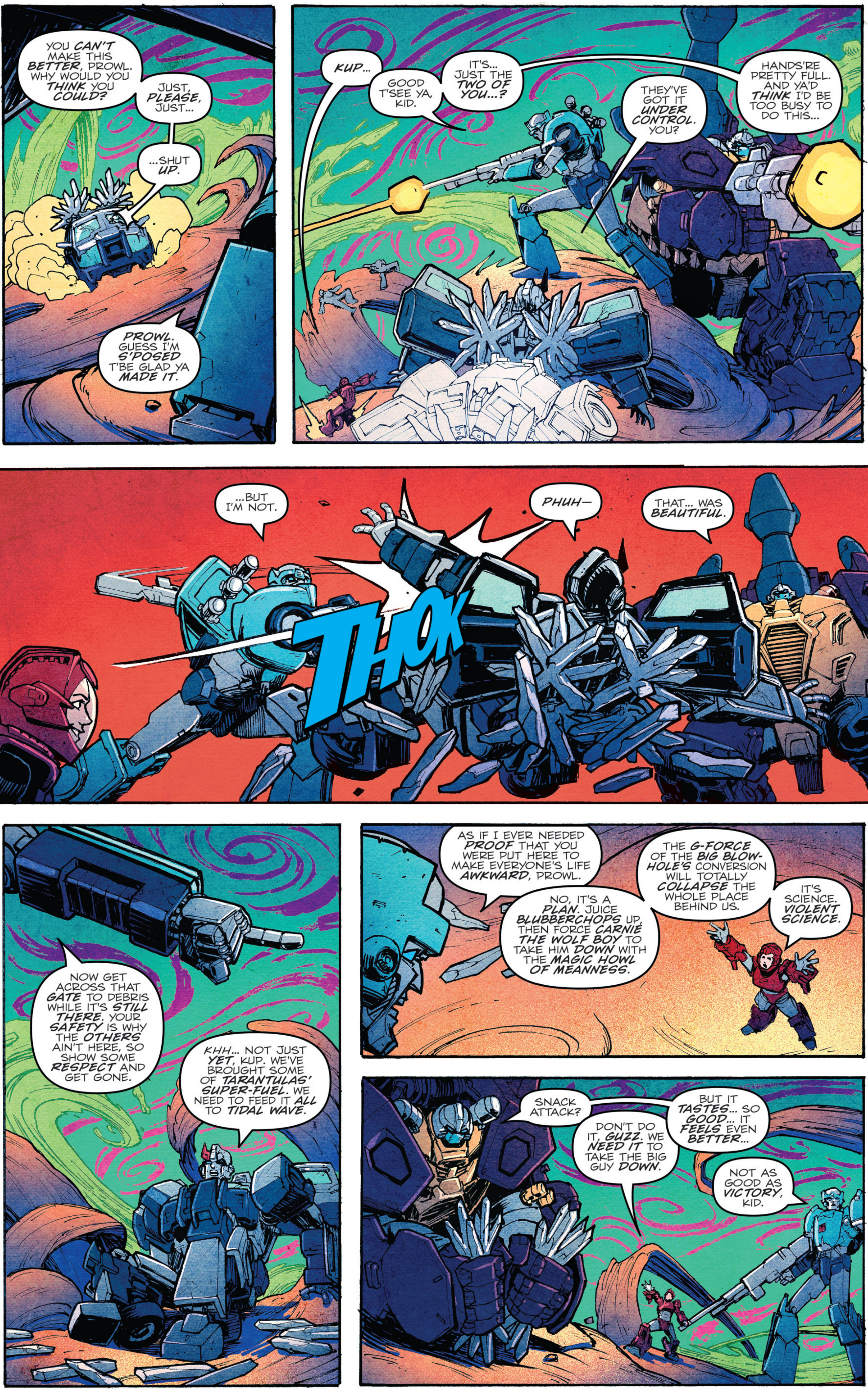

PLEASE—OH GOD OH GOD—THIS IS MORE THERAPY I CAN'T AFFORD!
STOP HIM...
YOU'RE NOT... HAVING HER...!
RULE.
YOUR COLLECTIVE CONCERN FOR THE FLESH-SACK SEEMS A LITTLE LATE, DON'T YOU THINK?
SHE WAS ALL BUT ABANDONED FOLLOWING HER CONTRIBUTION TO YOUR WAR; FOLLOWING HER SACRIFICES.
I WONDER WHAT IT WAS YOU SAW IN HER? A SENTINEL SPECIES, PERHAPS, DESIGNED TO TEST FOR HAZARDS?
A PET?
A MASCOT?
AGH.
I SAW A CREATURE, BROKEN IN SO MANY WAYS. A TINY CONUNDRUM, A KNOTTY LITTLE PUZZLE THAT I WISHED TO TEST MYSELF ON.
WITH ALL MY RESOURCES AND RESEARCH, THE BIO-TECH, THE DERMA-LOOM, THE NANO-SEALANTS, WHY WOULDN'T I PUT MY SKILLS TO THE TEST?
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
I DON'T EXPECT IT WOULD TO YOU, PROWL. A HELPLESS LIFE, CUT SHORT, IN NEED OF NURTURE AND CARE.
WHAT WOULD THAT MEAN TO YOU ANYWAY?
DO YOU NOT SEE? THIS IS WHAT I WAS CAPABLE OF TOO, PROWL. GIVING LIFE, INSTEAD OF TAKING IT.
THE HUMAN IS WHOLE AGAIN; REPAIRED. YOU COULD NEVER GIVE THAT GIFT. IN THIS WAY—A WAY THAT COUNTS—I WILL ALWAYS BE BETTER THAN YOU.
YOU DON'T GET TO DO THAT...! YOU DON'T GET TO PLAY WITH MY LIFE... MY BODY LIKE THAT, JUST TO SCORE A POINT!
PROWL SET THE RULES TO THIS GAME, BLOODBAG. HE COULD HAVE CALLED A HALT TO IT, YET CHOSE NOT TO. SO NOW I MAKE GOOD ON MY PROMISE.
EVERYTHING I CARED FOR, CRAFTED, LOVED, WAS TAKEN FROM ME. THAT'S SUFFERING. THAT'S WORSE THAN DEATH.
AND NOW I INTEND TO REPAY PROWL IN KIND, BACKDATED TO THE VERY SECOND HE SEALED ME INSIDE THE NOISEMAZE AND LEFT ME TO CRUMBLE.
RULE.
YOU SEEM SO SMART. INSANE, YEAH. CREEPILY DEPENDENT AND FIXATED, DEFINITELY.
BUT YOU COME ACROSS AS KNOWING ABOUT A LOT OF STUFF...

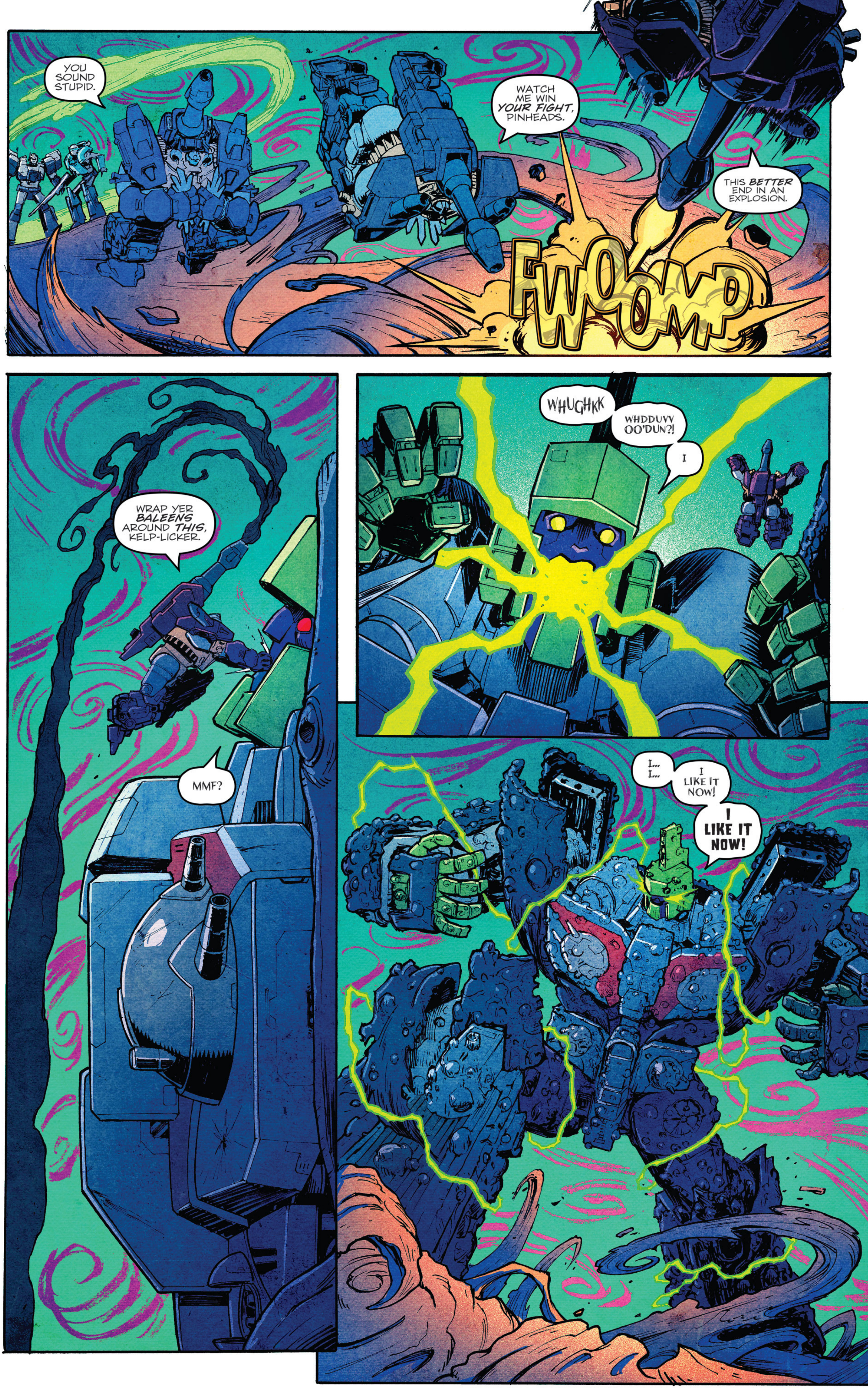

"...SO WHAT MAKES YOU THINK PROWL WAS THE ONE WHO PUSHED YOU IN HERE?"
WHERE DO YOU WANT THIS?
I WANT IT GONE. DESTROY IT. GET IT OUT OF MY SIGHT.
MESOTHULAS...?
YEAH, HE'S IN THERE.
JUST LIKE YOU WANTED.
AND...?
NO.
NO, PROWL. I DIDN'T DO IT.
THAT WAS SOMETHING I WASN'T PREPARED TO DO.
WHATEVER YOU OWE ME ALREADY, YOU COULD NEVER PAY ME BACK FOR... THAT.
IF YOU WANT IT DONE...
...YOU PULL THE TRIGGER.
"I'VE BEEN EATING PROWL'S SINS SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME. BUT THERE'S ONLY SO FAR I'D GO.
"SO I LEFT HIM TO IT..."

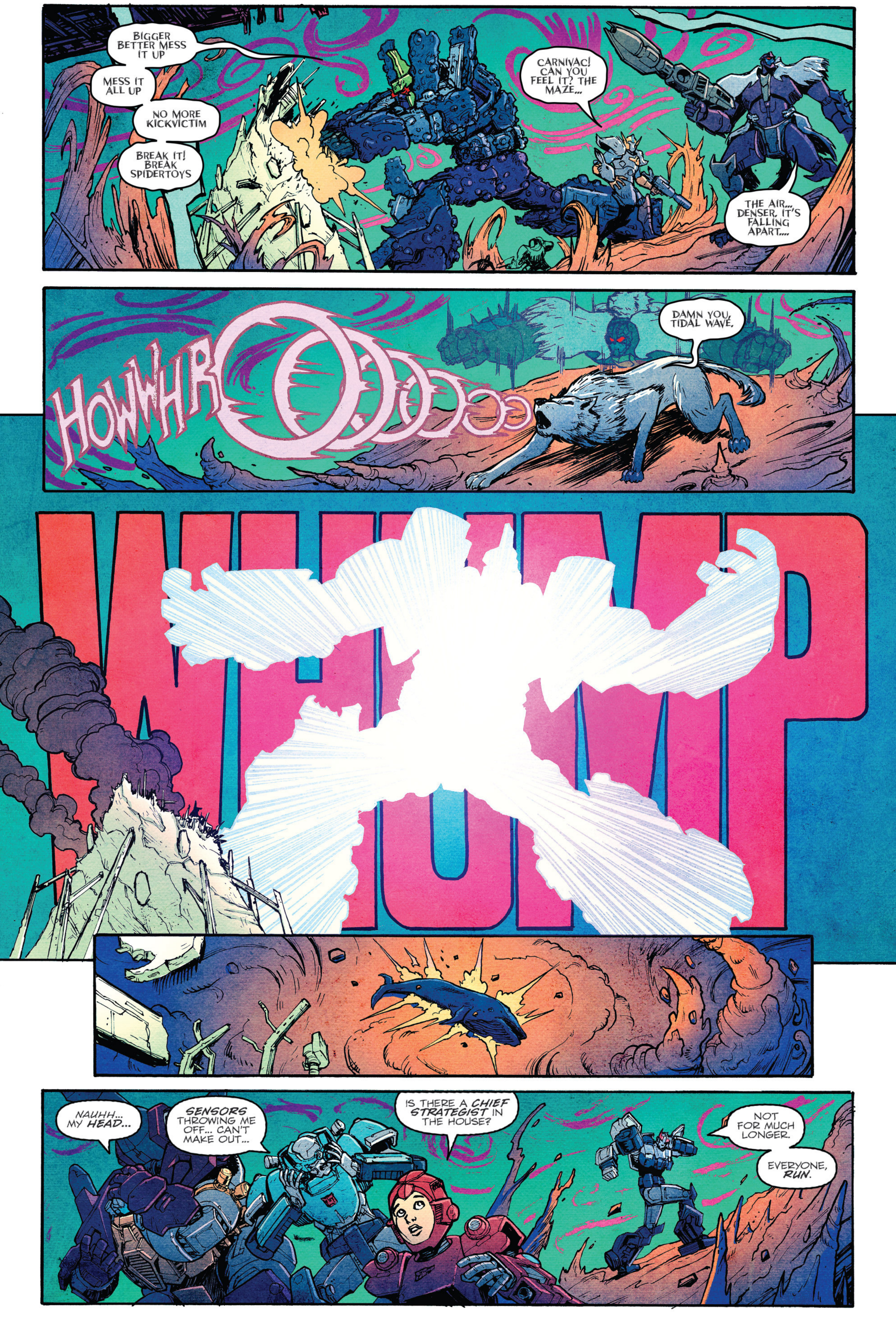

IT CHANGES VERY *LITTLE*, WRECKER. FOR YOUR PART IN MY *BANISHMENT*, I WILL ENSURE *YOUR SUFFERING* WILL BE *DELECTABLY PHYSICAL*.
BUT IT WAS STILL *PROWL'S DESIRE* TO SEE ME *CONSIGNED* TO THE NOISEMAZE. IT WAS STILL *PROWL* WHO WAS LEFT TO... MURDER... MY... OSTAROS.
YOU... *DIDN'T DO IT.*
WHAT?
WHY WOULD I THINK YOU *COULD* HAVE DONE IT? WHAT *PRECEDENT* IS THERE FOR PROWL SOILING *HIS OWN HANDS* WITH SOMETHING *SO BASE*...
I *TOLD YOU*, TARANTULAS, OSTAROS IS *GONE*.
YES. YOU *TOLD ME*. YOU RESISTED THE GUILT-EXTRACTION THE OTHERS FACED AND... LIED...
PROWL... *LIES*...
NOT *THIS* TIME, TARANTULAS, I...
HE *NEVER DIED*, DID HE? WHAT YOU *DO* WITH HIM? *WHERE IS HE?!*
WRECK.
...
...RULE.
SPRINGER...
OH...
HE'S... HERE?
HE'S... *HERE*.

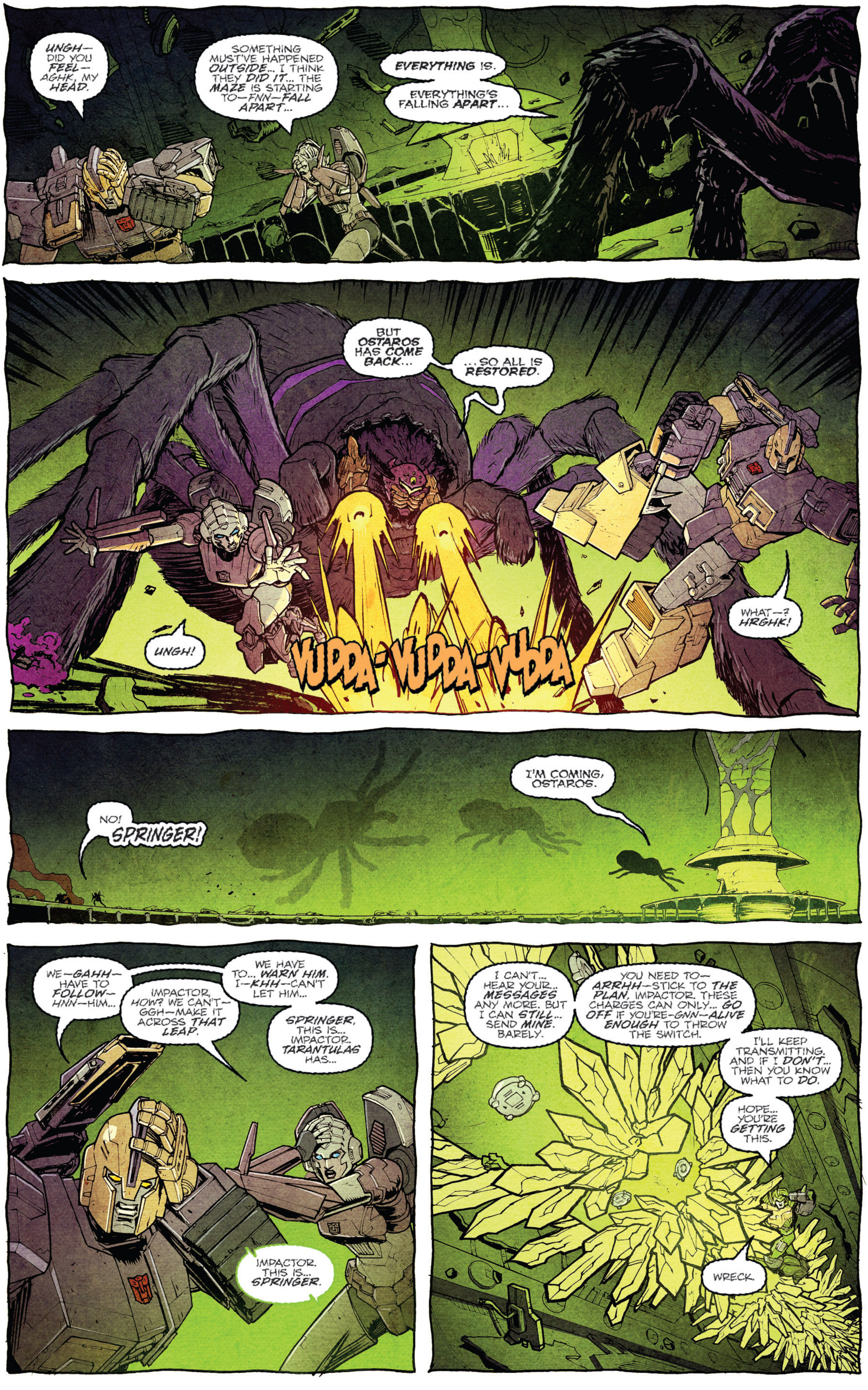

OSTAROS! OSTAROS!
PROWL, VERITY: GET THAT OBTENTEUM TO KUP AND GUZZLE AND GET THE HELL OUT OF THE NOISEMAZE.
WE NEED TIDAL WAVE STUFFED FULL OF IT FOR THE PLAN TO WORK.
RULE.
SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE, IMPACTOR.
SQUASH HIM GOOD. PLEASE.
OSTAROS, I'M COM—
AAAGHKKK
SHLUTCH
GNH. IMPACTOR, CATCH!
UM.
OKAY. NOW WHAT...?
HAUL YOURSELF UP TO THAT RETINA SCANNER AND SEE IF YOU CAN USE HIS EYES TO STOP THIS PLACE FROM SHRINKING IN ON TOP OF US.
OBVIOUSLY.
CONTRACTION HALTED.
CONTRACTION HALTED.
YOU DISGUSTING GENIUS, ARCEE.
IT'S AMAZING WHAT OCCURS TO YOU WHEN YOU'RE TIRED AND YOU JUST WANT TO GET HOME...
RULE.
AS SOON AS SPRINGER WRAPS, WE'RE OUTTA HERE.

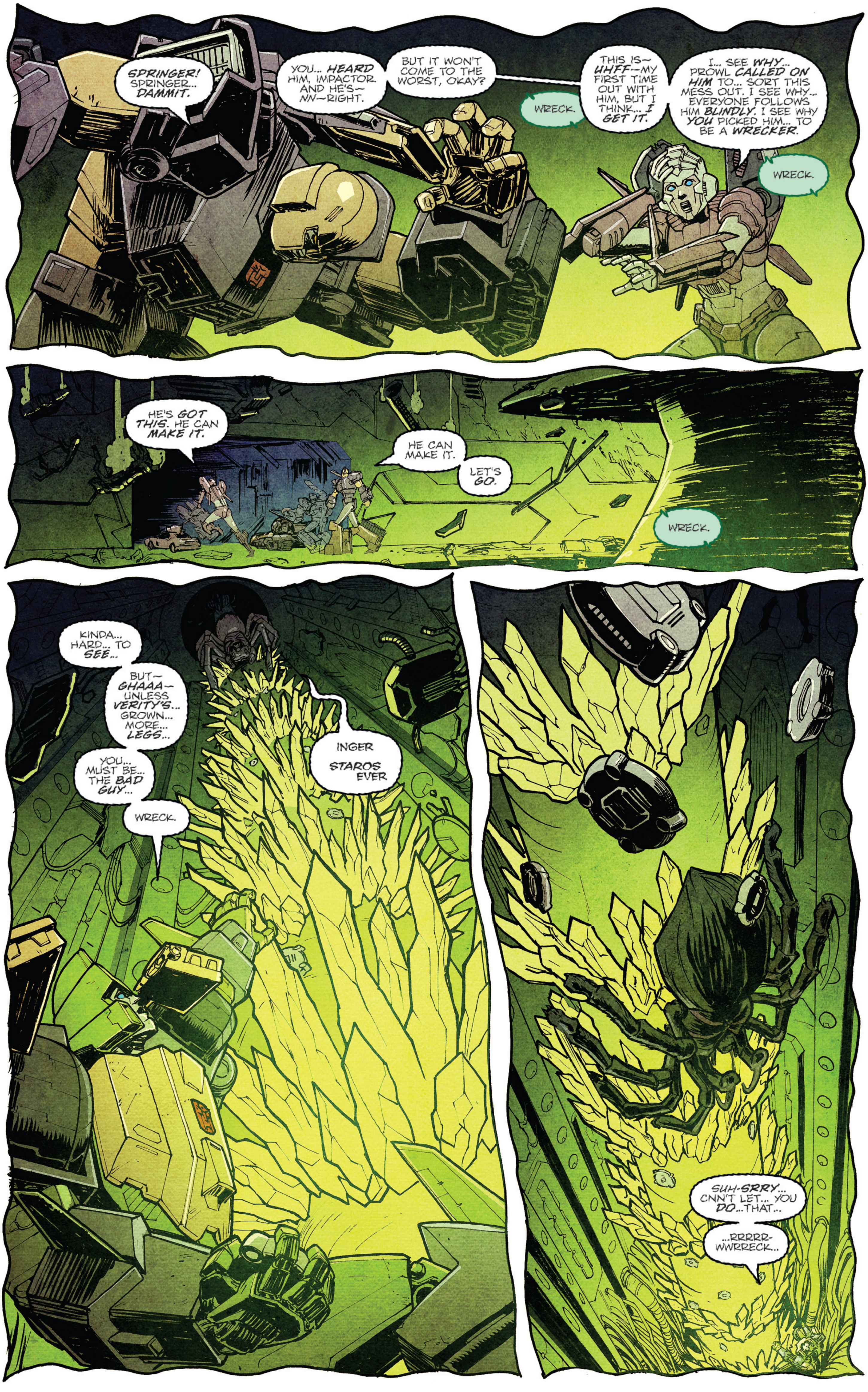

THE COMPOUND. IT'S STOPPED SHRINKING.
DON'T... DON'T TALK TO ME, PROWL. JUST GET US OUT OF HERE.
THAT... ISN'T GOING TO BE STRAIGHT-FORWARD.
WHOA. HE'S TEARING IT TO PIECES. THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT...
...
WAIT—WHAT ARE THEY? WHAT'S THAT SPILLING OUT OF DEBRIS?
"COFFINS, VERITY.
"THOSE ARE COFFINS OF DEAD WRECKERS."
TH-KTCH
OH GOD, PLEASE NO. NOT THIS...
KRATCH
OH GOD, OH NO.
IRONFIST.
A-HUHH
HUH-HNNHHH... IRONFIST
VERITY...

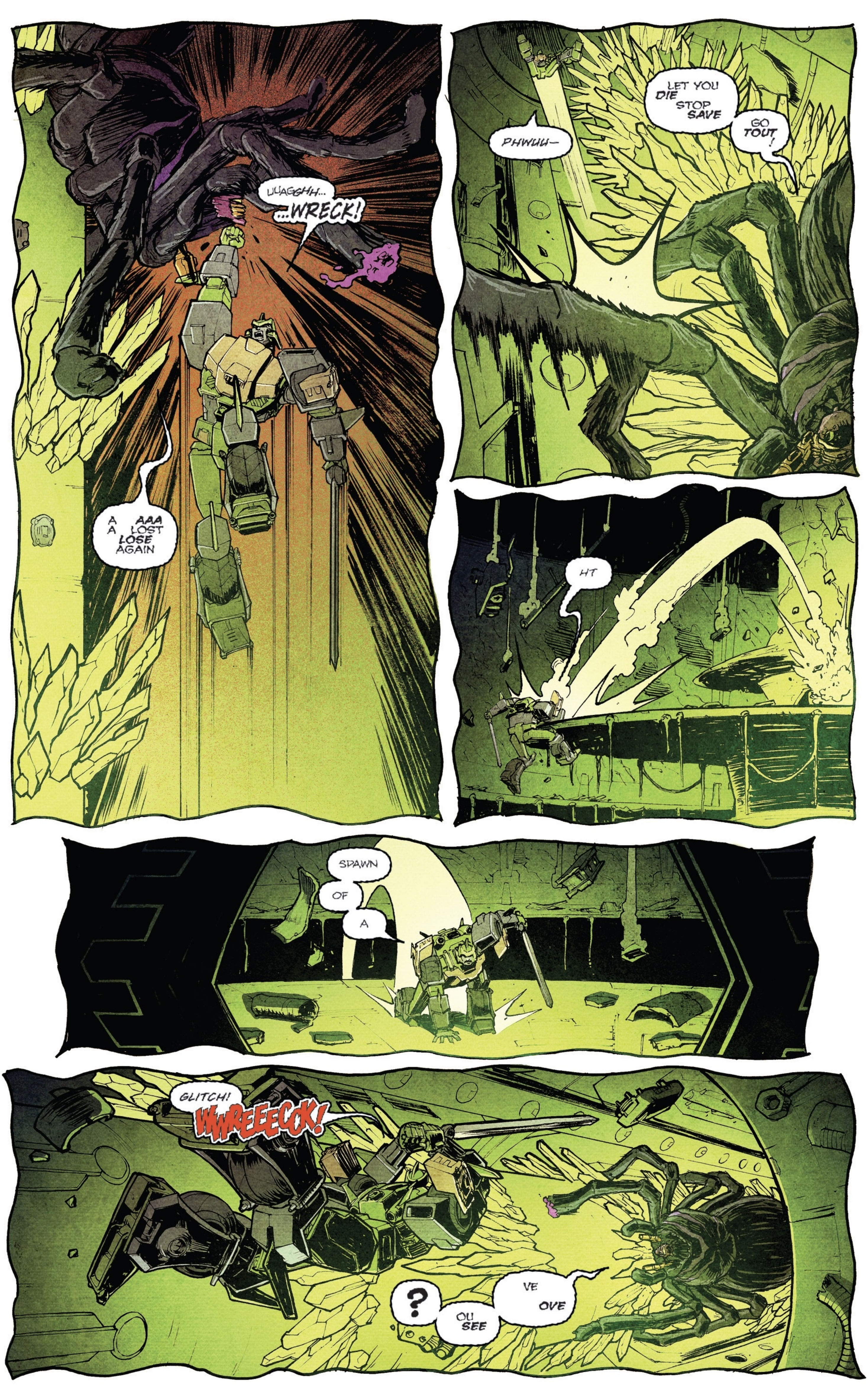

YOU CAN'T MAKE THIS BETTER, PROWL. WHY WOULD YOU THINK YOU COULD?
JUST, PLEASE, JUST...
...SHUT UP.
PROWL. GUESS I'M S'POSED T'BE GLAD YA MADE IT.
KUP...
GOOD T'SEE YA, KID.
IT'S... JUST THE TWO OF YOU...?
THEY'VE GOT IT UNDER CONTROL. YOU?
HANDS'RE PRETTY FULL. AND YA'D THINK I'D BE TOO BUSY TO DO THIS...
...BUT I'M NOT.
THOK
PHUH—
THAT... WAS BEAUTIFUL.
NOW GET ACROSS THAT GATE TO DEBRIS WHILE IT'S STILL THERE. YOUR SAFETY IS WHY THE OTHERS AIN'T HERE, SO SHOW SOME RESPECT AND GET GONE.
KHH... NOT JUST YET, KUP. WE'VE BROUGHT SOME OF TARANTULAS' SUPER-FUEL. WE NEED TO FEED IT ALL TO TIDAL WAVE.
AS IF I EVER NEEDED PROOF THAT YOU WERE PUT HERE TO MAKE EVERYONE'S LIFE AWKWARD, PROWL.
NO, IT'S A PLAN. JUICE BLUBBERCHOPS UP, THEN FORCE CARNIE THE WOLF BOY TO TAKE HIM DOWN WITH THE MAGIC HOWL OF MEANNESS.
THE G-FORCE OF THE BIG BLOWHOLE'S CONVERSION WILL TOTALLY COLLAPSE THE WHOLE PLACE BEHIND US.
IT'S SCIENCE. VIOLENT SCIENCE.
SNACK ATTACK?
BUT IT TASTES... SO GOOD... IT FEELS EVEN BETTER...
DON'T DO IT, GUZZ. WE NEED IT TO TAKE THE BIG GUY DOWN.
NOT AS GOOD AS VICTORY, KID.

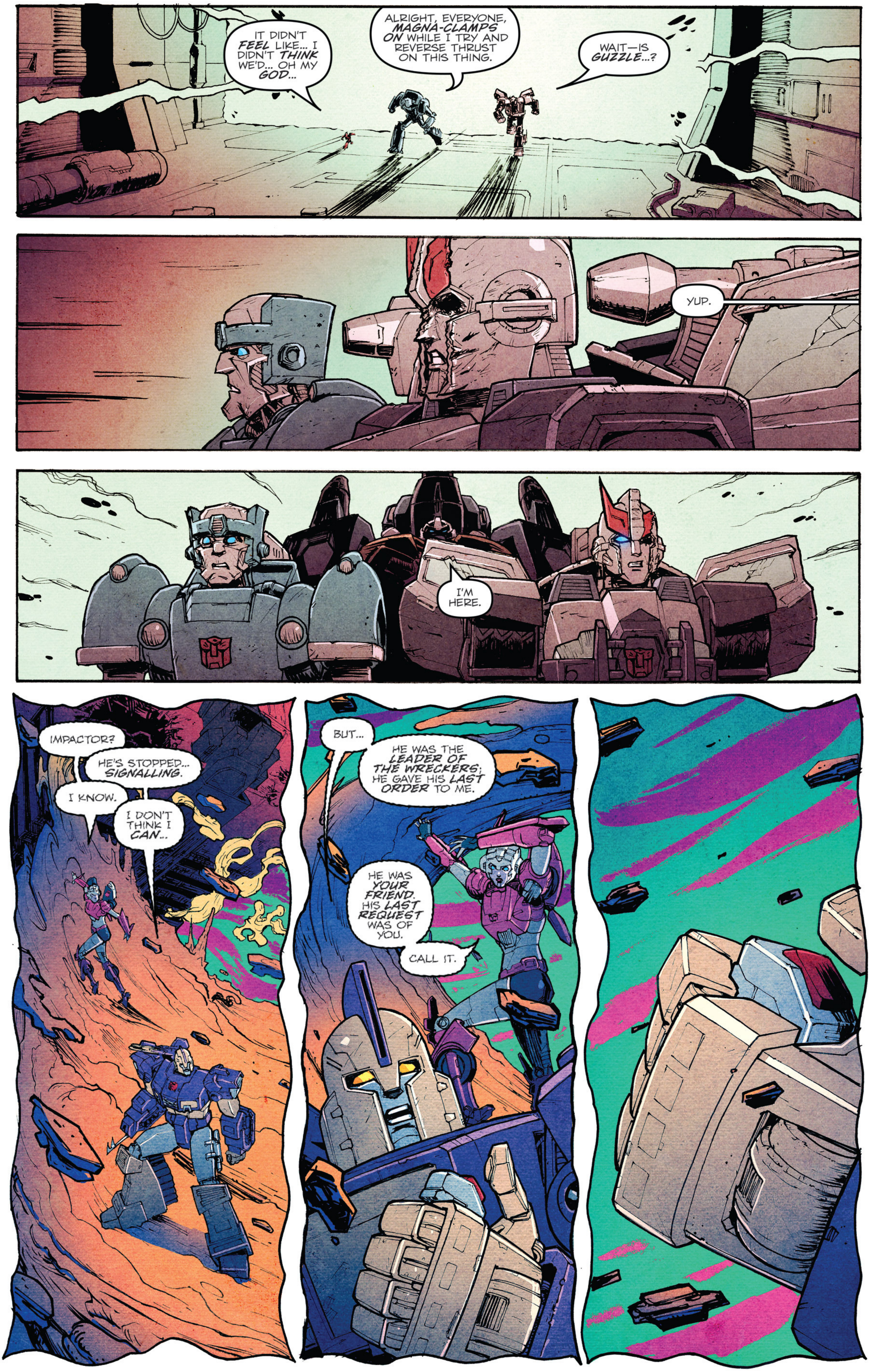

YOU SOUND STUPID.
WATCH ME WIN *YOUR FIGHT*, PINHEADS.
THIS *BETTER* END IN AN EXPLOSION.
FWOOMP
WRAP YER *BALEENS* AROUND *THIS*, KELP-LICKER.
MMF?
WHUGHKK
WHDDUVV OO'DUN?!
I
I... I...
I LIKE IT NOW!
I LIKE IT NOW!

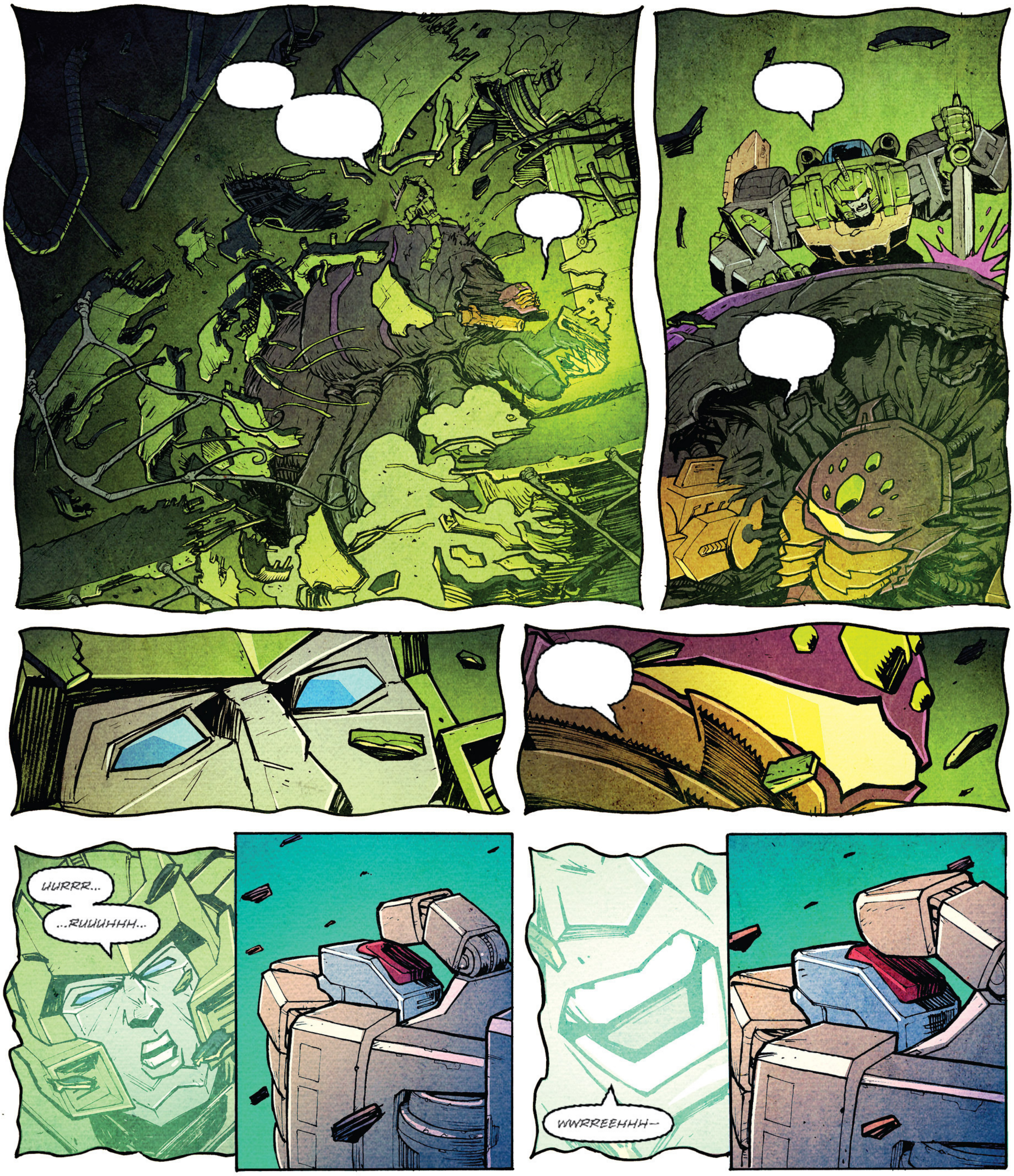

BIGGER BETTER MESS IT UP
MESS IT ALL UP
NO MORE KICKVICTIM
BREAK IT! BREAK SPIDERTOYS
CARNIVAC! CAN YOU FEEL IT? THE MAZE...
THE AIR... DENSER. IT'S FALLING APART....
HOWWHROOOOOOO
DAMN YOU, TIDAL WAVE.
WHUMP
NAUHH... MY *HEAD*...
SENSORS THROWING ME OFF... CAN'T MAKE OUT...
IS THERE A *CHIEF STRATEGIST* IN THE HOUSE?
NOT FOR MUCH LONGER.
EVERYONE, *RUN*.

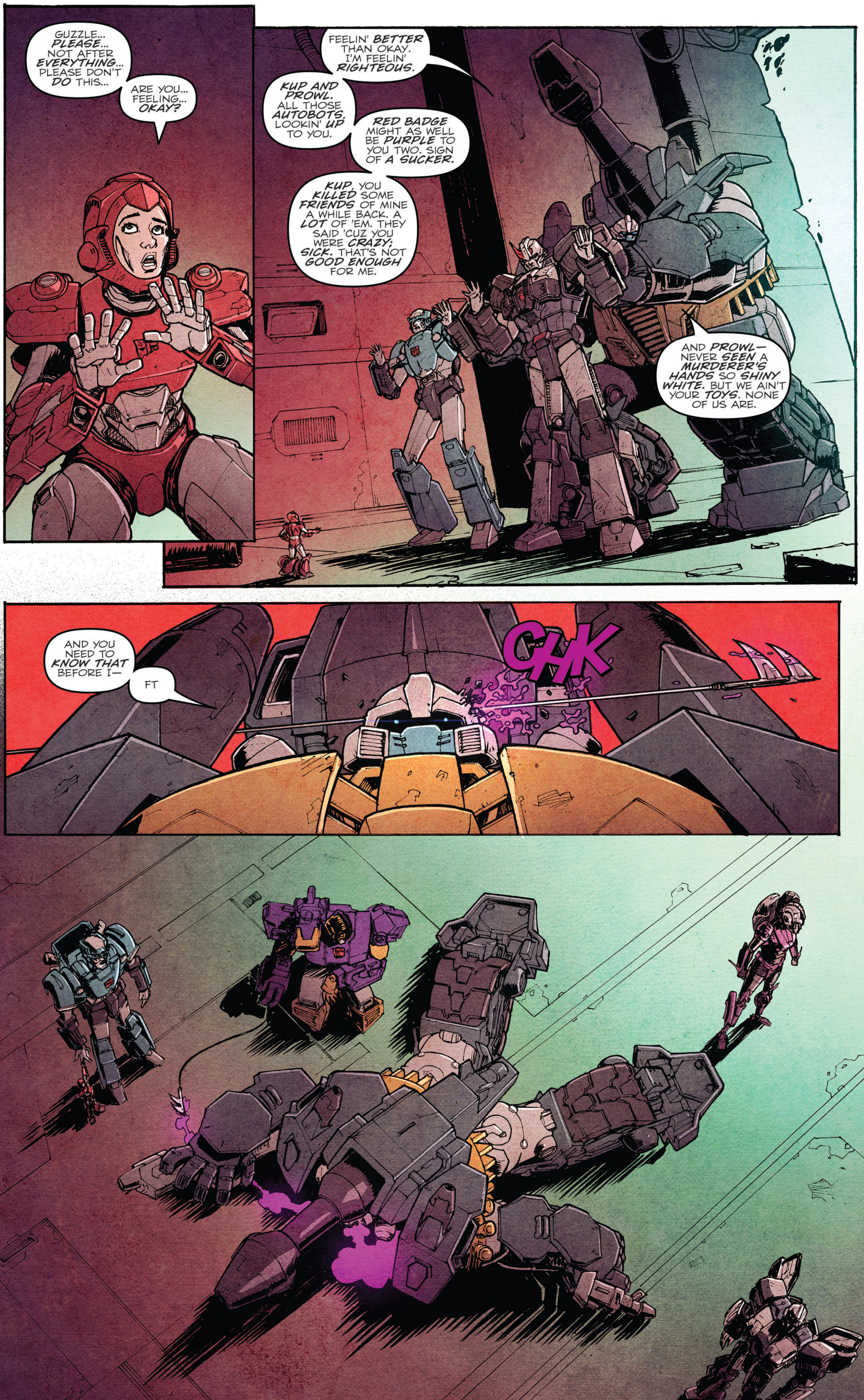

UNGH— DID YOU FEEL— AGHK, MY HEAD.
SOMETHING MUST'VE HAPPENED OUTSIDE... I THINK THEY DID IT... THE MAZE IS STARTING TO—FNN—FALL APART...
EVERYTHING IS.
EVERYTHING'S FALLING APART...
BUT OSTAROS HAS COME BACK...
...SO ALL IS RESTORED.
UNGH!
VUDDA-VUDDA-VUDDA
WHAT—? HRGHK!
NO! SPRINGER!
I'M COMING, OSTAROS.
WE—GAHH—HAVE TO FOLLOW—HNN—HIM...
IMPACTOR, HOW? WE CAN'T—GGH—MAKE IT ACROSS THAT LEAP.
WE HAVE TO... WARN HIM. I—KHH—CAN'T LET HIM...
SPRINGER, THIS IS... IMPACTOR. TARANTULAS HAS...
IMPACTOR. THIS IS... SPRINGER.
I CAN'T... HEAR YOUR... MESSAGES ANY MORE. BUT I CAN STILL... SEND MINE. BARELY.
YOU NEED TO—ARRHH—STICK TO THE PLAN, IMPACTOR. THESE CHARGES CAN ONLY... GO OFF IF YOU'RE—GNN—ALIVE ENOUGH TO THROW THE SWITCH.
I'LL KEEP TRANSMITTING. AND IF I DON'T... THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
HOPE... YOU'RE GETTING THIS.
WRECK.


SPRINGER! SPRINGER... DAMMIT.
YOU... HEARD HIM, IMPACTOR. AND HE'S~ NN~RIGHT.
BUT IT WON'T COME TO THE WORST, OKAY?
WRECK.
THIS IS~ UHFF~MY FIRST TIME OUT WITH HIM, BUT I THINK... I GET IT.
I... SEE WHY... PROWL CALLED ON HIM TO... SORT THIS MESS OUT. I SEE WHY... EVERYONE FOLLOWS HIM BLINDLY. I SEE WHY YOU PICKED HIM... TO BE A WRECKER.
WRECK.
HE'S GOT THIS. HE CAN MAKE IT.
HE CAN MAKE IT.
LET'S GO.
WRECK.
KINDA... HARD... TO SEE...
BUT~ GHAAA~ UNLESS VERITY'S... GROWN... MORE... LEGS...
YOU... MUST BE... THE BAD GUY...
WRECK.
INGER
STAROS EVER
SUH-SRRY... CNN'T LET... YOU DO...THAT...
...RRRRR-WWRRECK...

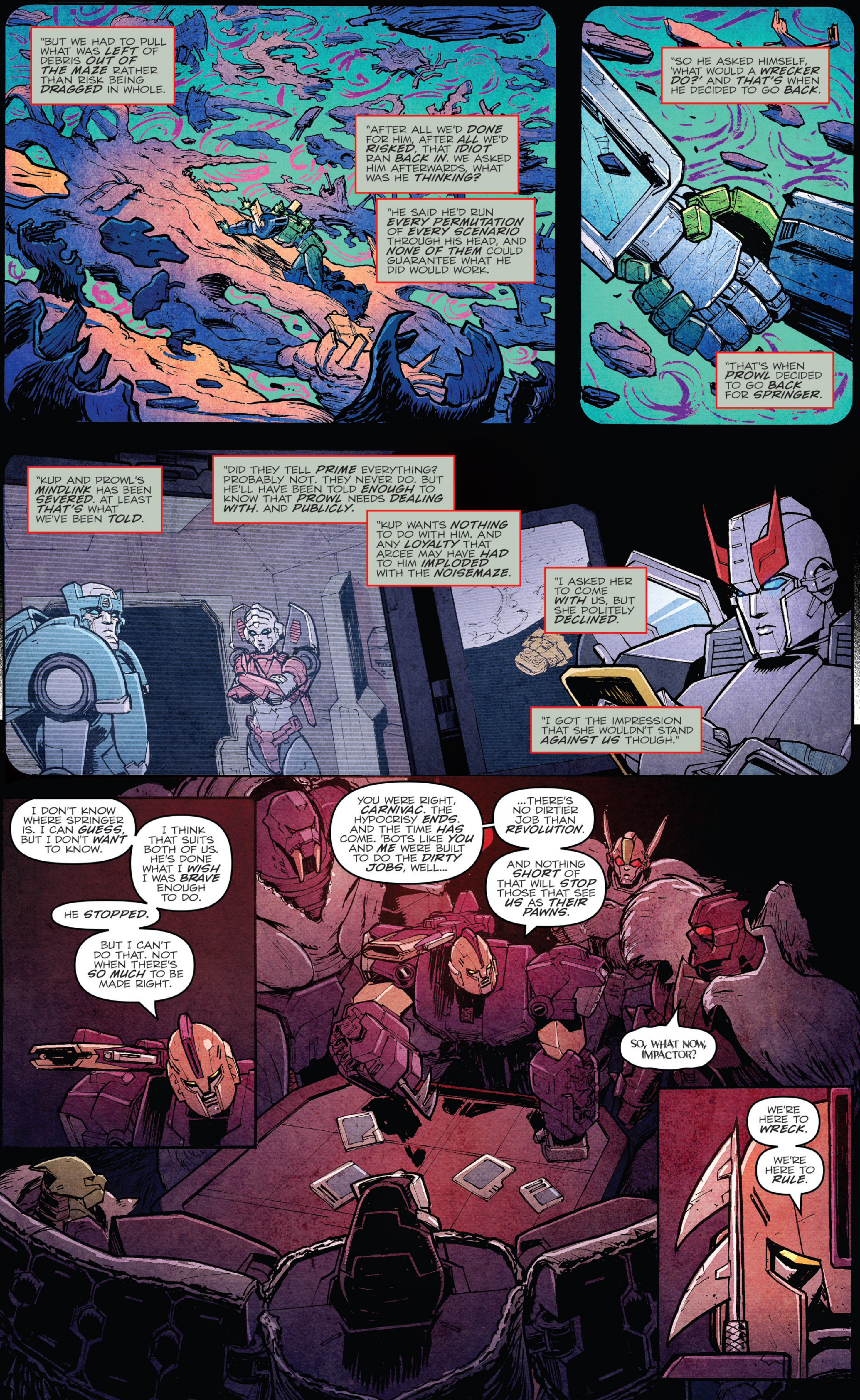

UUAGGHH... ...WRECK!
A AAA A LOST LOSE AGAIN
PHWUU—
LET YOU DIE STOP SAVE
GO TOUT !
HT
SPAWN
OF
A
GLITCH!
WWREEEECK!
?
OU SEE
VE OVE

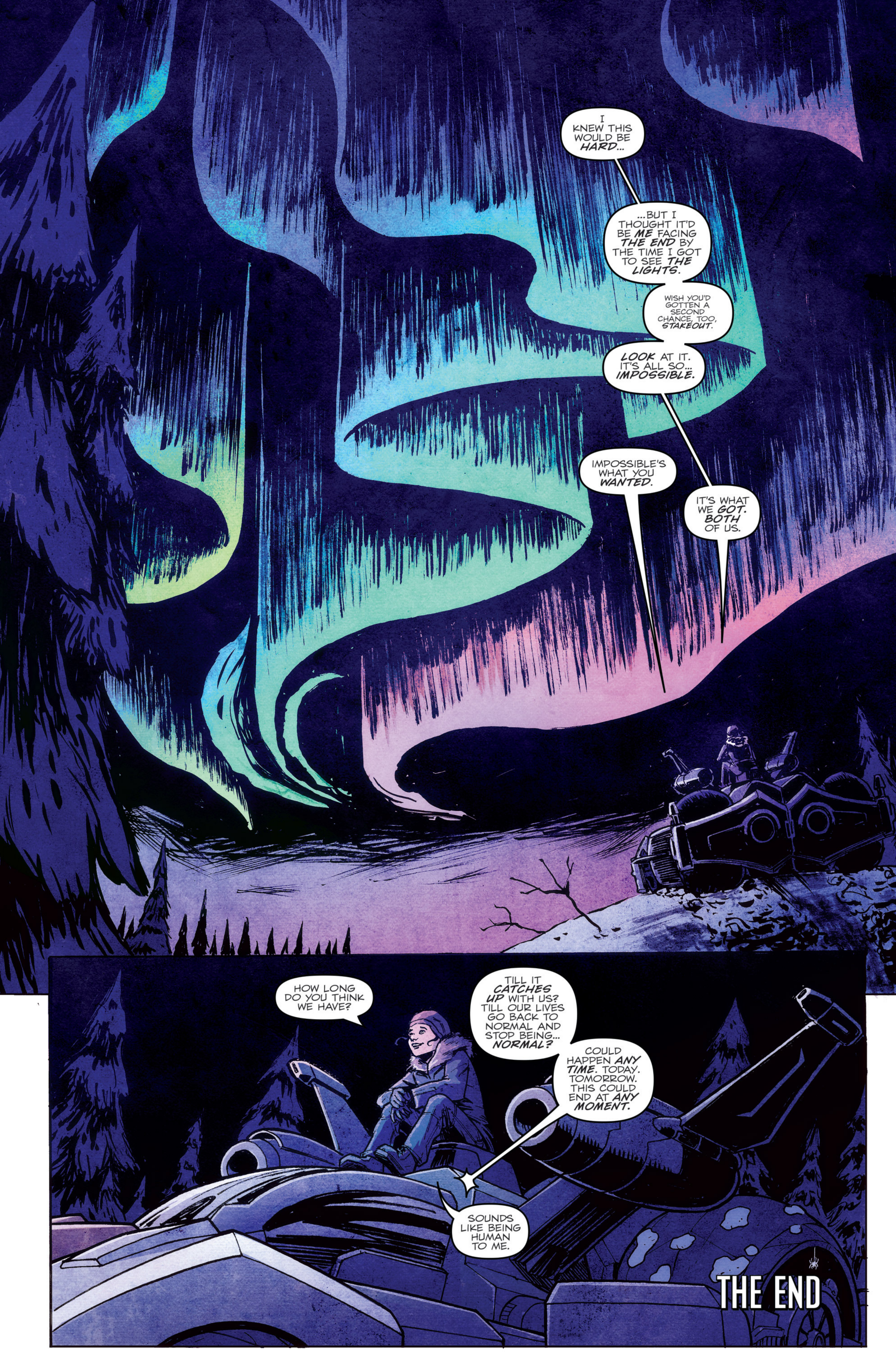

IT DIDN'T FEEL LIKE... I DIDN'T THINK WE'D... OH MY GOD...
ALRIGHT, EVERYONE, MAGNA-CLAMPS ON WHILE I TRY AND REVERSE THRUST ON THIS THING.
WAIT—IS GUZZLE...?
YUP.
I'M HERE.
IMPACTOR?
HE'S STOPPED... SIGNALLING.
I KNOW.
I DON'T THINK I CAN...
BUT...
HE WAS THE LEADER OF THE WRECKERS; HE GAVE HIS LAST ORDER TO ME.
HE WAS YOUR FRIEND. HIS LAST REQUEST WAS OF YOU.
CALL IT.


UURRR...
...RUUUHHH...
WWRREEHHH–


GUZZLE... PLEASE... NOT AFTER EVERYTHING... PLEASE DON'T DO THIS...
ARE YOU... FEELING... OKAY?
FEELIN' BETTER THAN OKAY. I'M FEELIN' RIGHTEOUS.
KUP AND PROWL. ALL THOSE AUTOBOTS, LOOKIN' UP TO YOU.
RED BADGE MIGHT AS WELL BE PURPLE TO YOU TWO. SIGN OF A SUCKER.
KUP, YOU KILLED SOME FRIENDS OF MINE A WHILE BACK. A LOT OF 'EM. THEY SAID 'CUZ YOU WERE CRAZY; SICK. THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
AND PROWL— NEVER SEEN A MURDERER'S HANDS SO SHINY WHITE. BUT WE AIN'T YOUR TOYS. NONE OF US ARE.
AND YOU NEED TO KNOW THAT BEFORE I—
FT
CHK

“WE WAITED.
AND ***WAITED.***


"BUT WE HAD TO PULL WHAT WAS *LEFT* OF DEBRIS *OUT OF THE MAZE* RATHER THAN RISK BEING *DRAGGED* IN WHOLE.
"AFTER ALL WE'D *DONE* FOR HIM, AFTER *ALL* WE'D *RISKED*, THAT *IDIOT* RAN *BACK IN*. WE ASKED HIM AFTERWARDS, WHAT WAS HE *THINKING?*
"HE SAID HE'D RUN *EVERY PERMUTATION* OF *EVERY SCENARIO* THROUGH HIS HEAD, AND *NONE OF THEM* COULD GUARANTEE WHAT HE DID WOULD WORK.
"SO HE ASKED HIMSELF, 'WHAT WOULD A *WRECKER DO?*' AND *THAT'S* WHEN HE DECIDED TO GO *BACK*.
"THAT'S WHEN *PROWL* DECIDED TO GO *BACK* FOR *SPRINGER*.
"KUP AND PROWL'S *MINDLINK* HAS BEEN *SEVERED*. AT LEAST *THAT'S* WHAT WE'VE BEEN *TOLD*.
"DID THEY TELL *PRIME* EVERYTHING? PROBABLY NOT. THEY NEVER DO. BUT HE'LL HAVE BEEN TOLD *ENOUGH* TO KNOW THAT *PROWL* NEEDS *DEALING WITH*. AND *PUBLICLY*.
"KUP WANTS *NOTHING* TO DO WITH HIM. AND ANY *LOYALTY* THAT ARCEE MAY HAVE *HAD* TO HIM *IMPLODED* WITH THE *NOISEMAZE*.
"I ASKED HER TO COME *WITH* US, BUT SHE POLITELY *DECLINED*.
"I GOT THE IMPRESSION THAT SHE WOULDN'T STAND *AGAINST US* THOUGH."
I DON'T KNOW WHERE SPRINGER IS. I CAN *GUESS*, BUT I DON'T *WANT* TO KNOW.
I THINK THAT SUITS BOTH OF US. HE'S DONE WHAT I *WISH* I WAS *BRAVE* ENOUGH TO DO.
HE *STOPPED*.
BUT I CAN'T DO THAT. NOT WHEN THERE'S *SO MUCH* TO BE MADE RIGHT.
YOU WERE RIGHT, *CARNIVAC*. THE HYPOCRISY *ENDS*. AND THE TIME *HAS* COME. 'BOTS LIKE *YOU* AND *ME* WERE BUILT TO DO THE *DIRTY JOBS*, WELL...
...THERE'S NO DIRTIER JOB THAN *REVOLUTION*.
AND NOTHING *SHORT* OF THAT WILL *STOP* THOSE THAT SEE *US* AS *THEIR PAWNS*.
SO, WHAT NOW, IMPACTOR?
WE'RE HERE TO *WRECK*.
WE'RE HERE TO *RULE*.


I KNEW THIS WOULD BE *HARD*...
...BUT I THOUGHT IT'D BE *ME* FACING *THE END* BY THE TIME I GOT TO SEE *THE LIGHTS*.
WISH YOU'D GOTTEN A SECOND CHANCE, TOO, *STAKEOUT*.
LOOK AT IT. IT'S ALL SO... *IMPOSSIBLE*.
IMPOSSIBLE'S WHAT YOU *WANTED*.
IT'S WHAT WE *GOT*. *BOTH* OF US.
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK WE HAVE?
TILL IT *CATCHES UP* WITH US? TILL OUR LIVES GO BACK TO NORMAL AND STOP BEING... *NORMAL?*
COULD HAPPEN *ANY TIME*. TODAY. TOMORROW. THIS COULD END AT *ANY MOMENT*.
SOUNDS LIKE BEING HUMAN TO ME.
THE END